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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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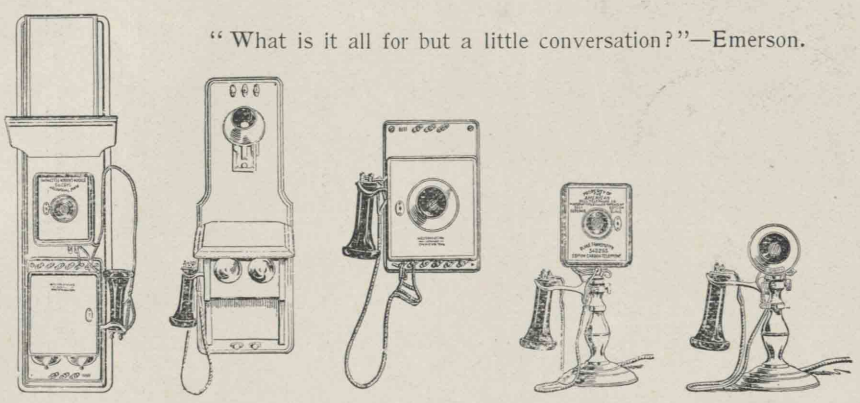

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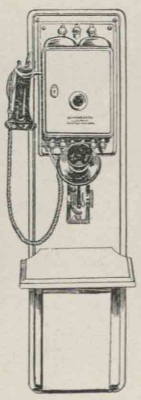

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# THE INDIANA WOMAN

Vol. V. Indianapolis, Saturday Afternoon, November 20, 1897 No. 1.


## WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG

Poor Mr. Pullman who admits "with tears in his eyes" that his engagement is broken off, does not yet realize that this is probably the first best thing his loss of fortune has brought him. The other good things will follow later.

—

It is not often that burglars are literary men, but the papers state as truth the story of a man in Toledo, Ohio, who has been arrested on the charge of burglary. When arrested in Toledo there was found on his person a manuscript story written by himself, detailing the feelings of a man who had committed murder while in the act of robbery. Some time before this a man in Adrian, Michigan was murdered while his house was being robbed. Now the authorities claim that since this manuscript story follows the details of the Adrian, Michigan murder, this burglar must be the murderer.

—

With due respect to the authorities, this argument is not altogether logical, and we prophecy that it will arouse an outcry from literary people all over the country, Because a man describes a murder well and feelingly must it be inferred that he has committed a murder? This is indeed a testimony to the writer's descriptive powers which he can not fail to appreciate although he would fain avoid the embarrassment of being arrested for the confession of the crime he has so skillfully described. To allow any court to establish such a precedent as the condemnation of a man as a murderer because a written description of a murder is found on his person, will never do. We see in advance, the numberless petitions from the scribbling fraternity, that will fill the papers if ever this case comes to trial.

—

There is one thing to which the attention of the young writers should be called. If this man is really so clever a writer, and is allowed to go scot free, or even imprisoned he may continue to write, and this bit of advertisement may cause him to glut the markets, nay, even to overfeed the syndicates with his wares. Let them therefore, be cautious in their defense of him.

—

If there is any further proof needed as to the rapid strides Indianapolis is making towards becoming a full fledged city, it is furnished by the number of flats and apartment houses which are rapidly going up on all our down town streets, and which are not only going up but are being filled.

—

Mr. Henry James has endeavored in his new book, "What Maisie Knew" to be a little improper. Not that there is anything particularly out of the way in Mr. James' impropriety. It is so mild and so very slight that one would never recognize it as such unless his attention were called to it by some shrewd reviewer. But can it be possible that Mr. James has become aware of the existence of the problem novel and is trying to shape his course likewise in the effort to command popular attention?

—

If any one thinks that the murderer Thorn's rough way of wooing by choking his lady love is something novel let

MISS TARQUINIA L. VOSS.

him recall his history and the wooing of William the Conqueror. When William went a wooing, so the historians say, he not only choked the fair Matilda when she showed that she was not inclined towards him, put he playfully dragged her by the hair about the castle yard, and by this plan at last changed her indifference into love.

—

A popular English novelist, Mr. George Sims, has made a bold stroke for still wider popularity by the invention of a hair restorer, which is said to really restore the hair, Mr. Sims having tried it on his own bald head with astonishing success. Now the English papers are full of Mr. Sims and his tonic and the rest of the scribbling fraternity are anxiously waiting to see whether Mr. Sims' literary efforts will be obscured by the success of his hair tonic, or whether the books will float into still greater popularity on its resistless waves.

—

Why should people have such loud music at their receptions? A gentle ripple of sound coming from behind the screen of palms, just loud enough for one to recognize the melody and to hide the shrillness of the American woman's voice, is delightful. But when the music resembles a band concert, and one has to scream frightfully to make one's self understood, then it defeats its purpose, and would better be banished altogether.

—

A revival of "elocution" has been promised. For some time elocution has rather fallen into disfavor among the "best" people, because of its abuse. It was like the piano. When invited out to a dinner or an evening company, the guests used to sit and suffer while the daughters of the family and their friends performed upon the piano. But the American spirit finally asserted itself; the American people rose up and flatly refused to be played to any longer, and the much-abused custom went promptly out of fashion. Then the elocution came in and we again suffered untold agonies while curfew did not ring, and while the slain were searched for upon unnumbered battle fields. Again we revolted and made another declaration of independence, and the elocutionist went out.

—

But a revival of elocution is predicted, the right kind of elocution. We have several people in our own city who have given us untold delight by the practice of their art. Altogether, we are inclined to welcome its return. It is much pleasanter to sit through an afternoon or evening of this kind of entertainment than to be asked to drive tacks into a border or to be compelled to pass an examination on geography, history, drawing, or writing poetry.

—

Next Thursday will be Thanksgiving Day. How many of our readers know the history of this day? The first Thanksgiving day in this country was that appointed by Governor Bradford after the first harvest of the colonists in 1621. In July 1623 a similar day was appointed. In June 1623 Governor Winthrop of the Massachusetts Bay Colony recommended a day of Thanksgiving on account of the action of the British privy council favorable to the colonies, and invited the governor of Plymouth colony to unite with him. There is record of the official appointment of days of Thanksgiving in Massachusetts Bay in 1633, 1634, 1637, 1638 and 1639, sometimes of more than one day in the same year. The later of these appointments were made in the autumn, and generally for the harvest. During the Revolution Thanksgiving was a national institution, being annually recommended by Congress; but after the general thanksgiving for peace in 1784 there was no national appointment until 1789. It was not until during the civil war that national Thanksgiving proclamations were issued annually.

—

From all points come the tidings that every one will have something for which to be thankful this year. There is no mistake about the return of prosperity. Almost every one has employment, and money seems to be more plentiful. We have grumbled enough during the hard times; we have hardened our hearts; we have forgotten to return thanks for the small favors that have been vouchsafed us. Let us now remember to be grateful for what we have received, and to make this Thanksgiving season one of real rejoicing, one in which over our feasts, we shall offer up heartfelt thanks that "God's in the world"!

—

As a farther attraction to the Parisian cat show, the managers added a mouse hunt. Particulars as to the conduct of the ladies present were not given.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

# The Indiana Woman

An Illustrated Weekly Family Journal

Published by
E. E. STAFFORD,
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[Entered at the Indianapolis Post-office as second-class matter.]



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## Pen Portraits of Well-known People.

GEORGE GISSING.

Mr. George Gissing is an English writer of whom we are destined to hear more in the future than we have in the past. Perhaps when people have tired of Hall Caine and are looking for a new celebrity, one who writes pessimistic

books as well, they will remember Gissing. Mr. Gissing is forty years of age, a conscientious student of social conditions, and a painstaking writer. He is a strong and artistic writer, too, and his audience is steadily widening. He has until recently lived at Epsom, on the Worple road, twelve miles from London. "He has," writes an admirer, "a tiny house, and the merest work-shop of a study. It always amuses him to see pictures of the abodes of well-known authors, many of them sumptuous in their fittings. He has always lived in true Bohemian fashion, having no income other than that derived from the sale of his books, and up to now their sales have been ridiculously small. By dint of magazine work he has just begun to earn more than a bare sustenance. He thinks that the pessimistic trend of his books has prevented their being widely read. He can no longer live in London, his health being precarious, though he spends many days in the metropolis searching for characters and incidents for his stories. At Epsom he has the fresh air and the splendid downs to walk over. His life is one of seclusion. He has no part in ordinary social existence, and he does not desire it. His nerves are easily untuned, and he requires quiet. "I like to be left alone to do my work as best I can," he said in a recent letter, "I spend a day now and then at the British Museum, and, of course, I ramble about the great town in search of material for books and stories." Mr. Gissing's books, pronounced excellent by his critics, are "Demos," "New Grub Street," and "The Emancipated," but they say his masterpiece is yet to come, and that he may yet be accounted the ablest English novelist of his day.

## Of Interest To Whist Players.

THE MARION WHIST CLUB.

An informal whist club, but one in which its members take a great deal of interest, is the Marion Whist Club. It is composed of members of the Marion club, there being no limit set to the membership, and any member of the club being welcome to take part in the game.

This club was organized three years ago, and has been playing irregularly ever since. During the winter months the members met at the Marion Club house once a week, to amuse themselves with their favorite game. Although they do not claim to be well organized, having as yet no officers, and nothing which might be called a permanent organization, although Mr. Haas, as president of the Marion Club, is considered the Whist Club's president as well, they have three times sent a team to the state contest.

As yet they have made no arrangements for having ladies' nights or guests' nights, as have the more formal clubs, but it is an unwritten law of the club that each member may bring a friend or two to play any night.

As would naturally be supposed, many of the players are members of other whist clubs, who enjoy playing oftener than their own clubs give the opportunity.

Among the members most actively interested in the club may be mentioned, Salem P. Welman, Ed. H. Schmidt, Merle Walker, Campbell Cobb, Harry Wallick, S. B. Knox, L. A. Whitcomb, Schuyler A. Haas, L. G. Rothschild, John M. Wall, R. T. Vietch, Henry G. Werbe, J. S. Wright, Linn D. Hay, A. E. Dickey, J. R. Morgan, Frank C. Groniger, O. B. Iles, John C. Patton, Charles P. Benedict, C. C. Hadley, Harry N. Wood, Frank R. Sherfey, A. G. Ruddell, and Dr. H. I. Jones.

Now that the Marion Club has moved into its beautiful new club house, the whist club will probably be even more popular. No doubt during the winter a more formal organization will be effected with officers, a constitution, and the laws which seem necessary for the well being of every well-regulated club.

## Notes on the Revolutionary Societies

MISS TARQUINIA L. VOSS.

Miss Tarquinia L. Voss of this city is a member of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, of which society she is vice-president, and is eligible to the Society of Colonial Dames. She has traced her eligibility to the first named society through six lines from each of which she is lineally descended, and she is now working on others with a fair promise of success.

Miss Voss is justly proud of the fact that her ancestors came to this country, not from any sordid motives, but for the reason that brought hither our best colonists,—a desire for religious freedom. This abandonment of wealth and ease at home for a life of deprivations amid unknown dangers in a strange land, denoted great strength of character as well as devotion to religion. These ancestors were French Huguenots who settled in South Carolina. The industry, intelligence and high moral character of these French Huguenots were much needed in South Carolina, say the historians, and their gentleness and refinement of manners made a lasting impression upon the society of that state.

These refugees and their sons were among our best soldiers and patriotic citizens during the Revolution. This country was something more to them than a new land in which to amass wealth; it was their home, and they had no other, and they were determined to keep it "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Into one of these families, that of John de la Fontaine, a family which in France had possessed titles and vast estates, married John Voss, who came to this country from Denmark in 1775. He was a descendant of the German poet Voss who had been driven from Germany because of his taking part in the quarrels between Frederick the Great and his father, and had settled in Denmark.

The beginnings of all the families which Miss Voss has traced are to be found in the south. In North Carolina are other ancestors, among them the Herriott family, famous in Scotland, where they founded the well-known Herriott University. Herriott, the historian, is a member of this family. Among the names of brilliant men who claim descent from it none stands out with greater prominence than that of Daniel Webster.

Another North Carolina ancestor to whom his descendants point with pride was Captain William Delancey Doughty, a man well-known in his time for his gallant deeds. Captain Doughty served under Generals Greene and Marion, and was killed at Raleigh, April 18, 1782 while on duty, by the notorious Gen. Fanning, who tells the story of the murder in his history.

Other ancestors are found in Virginia. One of these of sufficient importance to be mentioned in many historical works is Colonel John White. Colonel White was born in Alleghany County, Virginia, and died in Virginia, October 9, 1787. He was Captain of the Second North Carolinia, Sept. 1775; Major, May 7, 1766; Colonel of the 4th Georgia, Feb. 1777, and was wounded and taken prisoner at Savannah, October, 1779. Haitman and other historians mention his death as occuring soon after this, but their statement is incorrect. He lived for eight years after his capture, and his grave, over which rests a lofty stone monument, may still be seen in Fayette County, Kentucky, which was at one time a portion of Virginia.

Another Virginia ancestor who was an officer in the Revolutionary war, and whose gallantry provoked the comment of his contemporaries, was Colonel James Barnett. Colonel Barnett was born in Casey County, Virginia, Feb. 20, 1749. He entered the war of the Revolution as Ensign in the Virginia line on Continental establishment. He was second Lieutenant Jan. 1, 1777, and retired as Captain, Sept 14, 1778. He was in charge of the spies in 1784—5. He was Colonel of one of the three regiments under General George Rogers Clark, on his last expedition against the Indians. He was one of the organizers of Madison County, Kentucky, in 1786, was one of the first justices, and held the first court in that county. He was also the first magistrate. He was a member of the Legislature of the state of Kentucky from Madison County in 1786. He died on Silver Creek, Madison County, Kentucky, in March 1835, aged 86.

Another ancestor in Virginia gave the ground for the first church that was built in Virginia.

From Carolina and from Virginia the families drifted into Kentucky. But they were not mere idle emigrants, desirous of change, they were men of importance who helped to mould the destinies of the new state. They were "builders of cities" and it is through these Kentucky emigrants that Miss Voss rests the claim to her eligibility to the Society of Colonial Dames. The oldest town in Kentucky is Harrodsburg, which was founded June 16, 1774, was founded by her mother's great-grandfather, and was named for him. This was Col. James Harrod, who came to Kentucky with Daniel Boone.

The Colonel James Barnett mentioned above was also the founder of a Kentucky town bearing his name, Barnettsburg.

Another Kentucky ancestor built the first Christian church in Kentucky.

Many of the family papers and traditions have been preserved by these Kentucky ancestors and through them Miss Voss has been able to substantiate her claims to entrance to the Revolutionary societies.

LLEWELLYN J. HUPP, JR.
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn J. Hupp.

# A VIRGINIA THANKSGIVING.

"It is better to kneel than to be standing, it is better to sit than to be kneeling, it is better to lie than to be sitting, and it is better to be dead than to be lying."—Spanish Proverb.

There, I like that, it comforts me—it's so thoroughgoing. The old Don drops his plummet several fathoms deeper in the blue water of laziness than mine goes, and it is encouraging to think that there was a man once who had the requisite energy to live, and yet was lazier than I. But I'm lazy enough—"born tired" father says, indulgently, and mother comments on it rather more pertinently.

My mother is a great manager, and,as the wife of a poor country doctor, in a poverty-stricken Virginia village, and the mother of six children, she had need to be. We account for her thrift in this thriftless land by the fact—to which she is very fond of referring—that she is, remotely, of New England origin. Nothing short of that geneal-ogical root, reaching vaguely back toward the Mayflower and the land of wooden nutmegs, can account for her having insisted on bringing up her girls to work. Her own girlhood, coming before the war, was passed like that of any other Southern young lady of means; the time of need found her, she says, utterly helpless and inefficient, and she determined her daughters should never have that bitter experience.

To this resolve I owe my childish recollection of the sweet, but dreadful voice of Maum Dilsey, whooping me out from some cosy hiding-place and the companship of a well-beloved book, to work on my quilt piecing. Mother couldn't sew much herself, and Maum Dilsey taught us all five, and, to use her language, we were "shore de no 'count-est white chillun'" she ever saw, and just "wommuxed an' squommuxed de wuk skainnillous." From that time dates the conviction I have always honestly held of my utter worthlessness. For I hated all forms of work, and, under the sting of Maum Dilsey's reproaches, used to shut my eyes and wonder if there ever was a child so thoroughly lazy and reprobate as I, and what could possibly become of me if I grew no better as I grew bigger. Housework went somewhat better than sewing, because it was more active; but this last summer I have found it a fearful drag.

I came home from school last spring—mother has managed to send each one of us in turn to a good school—with high visions of continuing a post-graduate course, going to Germany for a finish and becoming a learned Fraulein Professorin. I found Patty Lou and May, our twins, who are next to me in age studying hard to be able to enter the collegiate department of the school I had just left; mother knows nothing of housework, of course, and Maum Dilsey was getting so blind that her cooking was positively dangerous to human life. A new servant was not to be thought of. We have Maum Dilsey to keep during her life as much as any other member of the family; the younger generation have heard of the wages paid in Washington and Baltimore, and are positively beyond the means of poor folks.

I tried to compromise (forgetting that no man can serve two masters) and thought I could devote a certain amount of time to my studies and the balance to the housework; but when I one day found Dilsey's great steel-bowed spectacles baked into a pone of corn-bread, and herself hunting all over the kitchen for them, I gave in.

Dilsey was set to knitting, of which she is very fond—Fate only can say who will wear all the stockings she is turning out, and I have passed the most of this long delicious summer in our small kitchen, on terms of the warmest intimacy with a big stove. I brought comfort and order out of the chaos into which Dilsey's purblind administration had plunged things, and I tried to feel the satisfaction we are told duty well done brings; but the old Adam—or, more likely, the old Eve—within me rose up against the drudging round, every day of my life.

All this brings me down to one wooing, seductive morning, the last of last October, when the air was like yellow wine, with a flavorous touch of wild grapes and wild persimmons in it, and I was making beaten biscuit on the dining room table, and trying not to think how it would feel to have a good horse under me and be galloping over the low blue hills that stretched hazily away to the sky line. Mother had gone to a neighbor's, Dilsey was in her cabin in the back yard knitting. I could hear her thin, high voice, like some sweet old instrument that has a wheeze or a crack in it, earnestly and musically interrogating:

"Oh, brudduz, whur wuz you,
Oh, brudduz, whur wuz you,
Oh, brudduz, whur wuz you,
When de Lawd come ridin' by?"

The twins had been in school a month, James Randolph, our only boy, is in Texas, so there was only little Bunt and me in the house.

I was taking extra pains with my biscuit, and had been for a week making our shabby old house as neat as possible for an expected guest. Mother was educated at a fashionable Washington school, and one of her schoolmates was a Miss Standish of Massachusetts. The friendship between them outlived their school days, survived the war, continued in a desultory correspondence for years, and now the only son of "she that was" Millicent Standish, and was now Mrs. Judge Hamilton of Boston, was coming to Virginia for a couple of weeks' shooting, had been asked to stay with us, and was due on the afternoon train—wherefore the beaten biscuit for tea.

Bunt was eating chinquepins and trying to talk to me with his mouth full, when we both heard some one ring the bell—or try to. It's broken, and we know by the rattle (when we chance to hear it) that some unfortunate mortal is clamoring at our portal.

"It's a nagent," said Bunt, concisely—he had seen the man pass the window with his valise.

"Tell him we don't want any," I cautioned, as he rushed off to open the door.

"He hasn't got any—an' he wants to come in," squealed Bunt back, after a short parley.

My hands were deep in the dough, "Well, tell him to come in, then," I called, in anything but a hospitable tone.

Bunt's curly head appeared in the doorway behind me immediately, and above it a head almost as curly, a pair of eyes quite as full of mischief, while a well-gloved hand presented a square of white card-board for my inspection.

It was horrible. I knew in an instant who the intruder must be. It was abominable of him to walk right into the dining room that way—though, of course, Bunt had all but dragged him in. Facing an evening party with bare arms seems somehow a very different thing from being caught of a morning with your sleeves rolled up.

"Good morning," said my guest, and presented his card more insistently.

I stood with both hands fast in the dough, and the red rolled up over my face till I felt that I looked like nothing but a bashful rustic; finally I snapped out in desperation, "I haven't any way to hold it, unless I take it in my teeth"—alluding to the card.

"So you haven't," he said with a smile that he evidently tried not to make too much amused, "suppose we make a division of labor. I'll hold it and you read it," and I read—as I knew I should, "Mr. Mark Standish Hamilton, Boston."

"You will have to excuse me," I said, with what cordiality I could muster, my hands are in the dough, you see. Bunt will show you the parlor, and entertain you till I come."

"Mayn't I stay here?" he asked, appropriating a chair. "Don't let me interrupt your work; it looks awfully nice and cozy to see you."

He had a deep, sweet voice, and he ignored his r's as we do; but with a difference. Bunt was already pressing upon him trying to show him an album—children are always captivated by big, strong men. I said, "Certainly, stay, if you like," dropped my eyes and went on whacking my dough.

Mr. Hamilton was at no loss for topics of conversation, despite my taciturnity. He talked about the weather, of course, and for once the theme was worthy of extended comment, about the hunting for which he had come, and about which I was better informed than I cared to show, since I was ashamed of tramping the fields with my brother, gun in hand, as it had been my dearest delight to do a year back, and it seemed to me he sedulously avoided literary or social topics, which I chose to fancy he deemed beyond my rustic mind.

My answers to his conversational efforts were brief and not too gracious, I am afraid. I was struggling with myself to maintain a calm and equable mind as well as demeanor. I dont want to hate and envy people who are rich, it smacks so of the canaille; but it's awfully hard sometimes not to. It is so simple for them to be easy and well-bred and good-humored, and so bitterly hard for those who are not as favorably situated to imitate them in these particulars. My visitor's Poole coat and perfect grooming, his evident, though suppressed interest in us and our way of living—as though we were curious animals of some new variety—his furtive examination of me and my surroundings and his courteous avoidance of topics that might be supposed to be out of my line, were so many stabs to my vanity or, as I preferred to think, to my self-respect

"I suppose you're awfully fond of housekeeping and all that sort of thing," he hazarded finally.

"I loathe it," I answered, briefly. He looked a little blank, and laughed.

"I thought all the girls went in for it," he said, rather vaguely. "They talk about it so much."

"Probably the girls you are used to do; I have always been told that New England girls are nice rulable creatures, who do everything they ought; but I'm only a young Virginia savage, and I hate it and never intend to do any of it that I can help."

Bunt had at last attracted the attention he had been patiently waiting for, and the curly heads, so alike in sheen and color, were closely bent over the old album. I guessed from the hiss of a husky whisper and the pointing of a grimy forefinger that Bunt was making confidential and injudicious revelations concerning me, and my guest turned with a mischievous smile and held up the book open at the portrait of a much detested and chronic admirer of mine whom, I had no doubt, Bunt had pointed out as "sister Betty's beau."

"Couldn't a fellow like that induce you to reconsider that decision?" he asked teasingly.

Never has that horrid photograph looked so countrified and unpresentable in my eyes! It was the last straw. "No, not that one, nor any other," I said, angrily. "Excuse me, my bread is ready for the oven," and I fled to the sanctuary of the kitchen.

When I got back mother had come home and was talking to Hamilton about his mother; strangers are always charmed with mother, and he seemed no exception. She gave a hasty glance at my dress, and looked disapproval. As soon as father came in she followed me out into the dining-room, where Dilsey and I were getting dinner on the table.

"Is that the way you looked when Mr. Hamilton came?" she said.

"Why, of course," I answered, "you know we didn't expect him—and I was all in the bread trough, too!"

"I'm sorry," she sighed, "first impressions amount to so much."

"If you think I care what that stuck-up, opinionated Yankee fellow"—there I choked, and the tears began to come. "I just wish there wasn't so much Yankee about you," I said, "I hate to think my mother is scheming.

Mother looked shocked and hurt, and I knew I had wounded her deeply, and I resolved, not very logically, that Mr. Mark Hamilton should pay for it, if I had the power to make him do so; but she only said, "I want my daughter to make a good impression on all strangers—Betty, your eyes won't be fit to come to the table if you cry so."

It was wonderful how soon and how completely our Northern guest adjusted himself to us and our ways. Bunt became his adoring little shadow, tagging him about on all his hunting trips, from which they brought home all sorts of furred and feathered game. He and mother were most congenial, and talked Washington society before the war and now, while father helped me with my mathematics and German, for which purpose I usually persuaded him to come into the dining-room away from their noise.

Mr. Mark, as everybody about the house soon came to call him in Virginia fashion, seemed to feel that he was under my displeasure, and made no effort to change it, which, of course, was just what I wanted. Still, I was rather glad, for I hardly wanted him to think me altogether ill-tempered and stupid, when he asked me if I didn't sing. He had heard snatches of the plantation melodies whistled and sung by the negroes about, and was anxious to find, he said, whether any of them had a beginning or end.

So many of our piano keys are out of order and won't work, and it's so out of tune that you can hardly tell the Carnival of Venice from the Seventh Symphony played on it, and we leave the banjo to the negroes and the society girls; but I promised to rummage out an old guitar I had somewhere, and sing him such of the songs as I knew.

Shall I ever forget that night! It had strayed from the odorous heart of June right into the middle of November. It was so warm that I had put on one of my summer dresses,and when after tea, Mr. Mark reminded me of my promise, I carried my guitar out on the porch.

I have rather a tuneful voice; in a small way I have sung these songs all my life, and they are dear to me, so I sing them quite effectively, everybody says. There is something wonderfully softening to one's animosities in the consciousness of doing something well, and giving pleasure to the person you

Continued on page 14.

A YARD OF PHOTOS.

Photograph by Marceau & Power.

# POINTS BY PYKE.

"What Maisie Knew" by Henry James,
Will not attract the lazy;
A theme more new their tempers claim,
A style that's not so mazy.

—

People sometimes accuse us of Indianapolis of provincialism. Have they perchance heard of that Indianapolis woman who has a day and goes calling on that day whenever she so chooses, thinking nothing of leaving her card at her friends' homes, boldly inscribed with the day on which she is supposed to stay at home?

—

The Milwaukee News, which comes to our table each week has changed its name to "Events," and is now under the able editorship of Miss Emma E. Palmer, sister of the manager of the New York Journal. We wish "Events" success. It deserves it.

—

They have been having a cat show in Paris. Why can we not have one in Indianapolis? We have a dog show each year, but what is a dog show when we have no horse show and no cat show? Let us have both before another year leaves us far behind our contemporaries.

—

Some one has been advising the ministers to burn their sermons after they have been read three times. This is hard lines on the congregation. Some sermons would be improved by being burned three times before they are read.

—

Dr. Ada MacMahan, of Huntington, Indiana, who for a time contemplated locating in Indianapolis, has gone to Lafayette, Indiana. She was in the city last week for a few days, the guest of relatives.

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Dr. McMahan is the niece of Dr. McMahan of Evansville. She has been very successful in her chosen work, and has always had a large practice in Evansville and a host of friends.

—

Those who heard Joaquin Miller when he lectured here last winter, and are interested in the old poet, will be glad to hear that a complete edition of his works will soon be published, (December 1,) in one large volume, by the Whitaker & Ray Co., of San Francisco.

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This edition will be especially interesting because of its introduction and copious notes, which will be almost an autobiography of his strange and adventurous career in London, Rome, Mexico and the West. There will also be a limited autograph edition for sale.

—

"The Poet of the Sierras" is now in Klondyke, from which he is expected to return in a few weeks, and begin a lecture tour through the United States and England.

—

Mrs. Myra Goodwin Plantz has an interesting serial for young people in "The Epworth Herald." It is by far the best story of this kind which has come from her pen.

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HE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE HER.

Mrs. Honey Moon Economy: "Now that mother is finally coming to visit us, dear, I think we should plan some means of entertaining her. I'm sure she would enjoy a drive through our beautiful cemetery; but of course, there is the cost of conveyance. Can we afford to hire one?

Mr. Honey Moon Economy: Certainly, my love. Hire the hearse.

—

Mrs. Classand Club: I see that Mrs. De Longue is down on the program for a short story.

Mrs. Sharke: Well the program committee will be sadly disappointed then. She may have a story but it will never be a short one from so long-winded a creature as Mrs. De Longue.

—

Is it possible that after years of strenuous seeking after culture in classes and clubs that some of our clubs have so little of the dignity and repose attendant upon culture that they condescend to quarrel among themselves?

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Mrs. Fremont Swain is the new soprano at Plymouth church. Mrs. Swain has a highly cultivated voice of wide range and very clear and sweet. While in New York Mrs. Swain sang in one of the prominent churches where her voice was much admired.

—

Mr. Harold H. Hilton an amateur golfer of England, holds the golf championship of Ireland, besides many other honors won in the royal and ancient game of golf. This makes us rather jealous of our honors. Where is our champion? Where are our honors? A golf club organized at least a month, and golf teas every week, and as yet no champion whom we can parade in our papers. Come devotees of St. Andrew, this will never do. Take to your caddies or what ever you call 'em, drink less tea and do more work, that ye may soon reflect credit on your native city.

—

There is a pleasant and informal literary club in our city which has one feature most enjoyable to its members. The minutes read by the secretary do not follow the rules prescribed by books in parliamentary law; the events of the last meeting are chronicled in a humorous way which the club finds highly entertaining. Naturally, the secretary must be a wit, but fortunately, the club is well provided with such. The foibles of all the unfortunates who opened their mouths at the meeting before, and even the host and the hostess are exposed much to the delight of the other members. It is safe to say that there is no feature of the program more thoroughly enjoyed than is this.

PYKE.

## Stray Tales of the Town.

It is just as well to be very careful what one puts down in print or in engraving, as several events in Indianapolis have proven. A great many wedding invitations in the past have borne in one corner or on the accompanying cards, "At home Wednesdays" (or on some other day after a certain date. The recipients of the cards and the reporters have frequently imagined that on this first Wednesday would be held a formal reception, and from this cause much embarrassment has arisen. One bride who found out that her first day was supposed to be a reception, although she had most innocently intended to announce that she would be at home to her friends on Tuesdays throughout the season, sooner than disappoint her friends, went to the trouble to order refreshments and ask some friends to assist her in receiving. But she has not yet forgiven the friends and the reporters who misinterpreted her announcement.

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An Indianapolis mother tells this story of herself, a propos of the above. Her daughter was married this fall and went to live in a pretty home eight or ten squares from her mother. Her cards read, "At home Thursdays" after a certain date.

One morning the mother was in the butler's pantry superintending some work when she heard a tap on the back door. Opening it, she was confronted by a young woman with a determined look on her face and note book in her hand. "Is Mrs. Blank at home?" she asked.

Now strange as it may seem, the mother did not realize that this was her daughter's married name. She ran through all the Mrs. Blanks of her acquaintance, but she never once thonght of her newly-wedded daughter. "No," said she in an aggrieved tone, "No one of that name lives here." Then, just as the words left her mouth she realized that her daughter was intended.

"Who is going to assist her?" queried the young woman, nothing daunted by this assumption of ignorance.

"Assist her?" inquired the mother, puzzled again.

"Yes, at her reception this afternoon."

"She isn't going to have any reception," declared the mother angrily. "She's only to be at home to her friends very informally."

"Why, I thought she lived here; perhaps she could tell me," said the yonng woman; "isn't she at home?"

The explanations were fully made and understood, and that mother has firmly resolved that when another daughter is married there shall be something more definite on the cards than "At home Thursdays," after a certain date.

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"I'm glad to see you riding your wheel so much," said one Indianapolis woman to another recently. "I am glad that you feel that you can ride."

"Why," exclaimed the other, "have you given up your wheel? I thought you took ever so many lessons and that you were going to be a devoted wheelwoman too."

"Yes, I tried to be," responded the first, "but I couldn't get over being afraid of it. "And" she continued, leaning over and tapping the other's arm with her fan confidentially, "I've found this a good rule to follow: 'Whenever you're afraid of a wheel or a man, drop them!' Believe me, its the best thing to do."

—

A pretty young matron of this city is quite gifted in an elocutionary way, and her friends often request her to entertain them so. The other evening she was reciting something for a little circle at her own home, and had changed her voice and manner to imitate the character whom she was supposed to be impersonating. Her little three year old girl looked up at her wonderingly, exclaiming, "Why are'nt you my mamma any more?"

But her friends instead of accepting this as a tribute to her powers, laughingly declared that she must have coached the youngster beforehand.

## Club Calendar.

Nov. 22. Indianapolis Literary Club. "A Short Story," Alfred F. Potts.

Nov. 23. Century Club.

Nov. 23. Fortnightly Club. "Mental Science," Mrs. Robert D. Townshead; "Theosophy," Mrs. Wilbur Wynn; discussion by Mrs. Ovid B. Jameson.

Nov. 23. German Literary Club. Paper by Dr. Gustaf Karsten of the State University. Music, Mrs. Bertha Test.

Nov. 23. Dramatic Club. Play "———." Committee, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Walcott; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Martindale, Miss Nancy I. Newcomer, Miss Mary Foster, Mr. Thad R. Baker, Mr. William Garrard Comly.

Nov. 24. Society of Hygiene. With President Dr. Rachel Swain.

Nov. 24. Inter Nos Club. With Mrs. Linn B. Hopkins; Artists' day; responses, thanksgiving sentiment; "Rosa Bonheur" Mrs. W. F. Johnson; selections, "Relating to Art," Miss Mollie Roberts; music, Miss Roberts and Miss Bessie Brown; "Women in Literature, Art and the Home," Mrs. J. W. Marsee; conversation, "Other Famous Painters of Animals," leader, Mrs. L. B. Hopkins.

Nov. 25. Portfolio Club. "Sketch by Wagner," Grace Alexander. Committee on entertainment, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, Prof. Miller. Music in charge of Miss Alexander.

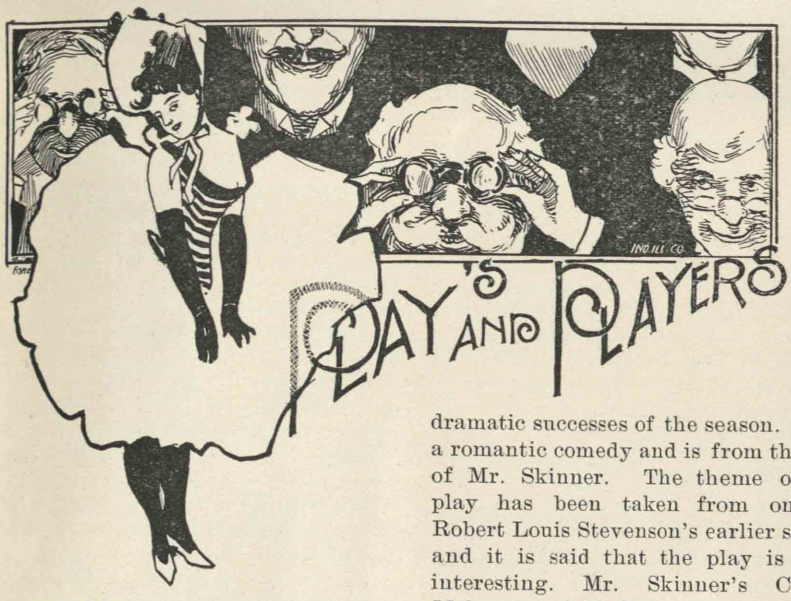
Nov. 26. Hostess, Mrs. Hannah M. Furnas; "The Jewish Woman," Mrs. F. A. Cotton; "The Jew in Literature," Mrs. Jessie Kellum.

Nov. 26. Friday Afternoon Club. With Mrs. M. Sulgrove. "Pioneer Women of America," Mrs. R. R. Armstrong; question, "Did the hardships of the mothers result in the enervation of the daughters?" leader, Mrs. S. C. Haskell; roll call, Hemans, Siguerney or Stowe.

Nov. 27. Katherine Merrill Club. Guest Day. With Mrs. Louis H. Gibson.

Nov. 27. Rosemary Club. "Entertaining Essays," Miss Julia E. F. Walk; conversation, "The Professions in Literature," Miss Mary Alice Sloan.

Nov. 27. Sketching Club. "Statuary in Public Places," "Imogene Shaw," "Print of Statuary," exhibitor, Flora Hamilton.




## NEXT WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

AT ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE.

Modjeska will appear at English's Opera House on next Monday and Tuesday. "Mary Stuart" will be the play given on Monday evening, and "Macbeth" on Tuesday. Modjeska is too well known in Indianapolis to need any introduction and her reputation as a tragedy queen is firmly established.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday matinee will appear the Russell, Fox and DeAngelis opera company.

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AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

If the sale of seats in advance can be taken for a criterion, the coming week's engagement of Otis Skinner at the Grand Opera House, which opens on Monday evening next will be a most successful one. It is with great pleasure that the management make the announcement that they have induced Mr. Skinner to present in addition to "Prince Rudolph," two of the best plays of his repertory, Lord Lytton's most charming play "The Lady of Lyons" and the Shakespearean tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet." "Prince Rudolph" which will be presented Monday night and several times during the week has been one of the really great dramatic successes of the season. It is a romantic comedy and is from the pen of Mr. Skinner. The theme of the play has been taken from one of Robert Louis Stevenson's earlier stories and it is said that the play is most interesting. Mr. Skinner's Claude Melnotte and his Romeo are two of his favorite parts. As the hero of Lord Lytton's play and as the representative of the house of Montague, it is doubtful if the stage has seen his equal in many years. Mr. Skinner's Juliet is Maud Durbin, and her success in that role last season placed her in the front ranks of actresses who are playing Shakespearean roles. There will be a matinee on Wednesday, an extra one on Thanksgiving day and one on Saturday. Mr. Skinner's company is to all intents and purposes the same excellent organization that has been seen in his support for the past three years. This engagement of Otis Skinner will be one of the most important of the present theatrical season, both from his standing as an actor and from the warm esteem in which he is held by the theater-going public. Seats can be reserved at the Pembroke Arcade.

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AT PHE PARK THEATER

"The Rays," John and Emma, will be at the Park next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in Selden's "A Hot Old Time," a piece said to be one of the funniest farces of the season. There is enough plot to introduce numerous specialty acts, all of which, it is promised, will be presented by representative artists. There is also some startling electrical and mechanical effects. The piece is well mounted and rich costuming. In the company supporting the Rays are Emil Boerman, Bernard Dyllyn, the Washburn Sisters, John C. Leach, Pearl Alexander, James Talbert Josie Claflin, Evan A. Gamble, L. Boons and Lillian Tascott. The Rays are great favorites here.

On Thanksgiving day, and the last two days of next week, the Park Theater has "McSorley's Twins" with a company of twenty people among whom are Mark Murphy, John Tierney, Marie Stuart, Nat Wells, Honnitz and Bowers, Queenie Mansfield and others. It is a clever farce comedy.

—

It is the fad now to interview all the actors who appear at English's opera house and inquire of them what they think of Indianapolis. Naturally, they say they think it very beautiful. It is interesting to contemplate the effect on the press and the people of an announcement by some daring actor that he was not impressed with Indianapolis. They are politic—these actors. And yet, if one only knew it, he might create even more of a sensation and draw a greater crowd, did he dare to declare that he was not impressed by our city.

—

A popular play this season is "The Three Guardsmen." Nowadays when interest in romantic drama is being so generally re-awakened one cannot but think what an admirable old play "The Three Guardsmen"is. There are its pictorial interests. In tones of the warmest historical coloring, it forms itself into a veritable mosaic of the scenes with which the court life of Louis XIII. was set round. It depicts for us the loose, imposing French Musketeers of the period, those who, as described in the elder Dumas' undying novel, were content to spread themselves about in the cabarets and other public places, twist their mustaches, clank their swords, indulge in amours and brawls with equal zest and readiness and follow their king with the fanatical love that bound his ordinaries to Henry III., and his Scotch guard to Louis XI. It paints in vivid manner a faithful pastel of the intrigues and cross purposes which enlivened the mutual animosity between Anne of Austria and Cardinal Richeliu. It shows the startling climaxes to which these and similar court affairs often led. The story which involves the action is doubtless familiar to all. D'Artagnan, a youthful Gascon of great prowess of swordmanship, is the hero. He sets out at 18, as another Don Quixote, and, after a series of amusing and thrilling adventures, find himself in musketeer service. He falls in love with Constance, the favorite waiting woman of the queen, and thus comes to be entrusted with a hazardous mission, Queen Anne has become more or less compromised in a liason with the Duke of Buckingham, prime minister to England. She has given him as a keepsake twelve diamond studs which the king her husband, formerly presented to her. Richelieu, through his spies, learns of this and evolves a scheme comprehending the queen's ruin. It becomes absolutely necessary that she regain her jewels. Yielding to the request of Constance, D'Artagnan sets forth to recover them from Buckingham. After a stirring escapade that several times jeopardize his own life, he finally reaches the duke. Then it is found that the cardinal has taken other measures in the hopes of casting suspicion of dishonor on the name of the queen. But the brave musketeer fathoms and circumvents Richelieu's trick and causes the fair Anne of Austria to triumph. For this he receives due reward. He is eventually given the hand of Constance, who turns out to be a daughter of proud Buckingham.

OTIS SKINNER AS "SHYLOCK" IN THE "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

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Since speech making before the curtain was inaugurated at English's on the occasion of its opening, and has been kept up ever since,we may expect, throughout the winter to behold the heroes, whom we had seen a moment before the curtain fell wallowing in their gore, come forth, re-incarnated, to say pretty things to the Indianapolis people.

# INDIANA CLUBS AND THEIR WORK.

EDITED BY MRS. HARRIET W. KITTS.

MRS. CHARLOTTE LUDLOW TYLER,
President of "The Round Table" of Muncie.

## CLUB MATRON VS. CLUB MAIDEN.

Said one club woman to another, the other day, as they were wending their way homeward from a meeting, "Has it ever occured to you that the club movement is decidedly a married sort of an affair?"

"Why, no!" the other answered smiling, "I hadn't observed any such matrimonial tendency. But let me see," she added thoughtfully, as she ran over the various clubs of the town, "there's the Sorosis, the Round Table, the Woman's, the Clio, the Shakespeare—none of them do seem to have more than three or four unmarried members. I believe you are right. But is it the same everywhere else?"

"Yes, I think it is. When we were getting out the new programs, I ran over to see our federation secretary, who has on file most of the year-books of the state, and in looking over them for suggestions, I was struck with the fact. The secretary told me that she, too, had discovered it. And another rather odd fact I learned was, that this small number of unmarried members includes a still smaller quota of young ladies—by that I mean girls from eighteen to twenty-five."

"How do you account for that? Doesn't the modern young woman care for clubs?"

"I don't know about that, but the clubs don't seem to care for the modern young woman. Several of the club by-laws I glanced over, even went so far as to state in plain English that 'membership shall be limited to married women.'"

"Is it possible! I suppose the end-of-the-century young woman had the entree everywhere, even if she did not run things to suit herself. I can't understand it, can you?"

"Well, yes! I think I can in a measure; for I have served on committees and official boards long enough to learn that when I want to rely upon having certain things done, I must go to the married members. You see they are all busy women, and when they agree to take any outside work, they must arrange to do it 'in between times', whereas the girls, having plenty of leisure, leave it for any time, which usually means no time. Then, too, a married woman has learned by experience the value of promptness and reliability; for she long ago found that her domestic menage went all askew when those upon whom she depended for certain things, failed her. Take my word for it," she concluded significantly, as she turned in at her own door, "the reign of the American Girl is over, and the American Woman has ascended the throne!"

## PEN PORTRAITS.

Mrs. Rufus Dooley president of the "Hoosiers" of Rockville is noted—or at least we think she ought to be—for retaining the club presidency since its organization in 1887, notwithstanding the fact that half the members are men. That she is a woman of force and character goes without saying; and the flourishing condition of the "Hoosiers," is a tribute to her capabilities.

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Of Miss Rena Rice, the recording secretary of the "Hoosiers" of Rockville, a member writes, "her minutes are eagerly looked forward to, as she possesses a fund of delicate and irresistible wit and humor, resembling and rivalling some of the most refined of Mark Twain." As Miss Rice has retained the secretaryship of the "Hoosiers" for a number of years, a quota of the compliments we have paid to the club's president is rightfully her share.

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Mrs. Charlotta Ludlow Tyler, president of the Round Table of Muncie, when asked point blank by the club editor what she was noted for, promptly replied, "For having been born and raised in Muncie." Mrs. Tyler has served her club as both vice-president and secretary, and has been a member of the program committee. She is also a valued member of the Muncie Art Students' League, and has done some exquisite things with the brush.

Miss Ella Edwards Durham, vice-president of the Round Table of Muncie, is a native of Cincinnati, O. Her early education was secured in Greensburg, Indiana, and was supplemented by a special course of study in history and German at De Pauw University. Mrs. Durham is of New England stock; and a Daughter of the American Revolution by virtue of the fact that one of her ancestors belonged to the Acton Minute Men of Revolutionary fame. She was one of the organizers of the Round Table, and was honored with the first presidency; she has also served as secretary and member of the program committee. Mrs. Durham is a woman of energy and ability, and a recognized force in Muncie's club circles.

## "THE HOOSIERS" OF ROCKVILLE.

"The Hoosiers" of Rockville is one of the many flourishing mixed organizations which the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs is proud to number among its members. Not of recent birth is this, the pioneer club of Rockville, for it was founded as long ago as February 16, 1887. "It had its origin," so writes a member, "in a talk between neighbors, who regretted the fact that in spite of all the educated and cultured people of the town, the highest form of social culture or mental growth seemed to be progressive euchre."

The club is constructed on a basis adequate to the needs of men and women, old and young. "As soon as sons and daughters finish their college work and return home, they are adopted into the Hoosier family," our correspondent continues. "This brings maturity and youth into the closest sympathy, renews enthusiasm in the older members, and gives to the younger, broader and deeper views of the possibilities of life. Each member is required to read before the club at least one carefully prepared paper."

The Hoosiers are strong advocates of the mixed clubs. After eleven years of experience, they maintain that the mixed club is the ideal one, for in it questions can be discussed in the truest light—from two standpoints. The mixed club makes possible the full and impartial consideration of questions which neither men nor women see clearly alone."

The club has been identified with the state organization since 1891, and has been well represented at the annual conventions. Its brochure is a neat and well arranged one, containing besides the list of members, officers, and committees, a miscellaneous program of work, which promises a profitable season.

The officers are: president, Mrs. Rufus Dooley; vice-presidents, Judge A. F. White, Mr. J. B. Connelly; recording secretary, Miss Rena Rice; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Howard Maxwell; treasurer, Mr. F. H. Stark.

The music committee is: Mrs. A. F. White, Miss Eva Stark, Miss Fannie White and Miss Nellie White.

The program committee is: Mrs. Howard Maxwell, Mrs. A. K. Stark, Mrs. J. B. Connelly, Mr. A. K. Stark, Mr. J. B. Connelly and Mr. Howard Maxwell.

The membership committee is: Mrs. A. K. Stark, Mrs. J. B. Connelly and Mrs. F. E. Stevenson.

PROGRAM OF THE HOOSIERS OF ROCKVILLE.

SEPT. 20.—President's Evening.

OCT. 4.—Music—Plantation Melodies. A Sojourn in the South. Thomas Nelson Page—Virginia Life. James Lane Allen—The Blue Grass Country.

OCT. 18.—Hawaii. Literary Kit-Kats.

NOV. 1.—Ghosts—Imported and Domestic. Reading—"The Haunted House." Reading—"A Modern Goblin."

NOV. 15.—Dante. The Vatican.

NOV. 29.—Great Diplomats. Many Costumes of Many Lands. Conversation—"As Foreigners See Us."

DEC. 7 —Lecture.

DEC. 13.—Charles Darwin. The Man in the Moon.

DEC. 27.—"On the Wabash"—A Sketch. Hoosier Round Table—Old Time Amusements. Local Tendencies.

JAN. 10.—Emotionalism in the Treatment of Crime. Discussion—Lady Macbeth is more guilty than Macbeth.

JAN. 24.—Richelieu in History. Richelieu in Fiction.

FEB. 7—Russia—The Land and the People. The Form of Government.

FEB. 21.—The Greek Church. Notable Russians. Conversation—Russian Language and Literature.

MAR. 7.—The Great Siberian Railway. Conversation—The Russian Exiles.

MAR. 21—Cyrus W. Fields. A Book and a Story.

APR. 4.—Music. Easter—Origin and Customs. Folk Melody. Music.

APR. 18.—The Cumberland Mountains and Their People. Village Life Fifty Years Ago.

MAY 3.—Banquet.

MRS. ELLA EDWARDS DURHAM,
Vice-President of "The Round Table" of Muncie.

## THE "ROUND TABLE" OF MUNCIE.

The "Round Table," now one of the flourishing clubs in Muncie's federation, began most unpretentiously four years ago, in a class of six women who planned to enjoy fortnightly trips through Germany and Italy. So happy proved the companionship and the year's travel, that they unselfishly decided to ask others to accompany them upon their next jaunt. Accordingly in 1894, each tourist invited two friends of similar tastes; and fortified with such guides and rules of conduct, as were necessitated by their increased numbers, they started out, spending the entire season in an American tour, which taught them the possibilities, as well as the facts of their native land. This year a very handsome guide book of white limp vellum, green lettered, is directing their footsteps through fabled Greece.

The Round Table is a member of both the local and the state federations. Upon May fifth, the entire session is to be devoted to a discussion of I. U. L. C. program for the coming convention—a procedure which we heartily commend to all clubs desiring to reap the fullest benefit from affiliation with the state organization.

The club colors are green and pink; the flower, the pink rose. The membership is limited to twenty.

The officers are: president, Mrs. Charlotta Ludlow Tyler; vice-president, Mrs. Ella Edwards Durham; secretary, Mrs. Sarah Hager Gill; treasurer, Miss Linda Merriman.

The executive committee is: Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Durham, Mrs. Gill, Miss Merriman and Miss Sarah R. McCulloch.

The progaam committee is: Miss Sarah McCulloch, Miss Emma Wilcoxon, Mrs. Leo A. Medsker, Mrs. Alta Stiffler Moore.

The critics are Mrs. LaZene Lambert White and Mrs. Georgette Kemper Smith.

PROGRAM OF THE "ROUND TABLE" OF MUNCIE.

OCT. 7.— Our Inheritance from Greece. Map Review of Greece. The Greek—His Origin and Language.

OCT. 21.—Conversation–Legendary Greece. Jason, or the Golden Fleece. Labors of Hercules, Seven Against Thebes. Caledonian Boar Hunt Trojan War. Selection—Atalanta's Race.

NOV. 4.—Religion of the Greeks and Hebrews. The Oracles, as compared with the Superstitions of the Nineteenth Century. Selections from "The Dead Pan."

NOV. 18.—King and Queen of Heaven. Prometheus—Epimetheus Pandora. Reading—"The Mask of Pandora."

DEC. 2.—Conversation—Apollo. Recitation—"The Shepherd of King Admetus." Selections from "The Fable of Critics."

DEC. 16.—Age of Tyrants. Early Greek Poets—Alcaeus, Sappho, Pindar, Anacreon. Selections from Anacreon—Moore's Translations. Books of the Year.

DEC. 30.—Visitors Day. Sculpture and Sculptors. Mythology in Sculpture and Art. Reading—"The Faun of Praxitiles."

JAN. 13.—The Poet Homer. A Study—The Iliad. Illustrations from the Iliad. Selection—"There came three Queens from Heaven."

JAN. 27.—Conversation—The Odyssey. (a) The Sirens, (b) The Lotus Eaters, (c) Circe, (d) Scylla and Charybdis. Selections from "The Lotus Eaters." Recitation—"The Origin of the Harp."

FEB. 10.—Talk—The Persian War. Talk—The Peloponnesian War. Some Famous Grecian Battles. Selections—Song of the Greek Poet. Song—"Battle Hymn of the Republic."

FEB. 22.—Banquet.

FEB. 24.—Discussion—The Child of Today. (a) The Kindergarten as a Public Institution, (b) Our Schools—Their Relation to the Community, (c) Modern Fiction for Children, (d) Formation vs. Reformation. Open Parliament.

MAR. 10.—Greek and American Democracies. Talk—The Law Giver of Athens. Talk—Influence of Lycurgus. Reading—Selections from "The Memorabilia." Plato and his Republic. The Community Idea.

APR. 7.—Origin and Growth of the Theater Dialogue from "Alcestis." Selection from "The Clouds." Talk—Famous Shakespearian Actors of the Nineteenth Century.

APR. 21.—Conversation—The Acropolis, as beautified by Pericles. Talk—In and About Modern Athens. Growth of Architecture.

MRS. RUFUS DOOLEY,
President of "The Hoosiers" of Rockville.

MAY 5.—Discussions—The I. U. L. C. program. Current Events.

MAY 19.—Life in Ancient Greece—Manners and Customs, Woman's Place. The Modern Maid of Athens and her Brother. Greek Subjects in English Literature.

JUNE 2.—Business Meeting.

## WITH THE CLUB EDITOR.

Upon December the fourteenth "The Hoosiers" of Rockville will be addressed by Hon. A. J. Beveridge.

The clubs of Henry County were invited to meet in New Castle upon the fifth of the present month to organize a local federation.

The Century Club of Greencastle will be represented in the convention program of the I. U. L. C. at Bloomington, next May, by its president, Miss Minnetta V. Taylor, who will read a paper.

The Salem Farmers' Club is one of the most recent acquisitions of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. We shall present an account of this most interesting and flourishing of organizations in the near future. Its corresponding secretary is Mrs. W. W. Stevens, who spends five or six weeks each year in doing Farmers' Institute work.

MISS RENA RICE,
Secretary of "The Hoosiers" of Rockville.

The Woman's Club of Greenfield took the initiative last year in organizing a public library. It secured donations of books, periodicals, and promises of financial aid. This year the school board has come to its assistance, and all the clubs in the town are devoting their energies and purses to the support of the new institution.

The Muncie "Federate Club of Clubs," is a county federation, and it embraces two country clubs of which it is especially proud. One of these—the "Mary Martha" is quite an elderly organization; and it is in the most prosperous condition in spite of the fact that some of its members drive eight or nine miles to attend meetings. We hope to present an account of this club in the near future.

The Terre Haute Literary Club of which a detailed account appeared in these columns recently has included as members many men whose names are well known in Indiana, and some that have a much wider reputation. Col. R. W. Thompson, author of "Personal Recollections of the Presidents," is perhaps its most honored member. He was at one time secretary of the Navy; and he has been closely identified with the history and life of this country, for more than fifty years. He is now over 88 years old, but almost every year he addresses the club, of which he is still an honorary member. Col. Thompson has known every president personally, except Washington and the elder Adams. Other men of note who are or have been connected with the club are: C. R. Henderson, W. O. Parry, Judge Rhodes, George P. Brown, T. C. Mendenhall, G. W. Eddy, R. V. Hunter, J. H. Crum, H. O. Breeden, W. H. Wiley, W. W. Parsons, Spencer Ball, Judge Henry and a score of others who might be named.

## IN THE CLUB WORLD.

We are in receipt of detailed accounts of the third annual convention of the New York State Federation, which assembled in Syracuse last week. In 1896, the official report showed 144 clubs in membership, this year 187 are registered, comprising an individual membership, it is claimed, of nearly 25,000. It must be remembered, however, that no inconsiderable number of these clubs are patriotic, philanthropic and alumnae associations.

As had been feared, because of a recent very serious illness, Mrs. Montgomery, the president, was unable to attend, and Mrs. William Todd Helmuth, the vice-president, and former president of New York City's famous Sorosis, wielded the gavel. Mrs. L. Van Loon Lynch of Syracuse was allotted the pleasant duty of welcoming delegates and guests, and she was particularly happy in her effort. After pointing out with pardonable pride that Syracuse stood second only to Greater New York, in the number of federated clubs, she stated that federation had begun in the vicinity years and years ago, when the old Indian Chief Hiawatha had assembled his braves in council on the shores of Lake Onondaga, and formed the League of the Five Nations—a pretty allusion to the Indian lore for which Syracuse is nearly as famous as for salt.

An afternoon reception took the place of the customary evening function, and it was a pronounced success. An elaborate luncheon was served from 12 to 2. The long table in the center of the hall was most artistically decorated in the federation colors—green and white. All the appointments were in Bohemian or cut-glass; and under the soft light of myriads of candles, these works of art, with countless fluffy white carnations and the delicate asparagus fern produced an effect that was exquisitely chaste and beautiful. Several delegates who had brought their cameras, took away something more lasting than the memory of the lovely picture.

New York has not yet taken up any special line of work as many of the state federations have done, but the two most important reports of the recent convention were upon the free library movement in its relation to the clubs of the state, and the public school system. Some of the addresses delivered were upon, How to Teach Art in the Public Schools, Vacation Schools, The Social Philosophy of Dante, Some Uses of Hero Worship, Recent Methods of Studying and Writing History, and Shakespeare. The last subject was presented by Mrs. Anna Randall—Diehl, Lit. D. of New York, who edits The American Shakspeare Magazine.

Indiana, Florida and Texas have state federations which are not auxiliary to the "General Federation of Women's Clubs."

Harper's Bazar is authority for the statement that "400,000 women are banded together as members of clubs of one kind or another, working for better government, better morals, better laws in the land."

October and November have chronicled state conventions galore; in October, Maine, Nebraska, Illinois, Vermont, New Hampshire, Colorado, New Jersey and Ohio; in November, Georgia, Wisconsin, Michigan, Pennsylvania and New York.

NOTE—Address all communications upon club matters to Mrs. Harriet W. Kitts, Muncie, Indiana.

When mother's makin' apple tarts
  and bakin' punkin pies,
An' the turkey in the back yard's
  a lookin' mighty wise,
An' the mince-meat an' the fruit-cake
  all's on the pantry shelf
An' you're sniffin' up the spicy air
  as you stan' an warm yourself
O it's then the Thanksgivin' spirit
  truly rules and warms your heart
When mother's bakin' punkin pies
    and
      makin'
        apple
          tarts.

A. V. McN.

**Events of the Past Week.**

Each day of this week has been crowded to the full with social functions, small and large. The promise that a brilliant social season would follow the Flower Mission Fair bids fair to be fulfilled. Mrs. Francis M. Jennings' beautiful reception on Monday afternoon, and dance at Brenneke's in the evening, were the events of Monday; on the same evening Mrs. Kate M. Bowles received informally for her son Mr. Joseph M. Bowles, and his wife, of Boston, Mass. On Monday, also, Mrs. J. H. Holliday gave a luncheon for her sister, Mrs. Morgan, of Virginia.

Tuesday seemed to be a popular day for entertainers. In the afternoon Mrs. Lodge gave a charming entertainment for Miss Nellie Carnahan and the members of her Sunday school class, at which she read an original story; Mrs. Milburn entertained at luncheon in honor of Mrs. Charles Stuart Voorhees, of Spokane, Washington; Mrs. Francis Smith and daughters entertained a few friends in the evening; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Venn gave a beautiful party at Brenneke's to introduce their daughter, Miss Katherine Olivia Venn. Miss Lucia Holliday gave one of the prettiest teas of the season in honor of Miss Sherman; Mrs. C. M. Reynolds gave a tea for her mother's guests, Miss Graham and Miss Jones; Miss Burford gave a theater party in the evening in honor of Miss Carnahan and Mr. Miles Burford, and Miss Mendenhall gave a large card party at her home in North Illinois street.

On Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Allan M. Fletcher gave a most elegant party to introduce their daughters, Misses Mary and Fanny Fletcher. They were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Bates, Mrs. Caroline Bence, General and Mrs. John Coburn, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Coburn, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Gregory, Dr. and Mrs. N. A. Hyde, Mrs. Anna R. Hobbs, Mrs. S. A. Fletcher, Mrs. George K. Share, Miss Newcomer, Miss Griffith, Miss Lucy Holliday, Miss Myla Coburn, Miss Julia Fletcher and Miss Josephine Hyde.

The rooms were elaborately and tastefully decorated with roses, chrysanthemums, palms, ferns and southern smilax. Several hundred people were entertained.

On the same day Mrs. Sewall entertained Mr. Elbert Hubbard at dinner, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Burford gave a theater party, Mrs. Marshall T. Levey observed her second reception day, Miss Mabel Lutz gave a chrysanthemum luncheon in honor of Miss Carnahan, the marriage of Miss Harriet May Noble and Mr. George Champe at the Seventh Presbyterian church, and the marriage of Miss Helen Marie Fife and Mr. James E. Perry at the home of the bride's parents.

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**Events to Come.**

Among the many events of next week besides the Propylaeum Ball, are on Monday, Nov. 22, Mr. and Mrs. William Burford's dinner in honor of Miss Nellie Carnahan and their son Mr. Miles William Burford; Mrs. William H. Griffith's tea, on Tuesday, Nov. 23, from 4 to 6; Mrs. M. Clune's dance on Nov. 22, at her home, for Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Walsh of Detroit, and Miss Cecil Clune; Miss Elsa Wocher's reception and dinner on Nov. 26, for Mrs. Marshall T. Levey; Mrs. John K. Robson will entertain a party at cards Monday afternoon, Nov. 22; Mrs. William L. Elder will hold a reception Tuesday, November 23, from 3 to 6 o'clock in honor of Mrs. Harry H. Bean, of Springfield, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Busby's bachelor's dinner, on Nov. 24, and the dance given by the Lae Tus Club on Nov. 25 at Brenneke's, and by the Cleon Club at Brenneke's on Nov. 26.

Invitations are also out for some social events for the week after Thanksgiving. Mrs. Ferdinand Mayer will give a reception at the Propylaeum, December 3; Miss Voss, a reception and dance, the first week in December; Mrs. Tripp of Woodruff Place, a reception on Nov. 30; and Mr. and Mrs. Hollweg a dance at the Propylaeum, Nov. 30, for their daughter, Miss Julia Hollweg.

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**A New York Wedding.**

The New York Herald of November 10, '97, describes a beautiful wedding at All Saints church, at which Miss Susanne Clarke of Indianapolis was maid of honor. The contracting parties were Miss Laura Pearl Hartman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Hartman, and Mr. William Hall Clarke, formerly of Indianapolis. A large and fashionable assemblage gathered in the church at 7:30 to witness the service which was performed by Dr. T. J. Mackay. The house of worship was adorned for the occasion with stately palms upon the chancel, with wreaths of smilax everywhere, interlaced with chrysanthemums. In the altar vases were bride's roses.

The bridal party was preceded down the aisle by the full surpliced choir, singing the Lohengrin bridal chorus. The ushers, Mr. Herbert Wheeler and Mr. Edward George, were followed by Mr. Fred Hartman and Mr. Harry Wilkins.

Then came the bridesmaids in gowns of white organdie over yellow, the skirts made in wide tucks, outlined with yellow ribbon. The decollete bodices were elaborately trimmed with tucks, ribbon and lace. They were Missess Susan Colpetzer and Lila Alexandar and Misses Florence Knox and Mary Forbes of Oshkosh, Wis. Each carried yellow chrysanthemums, as did the maid of honor, Miss Susanne Clarke, of Indianapolis, Indiana, who followed, walking alone. Her toilette, made in the same fashion as those of the maids, was of yellow organdie instead of white.

The bride on the arm of her father, was radiant in her wedding gown of white brocaded poplin. The entire front breadth of the skirt was of appliqued duchesse lace over satin, court train. The high cut bodice had a wide collar of the duchess lace, and the entire sleeve was of lace applique. Over this beautiful toilette fell the wedding veil. White chrysanthemums were carried.

At the chancel the bride was met by Mr. Clarke and his best man, Mr. Warrick E. Miller, of Kansas City. During the ceremony the organ softly pealed the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," and at its close the surpliced choir sang as a recessional, "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden."

A large reception followed the church service at the residence of Mr. Hartman, "Laura Villa," where nearly 300 guests thronged the large rooms to congratulate the bride and groom. The parlors were decorated with handsome vases of American Beauty roses and in the music room white chrysanthemums were the favored flower. In the refreshment room yellow chrysanthemums were used, and a huge vase of them standing upon a square of lace formed the center piece. A square of yellow ribbon outlined the lace.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarke left early in the evening for Kansas City, and will visit many eastern cities upon their wedding tour.

Miss Sadie Clarke, of Indianapolis also attended the wedding.

**Thanksgiving at the Churches.**

The usual Thanksgiving service will be held at Christ church on Thursday November 25. Sermon by the rector, Rev. A. J. Graham. Special music by the choir.

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St. Paul's church and Grace Cathedral will hold union services on Thanksgiving day, at St. Paul's church. Bishop White will officiate. The services will be at 10:30 a. m. Special music.

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Union Thanksgiving services of the Presbyterian churches in the central part of the city 1st, 2d, 4th, and Tabernacle, will be held in the Second Presbyterian church, Thursday, November 25, at 10:30 a. m. The sermon will be given by the Rev. J. Cumming Smith. Music by the Second Pres. church choir.

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Five churches in the Northeastern part of the city will hold a union service on Thanksgiving morning at the Memorial Presbyterian church, corner Ash and 11th streets. These churches include The Third Christian, The Central avenue Methodist, The College avenue Baptist, and the Friends' churches. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. Burris A. Jenkins, pastor of the 3rd Christian church. There will be special music by Memorial choir, William H. Donley, Director and Organist.

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**Musical Notes**

Mr. and Mrs. McGibeney will give a piano recital at Oxford Ohio, Thanksgiving night.

A delightful musical program was given Wednesday evening at the Second German Reform church on the south side, under the direction of Mr. Arthur P. Preston. The following is the program rendered:

PART FIRST.

Organ Solo (a) "Toccata" - Theo Dubois
(b) "American Air" (variations)
- - - - - - - - - - I. V. Flagler.
Arthur P. Preston.

Song—"Armourer's Song"
- - - - - - - - Reginald DeKoven.
Mr. Arthur D. Gates.

Cornet Solo—"Melody" - - - - Adam.
Mr. L. E. Peck.

Song—"A May Morning" - L. Deneza.
Mrs. A. W. Posey.

PART SECOND.

Organ Solo—"Overture to Wm. Tell"
- - - - - - - - - - - - Rossini.
Arthur P. Preston.

Song—"Ask What Thou Wilt"
- - - - - - - - Reginald DeKoven.
Miss Genevieve Shaffer.

Cornet Solo—"The Lost Chord"
- - - - - - - - - - - - Sullivan.
Mr. L. E. Peck.

Song—"When The Heart is Young"
Mr. Charles J. W. Parker.

Duet—"See the Pale Moon"
- - - - - - - - - - - F. Campana.
Mrs. A. W. Posey and Miss Genevieve Shaffer.

Mr. Edward Nell has become the director of the 4th Presbyterian church choir.

The following is the program for the Mozart Song Service to be given at Plymouth church, tomorrow evening, November 2, 1897.

Quartet Numbers:—1, Gloria from Twelfth Mass; 2, Ave Verum; 3, Have Mercy O Lord, by the quartet composed of Mr. F. V. Steele, Mrs. Fremont Swain, Mrs. Jesse Summers and Mr. Homer Van Wie. 4, Baritone Solo—In the Celestial Dwelling, Mr. Steele; 5, Soprano Solo—Agnus Dei from First Mass, Mrs. Swain; 6, Duet from Don Giovanni La Ci Darem La Mani, Mrs. Swain and Mr. Steele. Organist—Miss Nellie King.

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**People and Events.**

Mrs. Theresa Smith gave a debut party for her daughter, Miss Gail Smith, Thursday afternoon, November 18. The house was beautifully decorated with cut chrysanthemums, ferns, palms and American Beauties. Pink and green were used in the reception room, yellow and white in the hall, American Beauties in the parlor and dining room. Hart's orchestra furnished the music and the following ladies assisted in receiving: Mrs. Glen Hauck, Mrs. Jason Greenstreet, Mrs. Voss, Mrs. J. A. Milburn, Mrs. Alpha Burdsall, Mrs. C. M. Walker, Miss Anna Louise Beck and Miss Mary Dean. The receiving ladies were all charmingly gowned. Mrs. Smith wore a handsome gown of plaid velvet trimmed in red silk, Irish point lace and jet. Miss Smith wore white mousselaine de soie over white silk and carried a magnificent bouquet of American Beauties.

Mrs. Oran Perry gave a reception yesterday afternoon which was very beautiful in every particular. Hart's orchestra furnished music, and were screened from view by great banks of palms. Chrysanthemums were used throughout the house, yellow being used in the parlor, white in the hall and red in the dining room. The following ladies assisted in receiving: Mrs. Haymond, Mrs. Varney, Mrs. W. P. Fishback, Mrs. Capis, Mrs. C. C. Foster, Mrs. Edward Daniels, Mrs. W. C. Lynn, Mrs. Henry Smith, Mrs. Joseph Sharp, Mrs. Golt, Mrs. Garrard, Mrs. Maxwell, Miss Bassell, Miss Eleanor Smith, Miss Mary Foster, Mrs. Henry Fraser. Among the out of town guests were Miss Fenton, of Chicago, Miss Summers, of Louisville, and Miss Bassell, of West Virginia.

Mrs. J. L. Mothershead and daughter gave a reception Thursday afternoon. The ladies who assisted in receiving were Mrs. M. L. Haines, Mrs. Churchman, Mrs. E. M. Defrees, Mrs. Morris Defrees, Mrs. Morris Ross, Mrs. J. H. Baker, Mrs. George Brown, Mrs. J. H. Holliday, Mrs. A. L Mason, Miss Roach, Miss Anna Hasselman, Miss Eleanor Smith, Miss Mary Foster. The house was prettily decorated with flowers. The dining room was especially beautiful in magnificent yellow chrysanthemums and ferns. Green and yellow were employed in all the decorations of this room, making a very pretty effect. Pink and white roses were used through the other rooms. The out-of-town guests were Miss Frisdale, Mrs. Morgan, Miss Florence Hanna, Miss Starkoff and Miss Fentin.

The beautiful picture on our sixth page "A Yard of Photos" is the work of Marceau & Power. The design is original and has been copyrighted by the firm. There is no doubt of the popularity of such a design. We have had yards of roses and yards of pansies and yards of lilacs, but none of these can compare in charm with the quaint poses of the little human "rose."

The Monday Afternoon Literary Club will hold its meeting of November 22, in the parlors of the Central Christian church. The hostess will be Mrs. Anna Dickey Yockey. A musical number will be given by Miss Jacobs, and Mrs. Topp will read a Thanksgiving story, and Mrs. Pounds will read a paper.

Mr. John Sanders Duncan and Mrs. Perlie Eugenia Haynes were married at the home of Mrs. Haynes, at Richmond, Indiana, on Tuesday, November 16. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan will be at home on the third and fourth Tuesdays in December, at 1312 North Alabama street.

On next Tuesday night, November 23, the League will give a Thanksgiving party at the home of Mrs. Bruenig on Park avenue. Each guest will contribute a pound package of food or clothing, which will be given to the poor.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Leathers gave a dinner in honor, of her sister, Miss Nellie Carnahan, and Mr. Miles Burford. The guests were Miss Carnahan's bridal party. After dinner cards were the amusement of the evening.

Dr. J. N. Hurty gave an interesting talk to the McCulloch Club and its guests on Wednesday evening of this week, on "The City as a Guardian of Public Health." After the talk, refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Westlakr, of Marion, will come Monday to visit Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Dunn and attend the performance of the Dramatic Club. Mrs. Westlake will remain until after Thanksgiving.

The Epworth League of Central avenue church gave a musical and literary entertainment on last Tuesday evening, called "A Tour of Turkey.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Gives new life and vigor to the roots of the hair. It's like water to a drooping plant. No gray hair. No baldness.

## Why They Are Thankful.

John C. New and John C. Wright are thankful because the court has said that their trial which was begun last Monday in the Marion Superior Court must be finished by January 1, 1898.

Worth Wright is thankful because the times are not improving more rapidly than they are, as he thinks the continuation of hard times will help the cause of free silver.

Thomas Taggart is thankful because the Indianapolis News was not dissatisfied with his administration until after his re-election.

Chas. F. Smith is thankful because he has so far escaped libel suit growing out of the last city campaign.

The Park Commissioners are thankful because they have been relieved of office.

Dickson and Talbott are thankful because Thomas Taggart put up a better fight than James Corbett.

James W. Hess is thankful because some other man has not yet been appointed postmaster.

Joseph B. Kealing is thankful because it will be less than a year until the next campaign is on.

John W. Kern is thankful because there are some things about which a legal opinion is not required.

James Whitcomb Riley is thankful because he is not compelled to write poems for all who request them.

R. B. F. Pierce is thankful because all the newspapers in the city are not like the Sun.

Will Cumback is thankful because there is no age limited on candidates for governor.

Rev. C. C. Lasby is thankful because he said a few nice things about the Indianapolis newspapers.

Dr. Wappenhans is thankful because the people have been better pleased with the weather of late.

Promoters of new Life Insurance Companies are thankful because the people who were investors in the Iron Hall, the E. S. Dean & Co., P. A. MacDonald & Co., and in certain building associations have lost faith in such investments and are ready for something new.

Rhody Shiel is thankful because he had a chance to say what he thought of certain persons.

Sterling R. Holt is thankful because he has a new house.

Benjamin Harrison is thankful because the reporters have heen so considerate.

Albert Sahm is thankful for fifteen new letter carriers.

S. E. Kercheval is thankful for the renovation of the Federal Building.

Paul Krauss is thankful for the beautiful new fire escape which adorns the front of his building.

F. M. Herron is thankful that he has at last moved into his new store room.

The owners of the slot machines are thankful for Judge Cox's decision.

Some Indianapolis young men are thankful that some Indianapolis girls have broken their engagements with young men of other cities.

THE INDIANA WOMAN is thankful that her circulation is increasing, that she is continually improving, and that she is winning more admirers every day.

### Mr, and Mrs. Stephen's Dinner Party.

A beautiful and elaborate dinner was given on Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. J. Z. Stephen, at their home in North New Jersey street. The parlors were decorted with white chrysanthemums and the dining room with pink roses. A large cut-glass vase filled with pink roses stood in the centre of the table, the appointments of which were all in pink. The guests were Dr. and Mr. C. C. Lasby, Dr. and Mrs. L. H. Dunning, Mr. Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Hunt, and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Rehm.

"All right, Jimmy Biggs, yer needd't be so proud just 'cos yer father's workin'"

New York Store
ESTABLISHED 1853.
Agents for Butterick Patterns.

THE PRETTIEST THANKSGIVING TOKEN

That we know of for something inexpensive is one of our special

**Thanksgiving Boxes Filled With Our Delicious Candies**

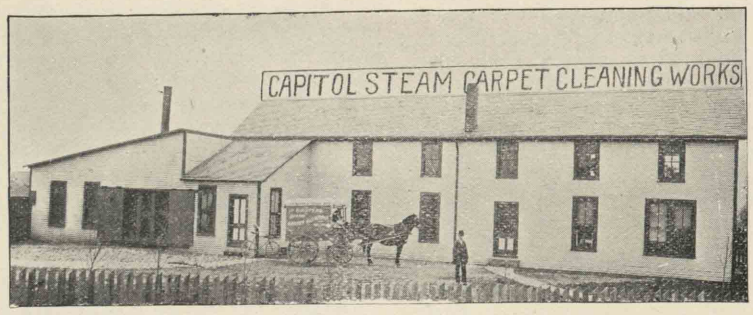
These boxes have catchy Thanksgiving subjects on the lids, done in water colors by local artists. Pretty girls, turkey gobblers and foot-ball heroes are the favorite subjects To see them for a minute would tell yon more than all the cold type in Christendom. They are just at the foot of the front basement stairway.

PETTIS DRY GOODS CO.

Take Your Time....

In buying a Diamond, don't be hurried. Our time Is yours, and we will take pleasure in showing you our goods and explaining their merits. We re-set Diamonds while you wait.

J. C. SIPE, Importer of Diamonds,
ROOM 4, 18½ N. MERIDIAN ST. INDIANAPOLIS




Capacity, 3000 yards per day. No heating. No Tearing.
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# WITH WILFUL WOMAN.

By RHODA FLEMING.

MENU.

Thanksgiving, 1897.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit. Tea. Coffee.
Veal Cutlets. Cream Potatoes.
Buttered Toast.
Rice Pancakes with Maple Syrup.

—

LUNCHEON.

Oyster Patties. Saratoga Chips.
Biscuits. Fish Croquettes.
Fruit Jelly.
Olives. Orange Cake.
Tea. Coffee.

—

THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Roast Turkey. Beef a la Mode.
Chicken Pie. Roast Pig.
Macaroni.
Cabbage Pudding.
Stewed Salsify. Baked Irish Potatoes.
Candied Sweet Potatoes.
Cranberries. Catsup. Pickles.
Guava Jelly.

DESSERT.

Mince Pie.
Thanksgiving Cake.
Pumpkin Pie. Squash Pudding.
Apple Pie. Jelly.
Apples. Grapes. Oranges.
Candied Ginger. Salted Almonds.
Coffee.

## A NOVEL DECORATION FOR A THANKSGIVING DINNER TABLE.

It is just the pumpkin that the pies were made of—or rather, it is the shell of it. Scoop out the inside, leaving the shell in the form of a basket. Set it on a mirror or on a plateau of moss and fill it with flowers or fruit. If the table is long and

one basket does not serve, use the long basket for a center-piece and cut a smaller pumpkin across to make a couple of bowls for the ends of the table and fill them with flowers like the basket. The pumpkin shell can be made to shine as if it were varnished, if it is carefully washed and rubbed.

## HOW TO PREPARE THE DINNER.

ROAST TURKEY.

A Thanksgiving turkey should be large, fat and tender. After it has been nicely dressed, rub it inside and out with salt and pepper, then rub over it soft butter and dredge well with flour. Lay it in a large pan on its breast, pour into the pan a quart of cold water and set it in a moderately heated oven.

From time to time baste with more butter and with some of the gravy in the pan, and now and then dredge with more flour.

Brown slowly from three to four hours. There should be about a pint of gravy; thicken with flour rubbed up in butter or some of the gravy out of the pan.

BEEF A LA MODE.

Have ready a handsome roasting piece of beef. Mince fine one onion, one pound of fat pork, one teaspoonful of finely powdered thyme, savory and black pepper. Pound fine one blade of mace, six cloves and twelve grains of allspice.

Mix all together thoroughly. Lay the piece of beef in the pan in which it is to be roasted. With a sharp pointed knife cut incisions about all over the meat. Stick the knife down deep into each place and twist it around so as to make it large enough to receive the stuffing. Into each sprinkle a little salt and a tiny pinch of cayenne pepper. Stuff the places as full as possible. Rub the meat over with melted butter, dredge very thickly with flour, half fill the pan with water and set it in the oven. It must cook a quarter of an hour for every pound of meat. Ladle up the gravy over it constantly. It must be a rich brown when done, but somewhat rare.

CHICKEN PIE.

Cut up a pair of fat tender chickens that have been carefully cleaned. Put them on

in a saucepan with water enough to cover them and half a teaspoonful of salt. Cover them and let them boil until tender. Put into the saucepan half a teacupful of sweet cream, a quarter of a pound of butter sufficient to thicken the gravy.

Make some nice pastry with one quart of flour and half a pound of butter and mix with milk or water. Line a baking dish with the crust, put in the chicken and gravy, fit on a top crust; cut several slits in it to let the steam escape and bake in a moderately heated oven.

ROAST PIG.

Have a fat six weeks old pig very carefully dressed. The inside of the ears and mouth trimmed out, the tongue cut out and the end of the snout cut off. After it has been nicely washed inside and out, rub it well with a mixture of salt, sage and black and red pepper. Stuff the pig with a stuffing made of light bread, butter, salt, pepper, sage and thyme, well mized and moistened with milk or water until it is rather soft, for it will get firmer in cooking. Then sew up the pig carefully, put it in a pan with a little water and set in a moderately heated oven. Leave the doors open at first. Mix butter and flour in a plate and have a larding mop ready. Mop the pig frequently and as it roasts close the doors gradually. Occasionally pour up over it some of the gravy in the pan and turn it over frequently so that it may brown evenly. Boil until tender the liver and toes, and when the pig is done, chop them up and add to the gravy. The proper way to roast a pig is before an open fire, but as the majority of people cannot indulge in that luxury, I give the recipe for roasting in an oven.

MACARONI.

Put the macaroni to boil in milk and water. When tender take out and drain. For half a pound beat the yolks of two eggs with a gill of melted butter, salt to taste, a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, half a saltspoonful of cayenne pepper and half a pint of grated cheese. Fill the baking pan with alternate layers of macaroni, cheese and dressing. Let the last layer be cheese and dressing. Bake in a moderate oven.

CABBAGE PUDDING.

Chop cabbage small and boil it in slightly salted water until it is tender. Drain off all of the water, pressing it out with a spoon. To two quarts of this boiled cabbage allow four eggs, a teacupful of butter, a teacupful of rich milk, salt and pepper to taste. Mix as you would any pudding, put in a buttered dish and bake twenty minutes. Serve hot.

STEWED SALSIFY.

Wash and scrape ten large roots of salsify including the crowns. Cut them into inch long pieces and split each piece in four. Boil until tender in salted water. Drain off the water, add pepper, a heaping tablespoonful of butter, a teacupful of sweet cream. Let it stew five or six minutes, mash a little of the salsify to thicken the cream and be careful that it does not scorch.

BAKED IRISH POTATOES.

Peel half a gallon of potatoes and boil until tender. Drain off the water, add a teacupful of sweet cream, heaping tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Cream smooth and put in a baking dish. Rub over the top with butter and bake a pale brown. The oven should be quite hot, as the potato is not nice if it cooks too slowly.

CANDIED SWEET POTATO.

Boil sweet potatoes until thoroughly done. Have ready a rich syrup of boiled sugar—about three-fourths of a pint. Peel and slice the potatoes; lay them in a shallow baking dish, strew them thick with bits of butter, pour the syrup over them and set them in the oven to bake slowly.

CRANBERRIES.

Pick over and wash one quart of cranberries and set them to boil for ten minutes in a covered porcelain saucepan. Add one pound of granulated sugar, cover again and let them stew ten minutes longer. Stir with a wooden spoon, as that does not injure the color.

DESSERT.—MINCE PIE.

Mince fine one pound of beef suet, one pound of seeded raisins, one pound of citron, one pound of apples and one pound of cold boiled beef tongue or tenderloin. Add one pound of currants, washed and carefully picked, one pound of sugar, half an ounce each of mace and allspice and one level tablespoonful each of cinnamon and cloves and one grated nutmeg. The spice must be pounded fine. Stir in one quart of good cider boiled down to half its quantity, also two teacupfuls of syrup out of your brandy peach jars. Bake in a deep pan lined with puff paste and put a top crust on it of the same paste. Bake in a moderately hot oven and serve hot.

Mince meat is much nicer for being made a month or two before using. In that case omit the apples and cider until nearly time to use it, putting one quart of brandy in when first made. Keep mince meat closely covered.

THANKSGIVING CAKE.

Beat together one pound of butter and one pound of sugar until very light. Then add the well-beaten yolks of fourteen eggs, stirring them in well.

Have ready sifted and warmed, one pound of flour and fourteen egg whites beaten to a stiff froth. Stir alternately into the butter and sugar, a spoonful of flour and a spoonful of egg white. Have two pounds of raisins seeded and chopped, two pounds of currants, picked, washed and dried, two pounds of citron, cut small,

one cocoanut grated. Mix these all together, sprinkling in a handful of flour and add them to the cake with a tablespoonful of finely pounded mace, the grated rind of a lemon.

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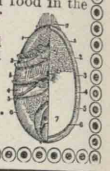


Mix the cake thoroughly and bake it slowly. Be sure that it is well done before removing it from the oven. When cold, ice it prettily.

PUMPKIN PIE.

Stew the pumpkin until tender and rather dry. Rub it perfectly smooth. To one quart of pumpkin add one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, one pint of sweet cream, and flavoring to suit your taste. Bake in rich pastry.

SQUASH PUDDING.

Cook a winter squash perfectly done. Rub it through a sieve, and to a pound of squash add one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, a tablespoonful of lemon extract and ten eggs well beaten, yolks and whites separately. Bake in puff paste.

APPLE PIE.

Stew fresh apples, letting them get as dry as psssible without burning. To three teacupfuls of apple add two of sugar and one of butter and half of a grated nutmeg. Acid apples should be used. Bake in pastry made of one pound of flour, three fourths of a pound of butter and milk enough to mix it into a pliable dough. Line pans with the pastry, and when filled with apple put on a top crust.

JELLY.

To one packet of gelatine put one pint of cold water, and let it soak for two hours. Then pour on two pints of boiling water and stir until thoroughly dissolved. Add to it one pound and a half of white sugar, one three-inch long stick of cinnamon, the thinly pared rind of two lemons and juice of six. Set aside to cool. Break three eggs and drain off the whites carefully into a bowl. When the jelly is milk warm, dip out a teacupful and mix with the egg whites, then pour them into the jelly and mix all together thoroughly. Put in a porcelain lined preserving kettle and set on a rather slow fire. Stir constantly until it begins to boil and rise up towards the top of the kettle, then lift it off and let it stand a minute.


## WHY LADIES LIKE COFFEE.

—

**Though Many Admit It Hurts Them.**

Many ladies have so great a liking for coffee for breakfast that the meal seems flat and unsavory without it; but the muddy complexion which is almost a sure accompaniment. is a great trial, and the question is seriously discussed many and many times over in one's mind, whether it is possible to give over the coffee and gradually get back the lost complexion, or keep on with the coffee and get on with the bad skin and make the best of it.

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## Review of Fashions.

### DESCRIPTION OF CUTS.

Velvet and cloth costume. Skirt of marine velvet, quite plain; short jacket of fawn cloth; the trimming consists of narrow ribbon put on in the pattern over a

band of the velvet. It is edged with ruffles of marine satin ribbon.

Ball costume. The material is of Nile green faille; there is a flounce of dotted chiffon headed with embroidery; the waist is embroidered and filled in at the neck with flutings of black velvet; girdle studded with jewels.

Carriage costume. The material is dove-grey whipcord; the skirt has a straight box-pleated front, is pleated all around, and set on to a round yoke outlined with soutache; the blouse is cut-away jacket fashion and finished with revers of lime green cloth embroidered; it opens over a loose front of green, ornamented with a pattern in braiding; Medice collar; crush girdle of black satin and coat sleeves with flaring cuffs.

### BUCKLES, BELTS AND GIRDLES.

Buckles, belts and girdles form a very striking part of woman's attire this fall. The blouse craze is responsible for this demand for belts. for the blouse is a garment that needs holding in, and then, too, a belt gives it a finished look.

Girdles are to be worn not only with gowns and fancy waists this season, but also with fur and cloth coats, and they are made particularly handsome for this reason. It would never do to wear a cheap article on a fine coat. The prices of these bejeweled belts rage from the inevitable marked down article at fifty-eight cents to those set with precious stones and worth thousands of dollars. The majority of women will be content with the handsome imitation girdles obtainable at the department stores, for they are neither cheap enough to become common nor sufficiently costly to be out of reach of the average well-dressed woman.

Cut steel is the most fashionable material at present, and of the best designs for a girdle is worthy of description. In the first place it can be used as a family affair, for it will fit the waist of a slender girl or that of her stout mother, since it is an extension belt made over woven wire. The squares of cut steel which form the belt are connected by tiny steel chains at top and bottom, and between the squares there are huge round mock turquoises. The buckle is a huge affair, broad in effect, and set with turquoises.

Steel and enamel combined are much used for belts. A notably pretty one is a chain belt with the squares of steel embellished with enamel and studded with different colored gems. The belt is worn over ribbons of different colors or over handsome leathers. There is a fashion of wearing narrow bands of velvet around the waist this year; but woe to the stout woman who tries it, for velvet is a clumsy material and very difficult to manage for those who have lost their girlish lines. These velvet bands are fastened with magnificent buckles, and some of them are composed of four pieces. For instance, a belt of purple velvet clasps with a huge cut-steel buckle set with an amethyst as big as a fifty-cent piece and has a piece similar in design to the buckle, only smaller, and set with a smaller stone on each side and at the back. Turquoises are used with pale blue velvet, olivines with green, garnets with red, and so on.

The very newest girdle, designed to be worn with a coat, is made of triple plate, enamelled to look like feathers of a peacock. Each link represents a feather, and is set with a large, curiously shaped mock sapphire, surrounded by bronze and green enamel. The clasp is an imitation of a feather. The girdle is worn over a narrow band of velvet of any color desired.

Jet belts and girdles are also exceedingly fashionable. They vary in price from $5 up. The narrow belts are worn over white, black, or colored ribbons, and the girdles are linked like the metal ones, and the buckles are all made to give a long-waisted effect. Chain belts of white metal, treated with applied cut steel and enamel, are worn with street gowns, and narrow satin bands, clasped with rhinestone buckles are the thing for fancy house and evening waists. One is fastened with a large rhinestone fleur-de-lis, and has one on each side and in the back. The butterfly and various flowers of geometrical designs are also fashionable in rhinestone and imitation pearl buckles, which are more used than ever before. Color and richness form the keynote in the matter of belts, buckles and girdles, and the most elaborate designs will be used to lighten up winter garments, both for street and for indoor wear.

### LIGHT-COLORED GOWNS.

An unusual number of light-colored gowns are being made up for reception wear. Of course there are always black ones, and also those of all the dark colors, but the smartest are of delicate shades, more like what were worn in summer, and these are to be worn even by older women; they are altogether too light to be worn in the street. One of the newest fads is a design quilted in the material exactly like the old-fashioned quilting. A most exquisite shade of light petunia in moire poplin is made with lines of this quilting on the back of the skirt and coming up across the front breadth in loops. This also has the sides of the front breadth lifted to show an under petticoat of a lighter shade. The waist has a yoke and sleeves of striped black and white uncut velvet. The front of the waist, which hangs in blouse effect, is quilted to match the skirt, and there is a ribbon belt of bright cherry-color fastened with a jeweled buckle. The same design with a black belt instead of cherry is more becoming, but perhaps not quite so smart.

In the new shade of blue is a gown of moire poplin made with the same quilting and trimmed with a band of jeweled passementerie at the very edge of the skirt. The waist is tight-fitting in the back. In the front is a white lace blouse, with an over-blouse of moire poplin edged with passementerie to match that on the skirt. The sleeves are tight-fitting, but have little cape ruffles edged with passementerie. The high collar, which turns over at the back, is faced with white lace. The stock-collar itself is of black satin.

### A FEW FASHION HINTS.

The combination of navy blue and bright red which has been revived this season, is a particularly good one for fall and winter wear in our cold climate.

I predict that this season will not be far advanced before Roman stripes become hopelessly common. They are shown in cotton material as cheap as 12½ cents, already.

Something new in the hat line is a large, soft felt, with a curling brim and trimmed only with a feather boa or two long ostrich plumes around the crown.

It is required of the fashionable girl that she own a large stock of neckties and collars. A very late tie is the Vesta Tilly, which is made out of a piece of an old-fashioned Paisley shawl. A good substitute can be made of a strip of silk in the Paisley design. It is tied in a four-in-hand knot with very long ends that reach below the waist line. The linen collar worn with this tie must be very high.

The collars of many of the handsome costumes this season, and nearly all of the fashionable coats, are startlingly high at the back. Many of these collars are so extreme that they hide the ears from view.

The broad, sheer necktie, tied under the chin in a full bow with long ends, is very popular. It is most effective in white mousseline de soie, with a border of black lace applique.

It is said that the overskirt will follow the trimmed skirt that simulate its effect by means of elaborate trimmings of braid, frill, etc.

Bordered goods are again in fashion. The border is frequently black upon a colored ground.

A visit to the millinery establishments finds winter styles placed with certainty. There is no more vague hinting at what may and what may not be worn. The black velvet hat is still the favorite for dressy street wear, and with scarcely an exception is kept in black with only a bit of color under the rim near the hair. Flowers drop into second place, beautiful shades of velvet taking their place. Orange and lemon yellow will be seen on nine out of ten of the brunettes of the season.

Decidedly the novelties of the season in hats are of the Tam-o'-Shanter description. They are most fancifully varied in design and even include felts. Tams or berets are being made in various combinations of silk fabrics, velvet, chenille, horse-hair, and all kinds of pliable materials, including embroideries; and the disposition to turn up one side of the brim seems to be the most prevalent feature.

Such beautiful trimmings as one may find for an elegant gown this year. There seems to be no end to the variety. The most exquisite chiffons are shown, embroidered in silk vines and flowers, or plaited. One gorgeous piece of a black ground over which trailed a golden vine, studded at intervals with raised roses, each bearing a spangled center. The buckles and clasps are also much used and come in cut steel, in gilded silver and in jeweled effects.

In the domain of chiffon nothing is newer or prettier than the scarfs of India muslin. Parisians use them as a head covering in going to and from theater, to the carriage etc., and this means that Americans will do so also. The shades are those of the beautiful fabrics of India, having borders that are iridescent.

Some of the new collars made of fur,

silks and velvet have a bow of ribbon twisted around the back. Cut steel and rhinestone buttons are seen on almost all the dressy collars and capes.

For winter wear it is safe to say the laced calf skin shoe with wide extension sole and military heel will be adopted by women of fashion. Comstock's are showing a large variety of these shoes, with coin toes that are taking the lead of all others.

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A VIRGINIA THANKSGIVING.

Continued from page 5.

are trying to dislike. I felt my heart warming to Mark Hamilton as he praised my songs and begged for "Just one more" or "That one over again, please."

Mother decided, before I was half through my repertoire, that the night air was bad for father's neuralgia. Bunt, to whom the songs were ancient history, went yawning to bed, and by-and-by, when the songs were sung and my companion was just a big dark shape in the dusk, with a sweet voice that said pleasant things, I found myself talking to him as I had never talked to anyone, telling him of my hopes, my plans, my disappointments.

He came and sat down on the step below me, holding the guitar on his knee and dropped an unskillful hand over its strings now and then, and told me about his own ideas and preferences, and about a girl he used to be engaged to in his college days, and who is married now.

"I could read your disposition from your hand if it were light enough," he said, picking it up as it hung by the side of my chair, and affecting to examine the shape.

"Do you think there's anything in that?" I said to relieve the situation a little, as he seemed to have forgotten that he was holding my hand.

"No," he answered, "I had much rather try to read your eyes, Betty, you can't keep anything you feel out of them. Poor little hand!" laying it against his cheek under pretense of testing its softness, "it isn't very toil-hardened yet."

Which brought me suddenly to the realization that I was sitting on the porch at a late hour with Mr. Mark Standish Hamilton, actually spooning! —or something very like it.

I drew my hand hastily away, with a confused "Good-night," and fled to my room. Once there I sat down, flushed and panting to face the situation. There was no need, I said to myself, of rushing from one extreme to another—trying to hate a person one day, and getting sentimental over him the next. It was plain his lordship was in the mind to play the masculine Vere de Vere, and "break a country heart for pastime, ere he went to town." Well, it shouldn't be mine! Or perhaps he was tired of hunting and wanted a little flirtation to vary the monotony. In that case I would only look foolish if I showed much feeling in the matter. Anyhow it was clear that what seemed of such great importance to me was a small matter to him. The best I could hope was that he would think kindly of me in the future as that little country girl down in Virginia who was so sweet on him. What had he meant by calling me Betty when he said I showed all I felt in my eyes? What had they showed him? I covered those too truthful members, and, laying my head down on my bureau, wept unrestrained. Oh, it is hard to be poor and obscure and lonesome, and need people so much worse than they need you!

The next day was the day before Thanksgiving. We keep the day in Virginia, though not in any very orthodox way. When the President says we are to give thanks we are ready, and the thanks are none the less sincere, perhaps, that they are offered over a roast possum or maybe a squirrel pie. But mother had decided that, in honor of our guest, we must have a real New England Thanksgiving dinner.

I tried to beg off; but she was firm. I represented that I was an inexperienced cook, and had better stick to what I knew I could do well; but mother (fancying, I sullenly said to myself, that it would commend me to his Highness) insisted on the orthodox menu.

I made it an excuse for keeping out of his way all day, though my heart misgave me when I found his eyes following me wistfully once or twice, and it was hard to refuse to sing to him again in the evening, as he begged me to do. I tried to put it all out of my mind, and baked and mixed and boiled at a great rate.

That dinner was a fearful ordeal to me! The soup and turkey I was sure of—they were something I understood, but I had plunged into a lot of other things that I blush to remember. Some of them were fairly eatable, and some were just awful. The worst, I think, was a thing I got out of a book, which was said, where I read of it, to grace all well-regulated thanksgiving tables in New England. It was a hideous mixture of corn meal and raisins and a number of other things, and was boiled in a bag. The recipe said that it would rise or swell, but it never did; it staid as sad as grief itself, and looked like little chunks of Tennessee marble when it was cut and put on the plates. Then there was something wrong with my pumpkin pie, too, and that was to be the main dish of dessert. I'm sure that Dilsey, whose memory is growing treacherous, must have mixed a recipe for mayonnaise dressing with the directions she gave me for that pie—anyhow, I am sure that I put mustard in it, and a lot of other things you put in mayonnaise, and there was a mustardy look to the color.

I think Mark was sorry for me during the first part of the dinner; but finally he just sat down and laughed. They all did, for that matter. We had a couple of cousins, Barbara Randolph's boys, to dinner with us, and they led off. That wretched dinner furnished material for plenty of witticisms, if it served no other good purpose. Ordinarily I take joking very well; I haven't made one of a large circle of free and easy young cousins without learning that lesson; but I hadn't had much sleep the night before, and had been harassed and worried till my nerves were all unstrung, and I got to thinking how much fun Mark Hamilton would find in telling the story of this travesty of a meal to his Boston friends, as a specimen of how Virginians try to imitate them, and I disgraced myself by leaving the table in tears.

There fell a sudden, horrified hush on the gayety, and hasty steps followed me as I stumbled up the stairs.

"Miss Betty, what is it?" cried somebody, laying his hand over mine on the banister, and so stopping me.

"Headache," I answered briefly, not turning my head.

"Oh," in a relieved tone, "I was afraid it was the joking about that pie, and"—with an ill-suppressed peal of laughter—"it was a most original pie."

"I hate you!" I blazed out, pulling my hand away, and facing him with the tears drying on my hot cheeks," "I don't mind the boys, they're our own folks; but you just look at us and our doings as if they were some comic show and you'll go away and make fun of us."

The color dropped out of his face, leaving it white and stern looking. "How dare you say such a thing to me, Betty—and how dare you think it," he demanded, angrily.

The significance he threw into the query was a tacit reference to that night on the porch, and steeled my purpose. "Because it's true," I said steadily, "I didn't need to be so violent and say I hated you; but it isn't likely that you and I holding such different views, and having been so differently brought up, would like each other."

He looked at me long and searchingly; the anger was gone out of his face, but the pallor remained. "Thank you for the warning," he said quietly. "It wasn't very gently done; but I guess your intention was kind."

He turned and went back into the room, and I stumbled up the stairs, with the thought of that other Betty—"Miss Betty Baxter," who "refused a man before he axed her" for company.

We had late dinner, and it was already dusk; I lay on my bed and cried till, what with exhaustion and misery, and loss of sleep the night before, I fell asleep, without one thought of the cleaning up, or seeing Dilsey safe out of the kitchen, though ordinarily I lived in mortal fear that she would set herself or the house on fire if she were allowed to handle a lamp.

I was awakened about ten o'clock by some one kicking on my door and calling, in a voice that came right out of the dreams that had been haunting my sleep, "Betty—Betty—Betty! Come quick, the house is afire."

I rose, dressed as I was and stumbled to the door, and three times, as I went, Mark called me.

"Father, mother, Bunt—where are they?" I gasped as I opened the door.

"They're all right, come on," he answered; then, seeing me hesitate, and turn back, as people will when stupid with terror, he picked me up and bundled me unceremoniously down stairs.

The front yard was full of people, and the lumbering old fire engine was coming down the street. Mark and I stopped at the corner of the fence; I still clung to him in a shaken, frightened way, and he turned and put a protecting arm around me. "You don't mind —you don't hate me now, do you, Betty?" he whispered. For answer I turned up to his, two reproachful eyes swimming in tears, forgetful of his boast that he could read my thoughts in them. What he read there I do not know; but he bent down and kissed me in spite of all the people that might have been looking; but who were, fortunately, taken up with the fire.

When the poor old house had gone to the last beam, and our goods and chattels and ourselves were quartered with some hospitable neighbors, and everybody had expressed the most unbounded astonishment over our having had the house insured, and agreed that it was owing to mother's being such a manager and of New England descent, Mark and I stood at a window and watched the last embers of it smoking.

"There it goes, Betty," he whispered, with his lips against my hair, "my poor little woman hasn't any house to keep now, and to satisfy her natural bent in that direction, she'll have to come and keep mine—and make me pumpkin pies—we'll hold a perpetual thanksgiving." G. M. C.

## How to Treat a Reporter.

If the reporter is a man he will probably interview you without your knowing it. In that case, you can simply state to the public that you did not know you were being interviewed.

—

If the reporter is a woman, there are various ways in which you may receive her to let her become aware of the fact that she is only a reporter and that you are a lady.

—

For one, let your maid go to the door, open a crack and peer at her suspiciously through it. When the reporter asks to see you instruct the maid to let her stand on the porch until she has sought you out and made known her request. It is just as well, if you decide to see her, to have the maid go down the back stairs and let the young woman continue to stand without until you have descended the stairs. Then you can admit her yourself, or else allow her to stand outside while you converse with her through the crack of the door.

—

If you allow her to come in the house be sure to stand up throughout the interview. If you sat down she might commit the monstrous crime of sitting down in your presence and thus putt herself on an equality with you.

—

Then it is difficult for her to take notes standing, and you want her to experience all the difficulties possible that she may the better comprehend her situation and the great gulf which yawns between her and yourself.

—

Make a point of telling her that you do not care for notoriety. That for nothing in the world would you have your name appear in the papers if you could help it. But these reporters—! After this give a deep sigh to emphazise your statement.

—

Between times, you may be cautiously dropping the bits of information which she has been sent for, but if you are clever you can do this so disconnectedly that it will give her a great deal of trouble to unravel her notes when she returns to the office, and while experiencing this trouble she will realize again to the full the difference between herself and you.

—

When she is about to leave you may become all sweetness and smiles. At this point, do not neglect to assure her that you are always willing to do anything for her kind, because you "are always so sorry for the reporters." This will give wings to her feet and make her way back to the office seem like a flight over a bed of roses.

A. BIRD, ESQ.

---

There seems to be no end to the drifting into vaudeville of recognized stars. Two or three years ago many of them pooh-poohed the thought of such a thing and yet those very same people have changed their opinions regarding the inequality of the vaudeville performer as compared with the so-called legitimate actor and have eagerly grasped the tempting bait in the way of large salaries offered by the vaudeville managers.

—

Dr. McMahan recently spent a year in Europe passing the summer months in Lady Henry Somerset's villa in Switzerland.

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**Make the Little Folks Happy**

**Lists of Stories, Songs and Plays**

**Invaluable to Mothers and Nurses**

In this book the Kindergarten offers to the Home suggestions for the occupation of little children with simple materials. The author does not presuppose a kindergarten training on the part of the mother, nor an ideal environment. She simply takes for granted the child's ceaseless activity and the mother's desire to furnish him with material and opportunity for development.

The occupations here considered are of three kinds. The first are those which require the active participation of an older person; the second, those for which only occasional direction or assistance is necessary; the third, those in which the child can engage by himself.

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"Home Occupations will be welcomed by weary mothers, for it is very clever and full of hints and suggestions they can carry out."

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

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"Any mother with the problem of restless little people to lead into the paths of happiness and usefulness, can find much assistance in Miss Beebe's little book, and would do well to avail herself of its thoughtful suggestions."

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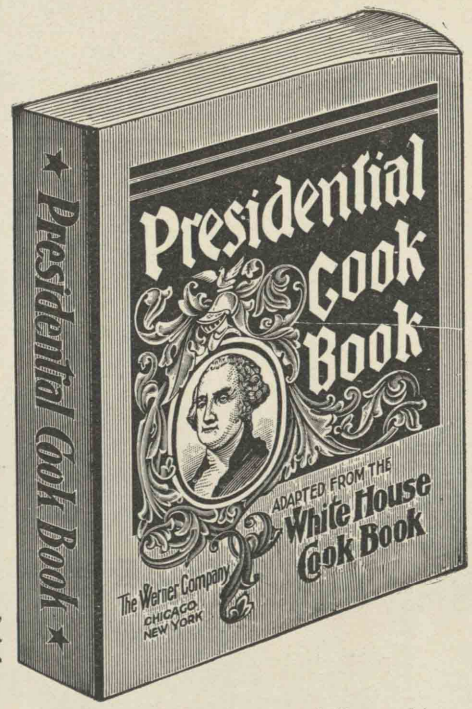


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A complete index, alphabetically arranged, enables any recipe to be found easily and quikcly.

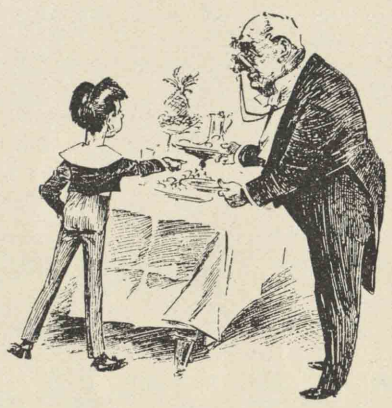
Address, THE INDIANA WOMAN, INDIANAPOLIS

HOW OFTEN WAS THAT?

"And you went in for biking, didn't you, M. Bongpong? Do you find yourself getting on?"

"Ah, yees, Mees, I'm getting on continually—always—when I am not doing ze udder ting."

UNANSWERABLE.



"Why don't you call things by their proper names, my boy? Surely you know the difference between nuts and figs?"

"What does it matter what you call 'em uncle, as long as you gets what you want?'

"What, has he bought the street?"

"Well, no, not exactly bought it, but he's just come into it."

"Chorley, I wonder what's the name of these cigars that Jack's just given us?"

"Flor de Cabbage, I should think, old chap."

# COMICALITIES

Tibbs: "I'd like to see that new device of yours for preventing the theft of a watch."

"Young: "Can't show it. It was stolen from me yesterday by a pick-pocket."

—

Mashington: "What's the mattah with your clock? It's stopped."

Tailor: "I never wind it up. I use it as a motto."

Mashington: "What do you mean?"

Tailor: "No tick here."

—

Husband (furiously): "Here's my best meerschaum pipe broken! How in the name of sense did it happen?"

Wife: "I don't know, except that when I got up this morning I found your meerschaum pipe on the front door-mat and your shoes on the parlor mantel-piece."

Husband (mildly): "Oh, well, accidents will happen."

—

Rev. Goodman: "You are a very noble little fellow, Tommy. Now tell me what deep, underlying principle prompted you to forgive those wicked boys who called you ugly names?"

Tommy: They were all bigger than me."

—

Friend (leaving the office of the broker): "I say, old man, you didn't lock your safe."

Broker: "No, I never do. It cost $300, and I don't want burglars to spoil it for the little I've got in it."

—

"How did you learn to skate?" a little boy was asked.

"Oh," was the innocent but significant answer, "by getting up every time I fell down."

—

"John," said Mrs. Harkins, "I heard a nice compliment for you to day."

Mr. Harkins put his paper down, twisted up the ends of his mustache, looked pleased, and said:

"Well, that's nothing so remarkable. I receive compliments nearly every day."

Mrs. Harkins went on sipping her tea and her husband waited for her to resume. Finally, he said:

"Well, why don't you tell me what it was? Who was it that complimented me?"

"Oh, you couldn't guess in a week."

"Mrs. Deering?" he ventured.

"No."

"Not Bessie Fallington?" he rather eagerly suggested.

"No."

"Oh, well, of course if there's any secret about it, I don't care to hear what it was or who said it."

"There isn't any secret about it," Mrs. Harkins sweetly replied. "Mr. Hannaford told me that every time he and I met, he became more thoroughly convinced that you were a man of excellent taste."

John Harkins then shoved his hands down in his pockets and walked outside to think it over.

—

A countryman walked into a newspaper office to advertise the death of a relative.

"What is your charge?" he asked the clerk.

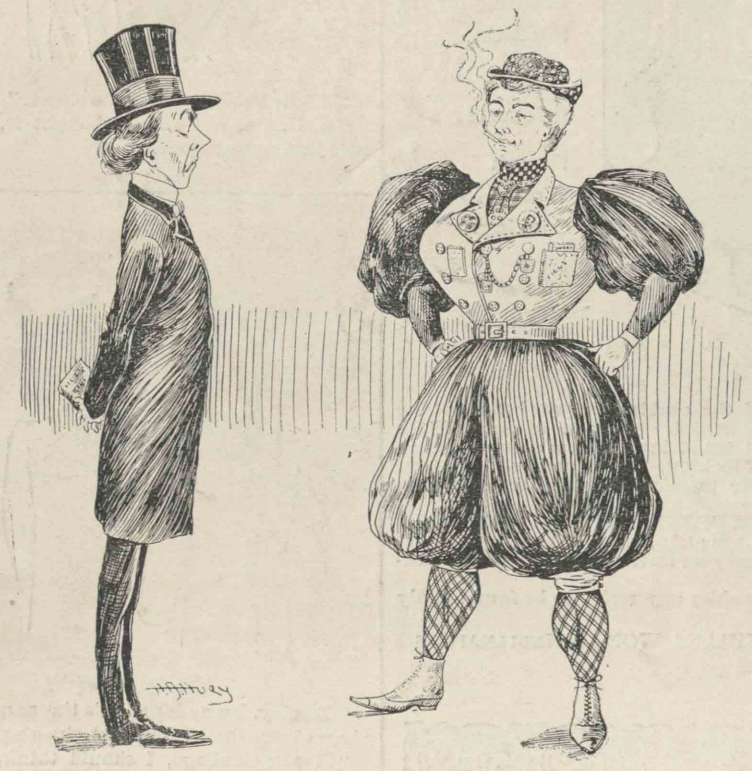
"We charge $2 per inch."

"Oh!" said the countryman, "I can't afford that. My friend was six feet, three inches."

—

Professor: "My dear madam, the Solar system is composed of myriads of stars in different magnitudes."

Miss Faire Screchaire (of the Frivolty): I grant you in the solo system there are many indifferent stars, but the chorus hasn't one."



The Rev. Mr. Canter (sighing): "The bicycle has turned everybody topsy-turvy."
The New Woman: "Yes, myself, for instance, several times."

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A garment every thoughtful mother appreciates. Material soft as silk, with pearl buttons. Supports the body healthfully and comfortably, holds all garments securely.

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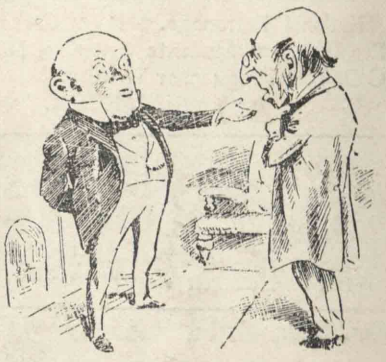
**For sale by all retailers.**

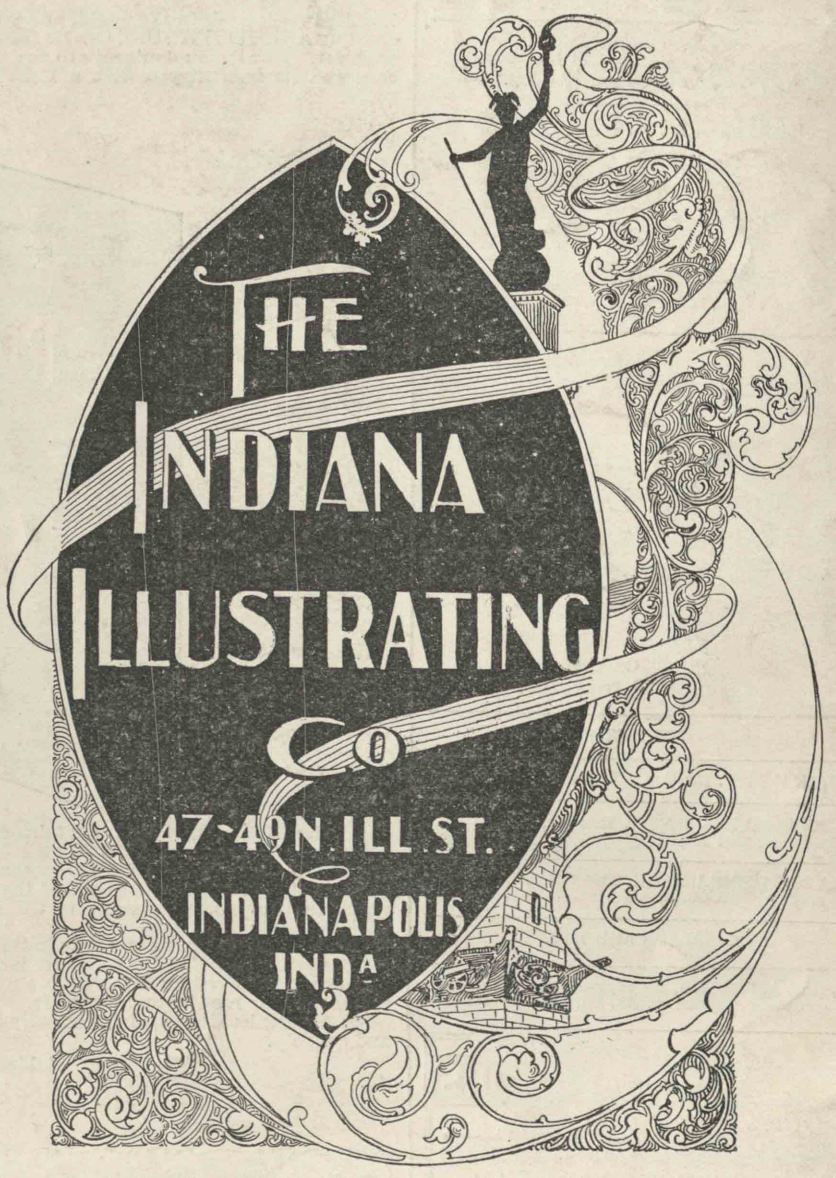

"OH, THE SHERBET!"

"You're a cowardly ruffian, sir—hic—thash wa' youah, to molestsh un'fending passer-by in tha' mannersh!"

A PERTINENT QUERY.



"Been a vegetarian ever since you were a baby, eh? Did your mother feed you on cocoanut milk?"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# THE INDIANA WOMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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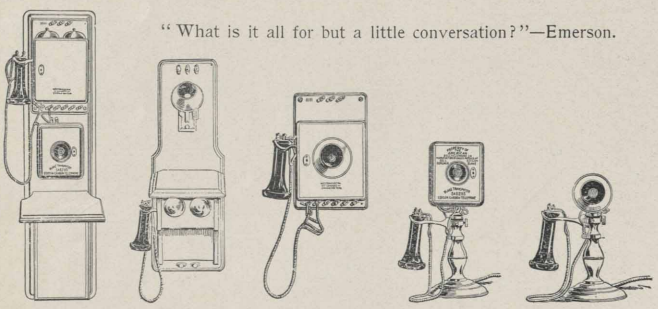

"What is it all for but a little conversation?"—Emerson.

That little conversation may save you much time and trouble, if you use one of our telephones.

Every householder should add to his domestic machinery this valuable adjunct.

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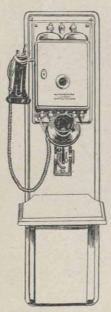

Progressiveness of a city can be gauged by its use of the telephone.

Have you thought how a little telephoning may save much traveling.

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Now is the time to place your order. Our new telephone directory will soon be out.

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Amazon Cloths and Unfinished Worsteds at **$1.35** and **$1.50** a yard.

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WILL KEEP YOUR HUSBAND IN A GOOD HUMOR IF USED AFTER SHAVING.

It is also valuable to ladies for other purposes. Hundreds of local testimonials testify to its merits.

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## The Indiana Illustrating Co.

47-49 North Illinois Street

# THE INDIANA WOMAN

Vol. V. Indianapolis, Saturday Afternoon, November 27, 1897 No. 2.


## WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG

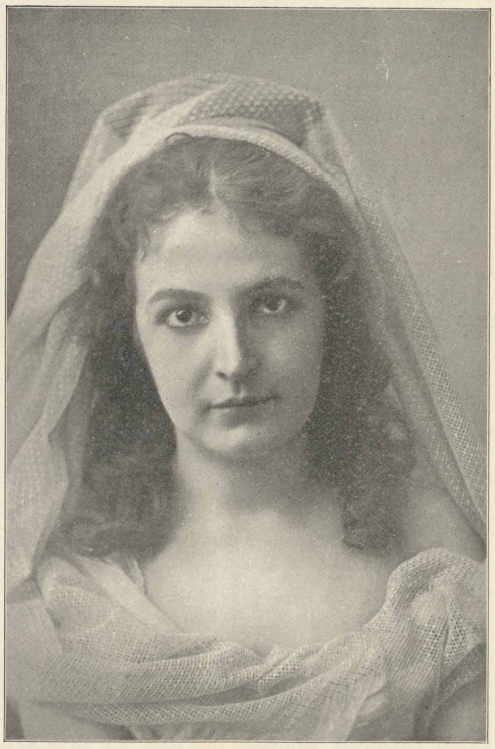
One Indiana club has the right idea of reading new books, if one may judge from its program. It is considering in its program for this year, "The Books of 1891." If more clubs and more individuals would follow this plan, much valuable time would be saved. So much of each year's literature is ephemeral, and how can one know which piece will be lasting and which be forgotten until another year? How thankful are those people who put off reading the Heavenly Twins and Yellow Aster and Dodo, from month to month until all necessity for reading them had passed! The only way to be permanently happy and not to waste time, is to follow Emerson's dictum, and never read a book until it is a year old. The only way to be permanently happy is to follow this Indiana club's plan, and not read or consider a book until it is six years' old. Truly, this Indiana club has reached the "top and summit" of wisdom.

—

It is interesting to note from the club programs with which our club editor supplies us from week to week, how much more interest is being taken in natural history, especially in bird lore than has been taken in the past. It is surely much better to "name all the birds without a gun" than to be so proficient in the reigns of the Pharaohs. A woman is certainly not only more interesting but also more lovable who is in touch with the wild life about her and who has "Eyes and ears, a heart the fountain of sweet tears" than she who has made herself gray-haired and wrinkled rummaging about in the dust of past ages. Whenever I see the club program which goes back to Egypt, I groan. When I see one which deals with modern things, and above all with natural things I feel like taking off my hat and crying hurrah!

—

Why, why do not some of the Indianapolis people who are active in advancing the cause of morality, try to do something about the slot machines? There surely could be something done, even if a new law had to be passed to get rid of them. I can not see one of these things in a drug store without shuddering. For I see not only the machine, I see the crowds of boys—and alas! of girls, as well—surrounding it, eager to drop in their nickels and get something for nothing. I see them driven to all sorts of dishonest devices to get money to drop in this—the only correct name is—infernal—machine And the long train of consequences rises so clearly in my mind that I can almost see these boys and girls becoming, as they grow older, infested with all sorts of notions gained so early in youth—above all the pernicious idea that they can and ought to get something for nothing. Nothing can be more dangerous,and yet parents calmly look on and see its workings and perhaps try it themselves. So long as one allows such a menace to public morality to stand in every drug store, he need not be surprised to learn that the seeds are being sowed which will result in the destruction of the moral principles of our youth, and in time of the destruction of our republic.



MISS ETHEL BROWNING.

It is certainly the time for a few missionaries right here at home. With these machines which are such a menace to public morals, and with a theater whose existence some of the newspapers have just discovered—although they carry its advertisements every week—what is going to become of our boys? Especially when their parents are blind. When the blind leads the blind—both will use the slot machine and go to that theater, and "you and I and all of us will fall down."

—

We are told every day or two in the papers how perfect our city is. These same blind people are the ones who tell us Indianapolis is beautiful. I admit its good points, but it tolerates a few things which are a terrible blot upon it to the clear-sighted, and which could very easily be removed if only enough people were willing to take hold and remove them.

—

The unreasonableness of men! Here the men have been abusing the hard hearted women for wearing aigrettes. The literature that has been written about this would fill several large volumes, and the most hard hearted person would be moved to tears by the description of the sufferings of the birds and the cold heartedness of the sex which adorned itself with their plumage. And now, some man who went to the New York Horse Show and wrote up so many columns at so many dollars a column about what he saw while there, has heartlessly criticised the women who were there for wearing feather dusters for aigrettes. He saw quite a quantity of these unhandsome ornaments at the Horse Show and he thought then hideous. It appearently never occurred to him that the feather dusters were a concession to the people who have raised such a row about the real aigrettes. If he had—it would make no difference. The real state of the case is this—I must own it even about my own sex—that man is shocked at woman for putting others to pain for her ornaments,—but he wants her to look pretty and if she can not look pretty without these ornaments,—well—he wants her to look pretty and he simply ignores the suffering of the afore mentioned.

—

In Kansas which is always advanced in everything, they have arranged to check babies at the door when they go to church, just as one can umbrellas. Why not try this plan in Indianapolis? There are a good many Indianapolis mothers who would enjoy it.

—

Indianapolis is not the only city where there is a continual fuss about the pavements. The asphalt is better than any other paving material but the asphalt is unfortunately not perfection. In England they have recently introduced a new paving material from Australia, which is made of asphalt and cork, and which is said to be an ideal pavement, as it is not only perfectly noiseless, but is very elastic, thus being excellent for the horses, and is not slippery. Would that it were introduced into Indianapolis!

—

Are the University Clubs to be a success? It is my prediction that the Woman's University Club will be more likely to be a success than the men's. In the first place, the men are trying to be too exclusive; in the second place, they have set their dues too low to be able to afford the luxurious club house which they want, and if they set them higher they will exclude a lot of very worthy people who would be a credit to the club if they were not too poor to belong to it. The women want less and will on that account probably do more.

—

What an interesting career is that of the late Dr. Evans! A typical American, we are apt to say. Mere luck! says another. Of course, it was chance that brought Dr. Evans in contact with the French dentist who took him back to Paris, but it was not luck that caused the Frenchman to take to him. More probably it was the young dentist's American cleverness and American tact as well as his skill, that caused the Frenchman to "take to" him. And after reaching Paris, it was his tact, his courtesy, his ingratiating manners, which caused his ultimate success. In this light, it is an interesting history and one which every boy should read. It is not alone proficiency in one's calling that causes success, though that is necessary too; but the individual who would be successful must also have pleasant ways, and be accomodating to others, and have a host of the pleasant manners which Sir Walter Scott called the "minor morals" if he hopes to achieve success.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

# The Indiana Woman

An Illustrated Weekly Family Journal

Published by
E. E. STAFFORD,
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[Entered at the Indianapolis Post-office as second-class matter.]

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KATE MILNER RABB, Editor.


## Pen Portraits of Indianapolis People.

Mr. Frank V. Steele is a newcomer in Indianapolis. He has come to us from Chicago, where he had made an enviable reputation as a singer in concert and oratorio. Mr. Steele has a baritone voice of long range and magnificent quality, and promises to be quite an addition to our Indianapolis musical ranks. Besides having studied under noted teachers of music, such as L. A. Phelps, William Courtney, F. Bristol and Thomas Taylor Drill, he has also given much of his attention to the study of dramatic art and has sung in concert in many of the leading cities of the United States.

Mr. Steel is now the director and baritone of the quartet choir of Plymouth Church, He has already made many friends in our city.

## A Chat With Ethel Browning.

Pretty little Miss Ethel Browning, an Indianapolis girl who is with the Otis Skinner Company, has been this week the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bull and her aunt, Mrs. J. H. Alexander, at Walnut Grove. Miss Browning is now entering on her fifth year of dramatic work, and she has certainly reason to congratulate herself on her success. The first two years of her study, she was with Joseph Jefferson, contenting herself with minor parts in order to be near such a master of dramatic art. The next two years she was with Nat Goodwin. While traveling with his company she made quite a hit as Elizabeth in "In Mizzoura," and was very successful in the other roles she undertook. While with Goodwin she went to Australia, a trip which she found extremely interesting.

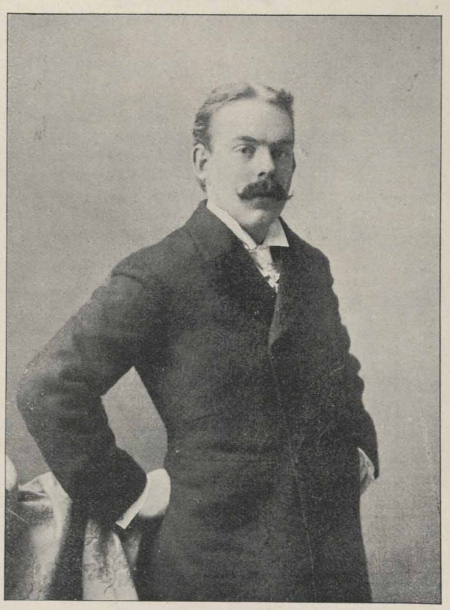
Miss Browning brought back to her home many interesting souvenirs of this trip. The tail of the lyre bird is one which is very striking to eyes unused to such ornithological curiosities, and the wonder is how such a large and delicate bit of featherdom could have been carried home uninjured on so long a voyage. She has also many specimens of Australian flora, and pictures of Australian cities.

Going and coming, the company stopped at the Sandwich Islands, where Miss Browning gathered many a dainty curio. To a woman the fans would naturally appeal the most. They are woven from the sugar cane and fashioned into quaint diamond and oblong shapes. Those from Honolulu are a dazzling white, with the word Honolulu in brown letters; those from Samoa are dyed in delightfully barbaric tints. There are strands of beads too, some of them made of the brilliant red sea beans, intermingled with little brown shells, others of a tiny shell of opalescent tint. Miss Browning found a unique use for these opalescent beads. She discovered that they would make exquisite trimming, and accordingly a picturesque little gown which she wears as Rosaline, in "Romeo's First Love" is bordered with these dainty souvenirs of the South Sea. At a little distance they have exactly the effect of genuine fire opals, and of masses of them, at that.

There are long scarfs from the Sandwich Islands woven of a peculiar fibre which is exactly like the fibre chamois with which the feminine world stiffened its sleeves not so very long ago. A dark brown scarf constitutes the daytime gown of the savage maid, the white, her evening gown. Another square bit of the material dyed in two shades of brown, is used for a primitive sort of portiere.

Among the other curiosities which Miss Browning has brought home with her are some emu eggs, (from Australia) some of them delicately carved, spoons whose bowls are composed of delicate pearl shells, and a genuine Australian boomerang, whose genuineness, however, Miss Browning declined to prove by throwing it, a la native.

It is Miss Browning's ambition some day to have a little den of her own fitted up with the curios she has picked up on her travels. These curios already collected will form a substantial foundation for the furnishing. The Samoan draperies, the boomerang, the strands of beads, the fans, the Samoan straw rug, supposed to serve for a sofa in



MR. FRANK V. STEELE.

those tropical isles, will go far towards lending a delightfully foreign aspect to the den of the charming little actress.

Soon after returning from Australia Miss Browning accepted a position with Clarke, that she might undertake the Shakesperian drama, and not long ago, left him to join Mr. Skinner's company where she hoped to continue in the same line. However, Mr. Skinner's success with "Prince Rudolph" has made it impossible for him to play anything else, this season.

In this play Miss Browning takes two parts. In the first act, she is Minna, the little peasant girl; in the second act, she is a court lady. She will also take the part of Balthazar in "Romeo and Juliet."

The pictures of Miss Browning which we give in this issue represent her in different parts. One is Rosaline, in the little piece, "Romeo's First Love" which she played with Nat Goodwin's company; another is as Elizabeth in "In Mizzoura," and the third one is a study of her face made by a San Francisco artist. Beside Miss Browning is talented in more ways than one. When nine years old she had a story accepted by the "Youth's Companion," and she still finds time amid the press of her work, to write clever articles which she illustrates herself.

Miss Browning is very proud to call herself an Indianapolis girl. In common with other people who travel far and wide, she considers our city one of the most beautiful, and restful she has seen. And Indianapolis should in turn be proud of Miss Browning, for although she is but at the beginning of her career, she gives promise of a bright future.

## Of Interest to Whist Players.

An informal little whist gathering which in its modesty calls itself a class instead of a club, and has as yet taken unto itself no name, is composed of Mrs. William H. Hobbs, president, Mrs. Charles Garrard, secretary, Mrs. Robert Drake, Mrs. John Madden, Mrs. Hiram Brown, Mrs. John Hellekson, Mrs. Henry Stevenson and Mrs. Joseph Stahl. This class meets on alternate Tuesday afternoons, and follows the rules laid down in Foster's Whist Manual. It was organized in September, 1897.

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Another new whist club which will meet on Tuesdays throughout the season is composed of Mrs. J. H. Serf, Mrs. Edward Hawkins, Mrs. E. P. Mutchner, Mrs. John Stone, Mrs. G. C. Beck, Mrs. C. W. Jenkins, Mrs. A. J. Gardner, Mrs. C. Williams, Mrs. R. C. Reeves, Mrs. W. W. Mansfield, Mrs. G. M. Ballard, Mrs. B. Hutchinson, Mrs. Ada C. Thomas, Mrs. J. H. Greenstreet, Mrs. R. Miller, Mrs. Mayor Taylor and Mrs. F. H. Carter.

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The Whist Publishing Company, of Milwaukee, has issued a little pamphlet called "Whist Faces." It contains the pictures of authorities on whist, Henry A. Mandell, president, American Whist League, Charles A. Henriques, recording secretary, American Whist League, Fisher Ames, author of "Practical Guide to Whist," C. P. Hamilton, author of "Modern Scientific Whist," Milton C. Work, author of "Whist of Today," Eugene S. Elliott, Father of the American Whist League, Henry Jones, "Cavendish," Miss Kate Wheelock, "The Whist Queen," N. B. Trist, the Father of American Whist, Hon. George L. Bunn, "The Whist Analyst," R. F. Foster, author of Foster's Whist Manual," Cassius M. Payne, editor of "Whist," and our own Mr. C. E. Coffin, author of "The Gist of Whist."

## Notes on the Revolutionary Societies

The Revolutionary Societies in the East, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Daughters of the Revolution make much more of their societies than do our western chapters. we do not as yet lay sufficient stress upon the importance of these societies, they say, but we are coming to it. May that time soon arrive.

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Not long ago a Massachusetts chapter of the D. A. R. had a pretty celebration at the Club House of the little town in honor of the presentation of its charter. Many notables were present. The program consisted of music and appropriate addresses, tea was served, and a minuet in costume was danced by two young women, members of the chapter.

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Now was not that a pretty idea? There has been for some time a talk of a return to the old-time dances, instead of our romping and popular two-step. Why could not this be brought about by the "Daughters?" Let the pretty girls practice the dance in solitude, and then give it before their guests at some great occasion? Ten to one, they will be won over, and before many months, the minuet will be included in all the dance programs. Any one will admit even if he does not want it on every dance program, that it would be a singularly apppropriate dance for Daughters of the Revolution—and of the American Revolution.

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In Massachusetts, it is said that the Adams Chapter D. A. R. of Quincy, is one of the liveliest in the organizing of social affairs. During November, they gave four whist parties for the purpose of restoring the birthplace of President John Adams Quincy, now the home of the chapter, and to place a bronze tablet on the house.

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In Cleveland, Ohio, the chapter of the D. A. R. has awakened much interest in the study of parliamentary law amongst the women of the city. Classes in parliamentary law, conducted by an authority on the subject are large and have a constantly increasing attendance.

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The Harlem papers mention the annual election of the Colonial Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, and record the fact that one of the most elegant receptions of the season will be given by the newly elected chapter regent.

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The Knickerbocker chapter, D. A. R. of the same city celebrated "Evacuation Day" on Friday, November 26, with a large reception. Members of the Colonial and Continental Chapters of D. A. R. were invited to be present. From which it would seem that in the East these two societies live in harmony unless the newspaper accounts got the names mixed, and really meant all D. R's. or all D. A. R's. At any rate, it was singularly appropriate to celebrate Evacuation day by a commingling of the two societies.

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The most striking and successful feature of the closing exercises of the recent Tennessee Centennial Exposition was the special session of the National Daughters of the American Revolution, in which delegates were present from all parts of the Union. The New York delegation included Mrs. Donald McLean, the regent; Mrs. John Laine Henry, Miss Helen Wood, Mrs. Clarence Postley, Miss Mary I. Forsyth and Mrs. Daniel Lathrop, besides many other. Mrs. McLean made the most notable speech of the day, taking for her subject "The Moral Grandeur of Our French Allies."

# FOR ALL ETERNITY.

By RUBY REES.

The hazy mellow glow of the astral lamp, tinted with Rembrandt effects the various objects in the richly furnished parlor, here bringing into high light the golden irridescence of a part of the cheek and arm of a bronze Clytie, and there flecking with rosy glow the convoluted folds of the dark crimson portiers. Out of the Valesques shadow could be caught the glimpse of a portion of a rare painting, or the white gleam of a marble figure, while over against the entrance, deeper in shade than any other portion of the room, a girl sat singing Mascheroni's matchless song "For All Eternity."

"The air grows fainter still, the scene is fading.
Thy hallowed presence in my inmost soul
Alone is real, by wondrous power o'er shading
All things beside; I feel its sweet control
Filling my heart with confidence eternal.
That I shall meet thee in a world supernal,
Where thoughts are felt as I feel them,
In this blest hour, and know thy thoughts are mine."

The piano was entirely obscured, and one could only see, caught by the soft light, the back of a loose coil of red-brown hair on a gracefully bent head, the rays touching the rounded curves of head, shoulder, and one beautifully moulded hand and arm, leaving the rest of the figure distinguishable in the warm dusk, so it seemed as if her head was halo bound as in the pictures of some mediaeval saint.

The voice, a mezzo-soprano of such penetrating sweetness that whatever she sang moved one in sympathy with herself and made one part and soul of that song.

How the listener felt this influence it would be hard to say, for he was buried in a huge easy chair before the hearth, with its flickering fire, that added to the lamp light, made moving shadows in the room. His head supported by a strongly marked brown hand, he sat gazing with unseeing eyes into the staring grotesque faces of the bronze Griffins surmounting the andirons which seemed in the wavering fire light instinct with life.

As the tender voice breathed the last full note, he sighed restlessly but without changing his position.

After a long pause the singer came into the circle of light a radiant figure of health youth and beauty, a face of the winning type, eyes that held in their soft gray depths the compelling power of love, and rare intelligence with an expression of mouth and features showing ideality and sensitiveness. Laying her hand carelessly on his shoulder she said:

"And I do know thy thoughts are mine, Jack."

The strong, lean hand reached up to clasp hers, drawing her down to a hassock beside him.

"When are you going to be mine for all eternity."

No answer except a restless movement of the red-brown head against his arm and a deep sigh.

"What's the matter dear? What speck do you see on the bright blue of our heaven? Then why——?"

"Jack were you not living in California five years ago when my brother was killed there?"

The hand suddenly left hers and gripped the chair arm as he stared at the bronze Griffins, while in the fire light they seem to wink and nod grotesquely at him. After a long pause he said under his breath, "yes."

"Shall I tell you about it, Jack?"

The man bent down and touched the upturned forehead with his lips in answer.

"As you know, the blow of his tragic death killed my mother too. No wonder you start Jack, it was terrible. I love you for your sympathy.

"Well, I promised mother that I would never marry until his murderer was brought to justice, and I tell you all that you may help me."

A hand went up over her head, seeking another until she found it with a sigh of content.

The Griffins seemed to grin sardonically.

"Harry, you must know, was young, wild and impetuous, and had been led away by the bad influence of an ostensible friend into all kinds of wickedness, poor boy. This friend, a man whom nobody seemed to know out there, had Mephisto-like fascinated him, until Harry was completely under his baleful sway. It seems that a beautiful Spanish girl came between Harry and this man, and that day they quarreled bitterly, separating with wild words and threats, which several friends of both heard. That night Harry, who had been drinking, poor boy, and he met in one of those gilded palaces, a gambling house, came to a struggle, the lights were suddenly turned off, there was the sound of a shot, and when the lights flashed on again, Harry lay dead on the floor, a bullet through his brain and this assassin friend stood over him, a smoking revolver in his hand!"

The girl's head went down to the knee with a dry sob, and Jack bowed his face low over her, as if he had intended to kiss the white neck, then drew almost violently back.

"And what became of him, this—this man?"

"Oh they had a long trial, but he escaped punishment on some trumpery evidence that his lawyer fished up. That there were three shots fired instead of one, and only one chamber of this man's revolver was empty and none of Harry's. Beside the bullet found in Harry's brain, and also one in this man's shoulder, (I forgot to say he was wounded too) were 32 calibre while both his and Harry's revolvers carried 38 calibre. Although this cleared him many never understood it and this man left the country with the stigma of Cain upon him."

"Oh Jack, if I could only face this man once, this man who if he did not kill my brother, led him to his death, if I could only stand once in front of him with the search light of my eyes upon his, I would know, I would know." And the loyal sister sprang to her feet, hair disheveled, her dark gray eyes, black with sombre light, her graceful form swaying with emotion, and stood face to face with Jack, who had risen with her, his face drawn and white, and his eyes looking deep into hers.

They stood there without speaking, until the tears slowly flooded the gray eyes, and the man's brown ones grew soft with feeling; slowly he drew her again to their former position.

"Do you know this man's name, dear?"

"Yes, John Palmer."

A moment's hesitation, then in resolute voice, "I knew him well."

"You!" and she started to spring up but he held her.

"Listen, Mildred, and hear the truth as I knew it, from—from John Palmer.

"He did not lead your brother astray, but tried to save him. The brother of the beautiful Spanish girl, who had fascinated Harry, was a dissolute gambler with a bad record. He had taken advantage of Harry's infatuation for his sister to make him a victim of his gang's systematic cheating. Harry was too honorable himself to even suspect their villiany having never been under the influence of such associates before. John Palmer had tried to open his eyes to their true character, but Harry, who was headstrong, resented any interference and misunderstood his motives. For awhile he held aloof but rumors coming to him of the large sums for which Harry had been victimized, determined him to make a last effort. He was urging your brother to go home from the gambling house where he found him, not knowing the boy's eyes had been opened only the night before and in a bitter quarrel had struck the Spaniard who made ugly threats and vowed vengeance.

"You must know the truth, sweetheart, if you seek to bring John Palmer to justice.

Harry had gone back that night desperate and resolved to settle all differences but Palmer knew nothing of this and they misunderstood each other. Harry was stubborn, and—well, drink made him resentful, Palmer persisted, determined to make a last great effort to save him. In the heated argument, Harry, wild with the excitement of liquor they caught hold of each other not with rude intent; but at that instant Palmer saw in the glass the Spanish brother raise his revolver to fire; he whirled the same moment and as the lights flashed out, turned off by a friend of the Spaniard's, three shots rang out almost simultaneously, two from the Spaniard's pistol, one of them into Harry's brain the other in John Palmer's shoulder, the third from Palmer's revolver through the Spaniard's lungs, In the confusion and darkness the Spaniard and his partner escaped. He died nearly a year after from the effect of the shot through his lungs.

Palmer, after the trial, went to South America where he had large interests, and he has since tried to forget the California tragedy, but I know that his sole desire is to be forgiven by you, for he knows through me the wrong theory you have about him.

"Could you forgive him, dear? Could you?"

The Griffins seemed to look solemn now in the wavering light, the silence in the room became more and more oppressive, and again Jack bent over the white neck, and again drew suddenly back.

"Well Jack, if I could only see him."

"Ah!" and he threw his head back with a deep sigh.

"Mildred do you know my full name?"

"Certainly, John P. Ratcliffe."

"But the full name is John Palmer Ratcliffe, and I am John Palmer."

She sprang up with a shuddering cry and they stood as before gazing deep into each others eyes, both faces pale with emotion, then Mildred turned slowly away and went into the deep shadow while Ratcliffe sank back into the chair staring into the fitful fire light.

Not a sound from the shadows or the chair. Suddenly as if it came from afar, there trembled through the room the song, gradually growing stronger until the air seemed pulsating with the wondrous melody of that velvet voice:

"The air grows fainter still, the scene is fading,
Thy hallowed presence in my inmost soul
Alone is real, by wondrous power o'er shading
All things beside; I feel its sweet control
Filling my heart with confidence eternal,
That I shall meet thee in a world supernal,
Where thoughts are felt as I feel thine
In this blest hour, and know thy thoughts are mine."

## An Autumnal Wooing.

Sixty-five is not so very old. No, indeed!

If one is still straight, with a serviceable eye and a tolerable hearing, in addition to a well-filled pocket book, why, what is sixty-five?

To count sixty-five distinct summers, and sixty-five mellow autumns, that drowse into peaceful winters and awaken in refreshing springs, is a great privilege. Think of the accumulation of ideas and experiences, of friends and memories. A rare age, surely, to be enjoyed in spite of rheumatic twinges.

Major Weatherbeam, buttoning his elegant fall overcoat about him as he strode down the avenue under the maples, was sure he would not give his ripe perfection for the callow and tasteless experience of the past. He smiled up at the bright foliage and knocked the head off a straggling aster in his complacency. He found a dime for a little boy peeping, wide-eyed, into a candy-shop, and stood still to watch the urchin as he bolted for the door, and nodded in good fellowship, to a woman who watched with him amused. The major's little terrier followed for once, quite unrebuked, and turned with him up the broad macadamized street at the right. The firm stride traversed two blocks quickly, and paused before a brown stone mansion, with a pine-dotted lawn in front. One naturally puffs a little at the end of a long walk, whether one is sixty-five or not, and if by nature discreet, pauses awhile to regain his breath before venturing to call on ladies. Any tidy man will dust his clothes a little with his handkerchief, and twist his mustache a trifle when he wishes to look well. The major presses the bell beside the stately door, and stands erect. A pause follows, in which he listens to the wind running the gamut of elfin melody in those grouped pines; then the heavy doors unfold; a salute no younger man could imitate; an inquiry, and closed doors again, with the major inside. The mansion is divided into quarters by two huge halls, and a wide fireplace gives forth a glorious radiation of heat over the statues and frescoed walls. The major seats himself before the blaze, and counts the tiles and deciphers the inscriptions about the mantel. There is a rustle of silk skirts, and a tap of feet on the oak stairs. The major rises, with a sudden rush of blood to the head—not apoplectic surely—and salutes the red-draped figure through the interstices of the balustrade.

He handed the lady down the last steps, and led her across the hall, while a green parrot hopped at her heels.

"Miss Margery"—his voice was like a violincello—"it is not usual for a business man like myself to call on a lady of an afternoon."

"Therefore, sir, is the honor all the greater;" poising one toe on the fender to aid her balance in the high-seated leather chair.

"Therefore is the need great, my dear young lady.!"

"Oh! ha! ha! ha!" in a musical staccato from the high-back chair. At sixty-five one is too dignified to like such a laugh in connection with one's self.

"Yes, Miss Wheatcroft, I felt I could not, in justice to you or myself, remain longer without confessing to you my attitude towards you."

"Oh, how kind of you," very sincerely. "I looked—I looked for you all day yesterday, sir"—a little hurriedly, with the red deepening about the dimples.

The major's head gave an involuntary jerk. Girls were, once, more decorous. His deceased Julia Ann would never

Continued on page 14.

# POINTS BY PYKE.

A HORSE SHOW COSTUME.

The three pictures from the Horse Show which will be found in this issue were made expressly for THE INDIANA WOMAN. The box is the Whitney box. Mrs. Whitney, who is standing, wore a gown of castor brown with a black velvet hat.

The other occupant of the box wore a gray broadcloth skirt. The blouse and sleeves were of figured velvet. The collarette was of tucked broadcloth edged with fur. A gray hat was worn with this costume.

The waist of the gray silk gown is covered with a lattice work of black velvet covered with steel trimming. The rever is of tiny ruffles of pink taffeta. The vest is of turquoise blue, with a lace jabot. The gray velvet hat was trimmed with black plumes.

The third gown is of jockey club blue braided with black.

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In some cities many delightful Thanksgiving house parties were given. How many did Indianapolis have?

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The Thanksgiving service at the church used to be extremely popular, but nowadays, say the preachers—people have grown so worldly minded, and think so much of their dinners that it is hard to get them out to church. In consequence, in some churches no services are held on Thanksgiving day, and other churches find it necessary to hold union services to get together out of four or five congregations, a respectable gathering. Well, after reflection on this, it seems to Pyke that the ministers are not so far from right in giving us a scoring occasionally.

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'Tis said that some of the country cousins at the New York Horse Show carried hand bags with them in gala dress. Well, we who are not country cousins might do something just as bad at our first horse show, but by the thirteenth anniversary of this great event, we hope to have even our country cousins in better training.

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In a recent number of the Boston Home Journal we find a very flattering review of Miss Anna Farquahar's book, "A Singer's Heart," with a portrait of the author. As Indianapolis has some claim on Miss Farquahar, we take much pride in this notice, which we shall reprint in our next issue.

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The Epworth Herald which we have mentioned at other times in this paper will from this time on be sold from the news stands of Chicago and other cities. This is the first time a Methodist weekly paper has been handled by the news companies. We have spoken before of the remarkable success of this little paper, which is in many respects a rival of the Youth's Companion.

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Carrie. Well, dad made a clever exhibit at the horse show.

Nellie. Yes, indeed, when he sent us.

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The Girl From Paris has gone back to the east where it scored its first remarkable success.

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There is one Indianapolis club, which judging from its programs makes up for the infrequency of its meetings by the length of its programs. This is a doubtful kind of compensation.

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There is one Indianapolis matron whose friends always like to see her at the ice table at receptions and teas. Because she is so pretty? No. Because she is so graceful? No, although she is pleasant to look upon, and not at all awkward. It is because she always gives such generous cups of ice to the thirsty women who surround the ice table.

THE WHITNEY BOX AT THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW.

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One scornful Indianapolis man who has been left out of the golf club says he does not care much for it any way; he could just as well go out in the alley at the side of his house and scoot balls around with any old stick.

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The ending of "The Kentuckians" does not seem to be comprehended by the Indianapolis public, although the critics have made no mention of finding a similar difficulty. Perhaps Mr. Fox, if his attention is called to this, will kindly write a key for Indianapolis readers.

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"They say"—they who know, that Indianapolis people are awfully provincial about having their pictures in the paper. In the larger cities east and west, the society girl expects to see her picture in the society paper, and thinks no more of its appearing therein, than she would of having her miniature painted by some famous artist and exhibited. In Indianapolis most of them have to be "begged." It is like the old style of having to beg a young woman for an hour or so to play on the piano. She had plenty of little excuses, and sometimes she never yielded. Now at last, except in the outlying districts young women—and old women—play for others when they are asked, without making any fuss about it.

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There are still people in Indianapolis who profess to have a distrust for a man who parts his hair in the middle. He must be a "dude"—awful stigma— or an idiot, or a society man, or an empty headed creature—and sometimes they say that these terms are synonymous. There are some people, among them THE INDIANA WOMAN, who will hail the day when an Indianapolis man can wear his hair parted in the middle without causing some people to think all these dreadful things of him.

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"I saw a man tearing down Washington street——" began Jimpson.

"How you do talk!" ejaculated Harkins. "You mean you saw the man tearing up Washington street. They're always doing that to get at the pipes."

It seems that in Boston they serve tea at the Golf club. Perhaps that is where our Indianapolis friends got the idea. There the papers say "After the game, as the shades of night begin to fall, many indulged in afternoon tea. What is more enjoyable after a long tramp over the links" etc? In Indianapolis it is said that there is a greater consumption of tea than there is tramping over the links. Otherwise the description of the two clubs would fit exactly.

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If ladies would be thoroughly au fait in their correspondence they must use paper of either Florentine green or Fontainebleau blue.

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A talent for music or acting is a powerful lever in society. A few years ago an entire family were floated into the desired haven on the waves of the sister's voice, and another achieved success from their aptitude for all sorts of games and sports. In the latter case it was the men of the family who did the work, dragging their womankind up after them.

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"But she thinks she has met her ideal."

"So does every woman, my dear, until she marries him—ugh!"

—

Madame Sarah Grand has gotten an odd title for her new book, which the Appleton's have just issued. She calls it "The Beth Book" and the tale is all about one Elizabeth McClure. Like Tristam Shandy, she is the most important personage in the book, even before her birth, and unlike the conventional heroine, she retains the same important place after her marriage. Madame Grand announces that in this book "questions of intricate importance are treated with courage and dignity." Those who recollect the "Heavenly Twins" will hardly doubt the courage, and will anticipate looking for indications of the dignity.

PYKE.

## Stray Tales of the Town.

Last summer an Indianapolis man spent part of his summer at an Indiana watering place. In the hotel was a music box which worked on the plan of the penny in the slot machine—you dropped a penny in the slot and received a "tune" in return.

After the man had dropped seven hundred pennies in the slot and was preparing to return home, he remarked something about his regret at leaving the music box behind him.

"Look here," said the owner, "I think it would be a good deal cheaper for you to buy this machine; then you'll have music all the time for nothing."

"Done!" exclaimed the other, and immediately purchased it. But unfortunately for the owner, he took with him the seven hundred pennies which the owner had neglected to take out.

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The teacher—this is a true story and she was an Indianapolis teacher—was lecturing the class on wearing pointed-toed shoes. "They are very injurious," she said impressively, "and very uncomfortable. It is a very foolish fashion."

"Why, Miss C.," exclaimed one bright girl, "that is a great mistake. I have worn pointed-toed shoes ever since they came in and they are the most comfortable shoes one can wear."

"Vanity, vanity!" sighed the teacher. "It is only a bit of vanity. They are very injurious."

"But Miss C.," persisted the girl. "Do you really know that they are uncomfortable. Have you ever worn pointed-toed shoes?"

"I have not," replied the teacher, and the lecture ended.

A HORSE SHOW COSTUME.

### NEXT WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske will appear in "Tess of the D'Ubervilles" Thursday, Friday and Saturday December 9, 10, with a matinee December 11.

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AT THE PARK THEATER.

Next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Davis and Keogh's spectacular melodramatic production, "The Sidewalks of New York." Paul J. Tustin, the high diver with "The Sidewalks of New York" thrilled the whole of London when he was at the Aquarium by his marvellous feats of plunging head first from the top of the building into a small tank of water, placed in the centre of the arena of that famous building.

At the Park, next Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the popular Irish Farce Comedy, "McNulty's Visit" will be given.

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### THIS WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

Thanksgiving week will long be remembered in Indianapolis for its attractions at the theaters. Peerless Modjeska has lost nothing in popular favor and her audiences were appreciative and sympathetic; the combination of stars in the Fox, Russell and De Angelis combination is one which could not fail to please.

Miss Russell, to my way of thinking sings better, acts better and looks better than ever before. She does improve with artistic experience and she has not had her disappointments for nothing. Miss Fox is so much improved as an actress since her salad days that she, too, comes in for a good share of the hearty plaudits bestowed upon the company. As for De Angelis, no one need hesitate in giving him the front rank of the comic-opera comedians of the American stage. It may be that I have not seen him often enough to become acquainted with his mannerisms, for I have not noticed them as yet; but while resembling Francis Wilson's style of humor in a marked degree, his is as unctuous without Mr. Wilson's peculiarities, and as intelligently clever as any one would wish to see. De Angelis, too, works like a horse. He sings and dances—the latter most cleverly, and does not gag, for which he deserves a special medal.

The scenery is very fine, particularly the setting of the third act, showing Burridge's art at its best. The properties are gorgeous and the chorus seems to be as well provided for as the principals. The chorus, too, sings very well, and the augmented orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Clarence West is well in hand. In fine, the big combination is richly endowed with everything that should go to make comic opera a success (including three managers) except a strong plot and a suitable score.

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To most Indianapolis people, Otis Skinner was the greatest attraction of the week. "Prince Rudolph," which is Mr. Skinner's very clever dramatization, of R. L. Stevenson's "Prince Otto" is a beautiful romantic drama with plenty of excitement and without a touch of melodrama. It has sufficient plot to keep the interest, it has plenty of love making which is always pleasing, it has royalty contrasted with peasantry, the picturesque peasantry of the stage, and it affords plenty of opportunity for clever acting—whence its fitness for Mr. Skinner and his company—and plenty of beautiful costuming, which catches the eye of the groundlings. Therefore there can be no doubt as to the success of Prince Otto.

The support was all good. Mrs. Skinner was an ideal Edora, and the Countess of Malden acted well the part of a "paradox of the court."

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Many Indianapolis people were interested in Minna, the little peasant girl, which part was taken by Miss Ethel Browning of this city. Her part was well done and provoked frequent applause.

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"Romeo and Juliet" which was given Friday night is always a favorite, and so is the "Lady of Lyons" given at the Wednesday matinee. This last named play has had its death knell rung by the critics time and again, but the people like it, and such actors as Otis Skinner and his company give it new life.

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It is to be hoped that Indianapolis appreciates the intellectual treat in store for it in the new play "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" which is coming to the Grand Dec. 9, 10, and 11. Just a few years ago everybody in Indianapolis—that is everybody worth counting—read Hardy's novel "Tess," just as everybody else read it and commented it and said it was horrible and powerful and artistic and inartistic and a score of things. The Indianapolis clubs, I believe, are not yet through discussing it. And now it has been made into a play and the play is creating even more of a furore than did the novel.

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The play and the novel are very different, says the critics. It is a haunting, elusive difference, a difference of the spirit, yet the dramatic critic perceives it, and comments much thereon. Intellectual Boston has observed it, and has had much to say concerning it for "Tess" has been running there for some time.

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Mrs. Fiske has won her greatest triumph as an actress in this play. And the strange part of it is that Mrs. Fiske can take the part of Tess and delude people into thinking she is a success. Tess was represented by her creator as a strapping, hearty English peasant girl—beautiful withal, but unintellectual. Mrs. Fiske is a little woman very intellectual and not particularly beautiful. Perhaps the Indianapolis public may be able to discover Mrs. Fiske's secret. Can it be hypnotism?

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This play—a problem play by the way, but Indianapolis will not object to that—after the other problem plays and problem novels it has digested,—or at least swallowed,—is regarded as one of the theatrical events of a generation. The company is excellent, and the scenery is beautiful and complete. Even the dramatic critics have had few complaints to make in this respect. Or perhaps they have been stricken dumb by Mrs. Fiske's characterization and hence have been unable to mention such minor details.

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The most beautiful and impressive scene in "Tess" is the final scene, where she is seen sleeping on the altar of Stonehenge which is placed directly in front of two immense stones surmounted by a large impost, through which the ancient priests watched for the rising of the sun before the sacrifice. Tess awakes as the sunlight creeps into this reproduction of the old temple, and here as she is apprehended the final words of the play, symbolically suggestive, are spoken. The conclusion has less of tragic suggestion than the novel has, yet the idea enforced is the same.

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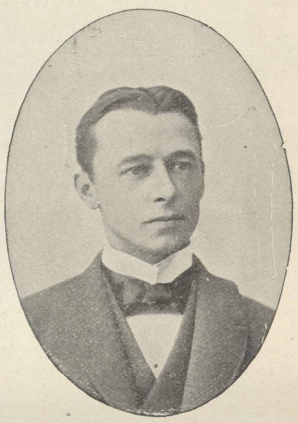
AT ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE.

"The Man From Mexico," will be played by Willie Collier, Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee Dec. 9, 10 and 11.

MRS. FISKE, AS "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES."

MISS ETHEL BROWNING AS ELIZABETH IN "IN MIZZURA."



WILLIE COLLIER.

# INDIANA CLUBS AND THEIR WORK.

EDITED BY MRS. HARRIET W. KITTS.

MRS. CLEMENT VONNEGUT, JR.,
Secretary Indianapolis German Literary Club.

## CLUBS AND WOMEN.

A popular English criticism upon American womankind has always been the unseemly usurpation of the matron's position by the ubiquitous maiden. In England, the woman of mature years reigns as queen; her young lady daughter is merely a satellite that shines with reflected light. In America, so 'twas said, the daughter is conspicuously in evidence, while the mother, in a chronic state of apology, is content to follow in her wake.

It must be confessed that the criticism is merited to some extent. American daughters, as a rule, have appropriated altogether too prominent a position, at the expense of their elders. But the English grand dame must speedily cast about for another pet criticism upon her Yankee sisters, for the young woman has abdicated in favor of the matron. Whatever may be the ultimate outcome of the woman's club, it has not lived in vain, since it has placed the American matron upon the throne, and qualified her to grace it, as though to the manner born.

The daughter who lately patronized her mother was really not to blame. It is not human nature to yield deference where respect is not commanded. The mother of days gone by painfully realized her intellectual short comings; her early advantages were a mere nothing compared with those she could give her daughter, and later years with their cares and responsibilities, seemed to offer no opportunity to catch up with the times. The woman's club came as a veritable godsend. First it gave her an incentive to read and study, then it required her to have opinions, and lastly to express those opinions. As she found her ideas were worthy of consideration, a healthy self-respect was created, which gradually gave her that confidence in herself, that demands respect from others.

The distorted and unlovely relations of matron and maiden, of mother and daughter, have been restored to their rightful condition, not by crusade, not by thunderings from press or pulpit, but by that peaceful but potent influence—the woman's club.

## PEN PORTRAITS.

Mrs. Frederick Knefler, one of the charter members of the Indianapolis German Literary Club, is its present vice-president. She is also identified with the Local Council of Women, serving as a member of the Information Committee.

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Mrs. Louis Hollweg, a member of the executive committe of the Indianapolis German Literary Club, is now a teacher of the German Language in St. Louis. A member writes of her, "she is full of wit and humor and good sense;" it is scarcely necessary to add that she is a charming companion.

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Of Mrs. Clemens Vonnegut, Jr., secretary of the Indianapolis German Literary Club, we regret our inability to state more than that we know she has been in Carlsbad, Germany—and recently. Her photograph assures us that she once sat in the studio of "Carl Pietzner, Carlsbad, vis-a-vis Schlossbrunn," and her gown assures us just as conclusively, that she sat there recently.

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Mrs. James R. Lilley, one of the two corresponding members of the Indianapolis German Literary Club, is now traveling in Europe. She is a fine pianist, and has been for years a valued member of the Indianapolis Matinee Musicale, which organization she recently served as vice-president. She has also served on the executive committee of the German Literary Club.

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Miss Emily Fletcher assisted in the organization of the Indianapolis German Literary Club, and has served twice as a member of its program committee. She is also a member of three other Indianapolis associations, the Contemporary Club, the Woman's Club and the Local Council of Women, serving the latter organization as a member of its present program committee. She is a fine linguist, having perfected both the German and French accents upon their native heath.

## THE SATURDAY CIRCLE OF TERRE HAUTE.

The year-book of the Saturday Circle of Terre Haute makes a very artistic appearance in its cover of olive green and gold; and we are not at all surprised to discover that it presents a program which is devoted exclusively to the study of art—"Three Phases of Art, Painting, Sculpture Architecture." This year's work is all the more pleasing, perhaps, from the fact that it is a digression from the Circle's established policy. Eight years were devoted by this studious club to the "History and Early Literature of Britain," of which one whole season was given over to Milton's "Paradise Lost," and two to Shakespeare.

In 1894, Professor E. W. Kemp, delivered a course of lectures upon United States History before the club; then the study of mythology was taken up for a considerable length of time; and finally a two years' course of German history was enjoyed under the very able leadership of Mrs. S. E. Taylor. Indeed, the Saturday Circle seems to have been ever on the alert to make the most of its opportunities.

The club is one of the oldest organizations of the state, founded as long ago as April 30, 1881, "through the efforts," writes a member, "of Mrs. George P. Brown, whose husband was at that time, president of the State Normal School. Mrs. Brown was made the first president of the 'Circle'; and Mrs. W. W. Parsons, whose husband is now president of the State Normal was elected its first secretary. The charter members are now scattered far and wide; but the club whose infancy they fostered with so much care, still lives, and is a pleasure and incentive to those who now reap the benefit of what the founders sowed."

We are led to believe that study and study alone delights the Saturday Circle, for not a single provision is made in the year book for social functions. Even the custom-honored "President's Day" is conspicuous by its absence. The circle is affiliated with the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. It is limited to twenty, and is augmented by seven corresponding members.

Its officers are: president, Mrs. Mary Foote Arnold; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah E. Taylor; secretary and treasurer, Miss Lydia Lewis.

The executive committee is: Mrs. May Cliver Dodson, Mrs. Sarah E. Taylor, Miss Sarah Scott, Mrs. Catherine Morgan Blake and Mrs. Mary Foote Arnold.

The membership committee is: Miss Lydia Lewis, Mrs. Frances Seiler, Mrs. Emma K. Fishback, Miss Mary Katherine Ijams and Mrs. V. Porter Montgomery.

PROGRAM OF THE SATURDAY CIRCLE OF TERRE HAUTE.

SEPT. 18.—Art and Its Aims. Egyptian and Assyrian Art.

OCT. 2.—Greek Architecture—Doric Ionic, Corinthian. Greek Sculpture—Phidias, Praxiteles. Scopas. Greek Painting.

OCT. 16.—Roman and Byzantine Art. Mediaeval Art. Gothic Art.

OCT. 30.—The Renaissance in Italy—Michel Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael. Renaissance in France. Architecture of the Renaissance.

NOV. 13.—Renaissance Painting in Germany—Durer, Holbein, Great Painters of the Netherlands—Van Eyck, Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck.

NOV. 27.—Modern Painting in Holland—Israels, Maris Brothers, Roelofs, Mesday, Mauve. Russian Painters—Vereschagin, Aivazovski, Siemiradski, Repine, Macovski. Scandinavian Painters—Zorn, Liljefors.

DEC. 11.—English Portrait Painters—Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence. Pre-Raphaelites—Rossetti, Willais. Hunt. Royal Academicians—Leighton, Watts, Alma-Tadema, Landseer.

JAN. 8.—English Landscape Painters—Turner, Constable. English Architecture. Modern German Painting—Schools of Munich and Dusseldorf.

JAN. 22.—Spanish Painters—Velasquez, Murillo, Zamacois, Fortuny. Spanish and Moorish Architecture.

FEB. 5.—Fontainebleau Group—Corot, Willet, Rousseau, Daubigny, Dupre, Diaz. Military Painters—Meissonier, Detaille, De Neuville. Academic Painters—Gerome, Bongucreau, Lefebre.

FEB. 19.—French Portrait Painters—Carolus, Duran, Bonnat, Ribot, Courtois, Chaplin. French Orientalists—Decamps, Fromentine, Regnault, Benjamin Constant. Modern French Sculpture—Paul Dubois, Chapu, Delaplanche, Barrias, Mercie, Rodin.

MAR. 5.—American Colonial and Revolutionary Painters—West, Copley, Trumbull, Stuart. Hudson River School—Durand, Thomas Cole, Bierstadt, Church, Kensett, Gifford. American Landscape Painters—Inness, Wyant, Minor, Crane, Thomas Moran.

MAR. 19.—Prominent American Painters of today—Sargent, Whistler, Tyron, Hitchcock, Abbey. American Instructors—Shirlaw, Chase, Beckwith, Mowbray, Brush. American Sculptors—St. Gaudens, French, McMonnies, Taft, Ward, Hartley, Hosmer.

APR. 2.—Impressionism — French and American Impressionists. Illustrators—French, English, American.

MRS. LOUIS HOLLWEG,
Indianapolis German Literary Club.

MISS EMILY FLETCHER,
Indianapolis German Literary Club.

APR. 16.—Cathedrals—York, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Glasgow, Cologne, Strasburg, Notre Dame at Antwerp, St. Peter's Milan Notre Dame, St. Mark's

APR, 30.—Madonnas of the Renaissance. Modern Madonnas.

MAY 14.—Decorative Art. Ceramics Exhibit.

MAY. 28.—Election of Officers. Report of Delegates (we presume there are delegates to the convention of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs, which is to be held early in May.)

### THE INDIANAPOLIS GERMAN LITERARY CLUB.

One of the most unique and delightful organizations we have had the pleasure of presenting is the Indianapolis German Literary Club, which has now entered upon its eighth year of existence. It was organized in 1889 by Mrs. Charles M. Walker, and three German pupils for the purpose, so the constitution states "of cultivating the German language and literature." Mrs. Walker was assisted by two Americans, Mrs. Theodore Wagner and Miss Emily Fletcher, both thoroughly conversant with the language, and by two German friends, Mrs. Knefler and Mrs. Laura Severin Fletcher. "We came together," charmingly writes a member, "and held the simplest conversation on birds and flowers, etc. After a little, when the pupils were able to write simply on these subjects, we held luncheons in German style, and they would read or recite a bit of composition or a poem, the ladies assisting and encouraging their efforts. The number of pupils increased and a few more German speaking women were invited to join us. By this time all were enabled to write on heavier subjects, and we took up authors, painters and musicians. We meet at each other's houses, and according to German fashion, have light refreshments at the end of the literary program. This makes our club with all its binding constitution and by-laws, a decidedly social one. The entire conversation is in German from the time we step over the door-sill."

The club which includes thirty, is limited to twenty active, and eight "passive" members, the remaining two serving as correspondents. Of the active membership, thirteen are Americans who have learned the language here and abroad, and seven are Germans, with the exception of Mrs. May Wright Sewall; they were added to the club that they might assist pupils in conversation, but they all feel that it is a privilege to sit and hear the essays.

The constitution requires each member to do the work assigned to her, or furnish such a substitute as shall be satisfactory to the executive committee; and as any member who twice refuses to do her duty, is supposed to desire resignation, her name is forthwith withdrawn from the register. Other interesting items, revealed by the constitution are: that only such candidates as have a knowledge of the German language will be admitted as passive members; and that the treasurer shall render an account every three months. This latter ruling has plunged us into speculation; we wonder whether the finances are in such a tempting condition as to make frequent auditing advisible, or whether they are so complicated as to need official oversight, or whether they merely offer a practical lesson in keeping books in German.

MRS. JAMES P. LILLEY,
Indianapolis German Literary Club.

Socially, the "Indianapolis German Literary" is particularly happy. Guest Day of the present season was held at the Propylæum Nov. 9; Nov. 23 was reserved for Prof. Gustav Karsten, of Bloomington, who lectured on "Faust;" Dec. 28 will bring a Christmas-tree, full of lights in true German fashion, and a program in keeping with the traditions of the Fatherland; and every regular meeting is a social treat.

The year-book is printed entirely in German—study, topics, quotations, constitution and all. The officers are: prasidentin, Frau Walker; vice-prasidentin, Frau Knefler; secretarin, Frau Vonnegut, Schatzmeistein Frau Sickles.

The executive committee is: Frau Walker, Frau Hollweg, Frau Sickles, Frau Pantzer and Fraulein Jacobs.

PROGRAM OF THE INDIANAPOLIS GERMAN LITERARY CLUB.

OCT. 12.—Lenau's Life and Poems. Poems. Songs.

OCT. 26.—Alfred von Hedenstjerna. Lecture.

NOV. 9.—Guest Day. Greeting by the President. The Genius. Musical Numbers.

NOV. 23.—Reserved.

DEC. 7.—Wilhelm Jensen. Conversation Music.

DEC. 28.—Christmas-stars. Contributions by both active and passive members.

JAN. 11.—Correspondents' Day. Music, Election of Officers.

JAN. 25.—Modern Literature, and the Spirit of the Age. Conversation.

FEB. 8.—Bjoernsen— Biography and Works. Conversation, Norwegian Music.

FEB. 22.—Julius Wolff—Biography. Prose Works. Songs.

MAR. 8.—Julius Wolff—Poetry. Extracts from his Works.

MAR. 22.— Spielhagen. Conversation—Music.

APR. 12.—The Effect of Fairy Tales on the Child's Mind. Conversation. Songs.

APR. 26.—German Humorists. General Conversation. Comic Songs.

MAY 10.—Ibsen. Conversation.

MAY 24.—Spring Poetry. Recitation. Music.

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### WITH THE CLUB EDITOR

Next Thursday, the "Thursday Club" of Lafayette will celebrate a Miscellaneous Day with a banquet at the Hotel Lahr. Toasts and all the etceteras will be in order.

The Bloomington federation has reorganized into a "Local Council of Women." and now includes ten associations. The president is Mrs. J. K. Beck, Mrs. Brodix is the recording secretary and Mrs. J. A. Woodburn the corresponding secretary.

We are somewhat suspicious of our German. If we have given an exactly wrong meaning to some of the topics and phrases of the German Literary Club, you have our permission to laugh in your own sleeve—but in no other body's sleeve, please.

Miss Mary Katherine Ijams, member of the executive committee in the Terre Haute Saturday Circle, has received special honors from the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs, in that she was elected secretary for two successive terms—in 1891 and 1892.

The Century Club of Indianapolis has issued invitations for November 29, at Plymouth church. The club will have the honor on that occasion of introducing Anthony Hope who will read from his own writings. The club department was happy to be remembered.

Today at the home of Miss Marcia Mitchell, the Terre Haute Woman's Club gave a "Thackeray at Home," which was quite a unique affair. Mrs. William Shryer, president of the club was assisted in receiving by the officers, Mrs. S. Miller, vice-president, Mrs. J. T. Scovell, secretary and Miss Mitchell, treasurer. A delightful program was rendered, one of the features being a large number of portraits of Mr. Thackeray.

We made mention last week of the proposed Henry County federation. Through the kindness of a member, we are now able to state that this federation is an accomplished fact and that it is officered as follows: president, Mrs. B. S. Parker, of New Castle; secretary, Miss Mary Wilson of Spiceland; treasurer, Mrs. L. C. Barnard, of Middletown. The presidents of all constituent clubs are the vice-presidents, and all the officers together form an executive committee, which will have charge of all details of the federation.

A decidedly unique men's society is the Connersville Henpecked Club." Eligibility to membership depends upon the possession of a wife who is enrolled in the Connersville Cary Club (an extended notice of which recently appeared in these columns.) Not long since the "Henpecks," as they are termed for short, were entertained by the Cary Club with an elaborate luncheon. During the evening, two new members were initiated into the society, and solemnly stamped with the initials C. H. C.

Many Connersville club women enjoyed a rare treat recently, at the Western Female Seminary at Oxford. The young women of the Agara Club had as their guest, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer of Boston, Mass., (of Wellesley College fame, or we are much mistaken); and in honor of the occasion, the literary clubs of Connersville, Oxford, Hamilton and Liberty, in all about 300 were invited to be present. Mrs. Palmer gave a delightful talk on "Personal Recollections of Whittier,

Continued on page 14.

MRS. FREDERICK KNEFLER.
Vice-President Indianapolis German Literary Club.

### Burford-Carnahan.

Wednesday evening occurred the marriage of Miss Nellie Carnahan and Mr. Miles Burford, at the Second Presbyterian church at half past eight o'clock. The altar was banked with evergreen and the seats reserved for the relatives were marked by ropes of evergreen and bunches of chrysanthemums. At 8:30 o'clock the bridal party entered the church at the west door and to the strains of the Lohengrin wedding march, passed through the length of the church and down the east aisle to the altar, where they grouped themselves in a double semi-circle. The maid of honor preceded the bride who entered on the arm of her father, General James Carnahan. The groom entered from the door at the east of the altar, and met the bride and her father. The Episcopal marriage service was performed by the Rev. J. A. Milburn, assisted by Dr. Sims, of Meridian street church.

At 9:30 o'clock an elegant reception was given at the home of General and Mrs. Carnahan, who were assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. William A. Burford, Mr. and Mrs. Miles W. Burford, Mr. and Mrs. Steele Bright, of Superior, Wisconsin, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Leathers and the bridal party.

The hall was decorated with garlands of smilax and American Beauties; the front parlor was in white chrysanthemums and palms, the back parlor in yellow and white chrysanthemums, the dining room in pink and white roses, smilax and ferns. The table for the bridal party was elaborately decorated, an oval basket of pink roses and ferns stood in the middle of the table, and garlands of smilax covered the cloth, with bunches of pink roses at the corners. Music was furnished by a harpist.

Miss Carolyn Burford was the maid of honor; the bridesmaids, Miss Myla Coburn, Miss Helen Matthews, Miss Edith Bingham, Miss Dorothea Van Camp, Miss Daisy Wilson and Miss Mary Foster, of Terre Haute. The ushers were Ernest Burford, John Dittemore, Bernard Kennedy, Wallace Krag, Dr. A. M. Cole, Robert McCouat and Harry Griffith.

The bride's gown was of white satin trimmed with point Duchess. The skirt had a flounce of this lace draped over the front and caught at one side with a handsome satin bow. The sleeves were plain to the elbow, and mousquetaire above. No gloves were worn. The waist was made with a loose blouse effect, the yoke laid in fine French tucks, the neck was high, the high color and the satin girdle were laid in little French folds. The veil was caught up with a diamond tiara and a spray of orange blossoms.

Miss Burford, the maid of honor, wore a beautiful gown of white satin trimmed with rich lace ornamented with pearl beads. The skirt was covered with chiffon adorned with appliques of this lace, two tiny ruffles of chiffon headed with the beaded lace, finishing the foot.

Of the six bridesmaids, Miss Coburn and Miss Van Camp wore pink satin covered with white liberty silk, ornamented elaborately with silk insertion and lace; Miss Daisy Wilson and Miss Edith Bingham wore yellow in the same fashion, and Miss Mary Foster of Terre Haute, and Miss Helen Matthews, of Clinton, wore blue made in the same style. All carried American Beauty roses. Mrs. Burford, mother of the groom, wore a handsome gown of moire brocaded with satin in Nile green and silver. It was trimmed with Duchess lace. The neck, cut low, was filled in with chiffon, which met a high band of satin at the throat.

Miss Hayward of Pana, Illinois, who was a guest at the wedding wore a French pattern gown of white chiffon embroidered in silk and made over pale blue satin. It was trimmed with valenciennes ruffles. Mrs. Cortland Van Camp wore a beautiful gown of green brocaded satin trimmed in cerise.

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### The Propylaeum Ball.

The annual ball given by the stockholders of the Propylaeum Wednesday night was a most beautiful and complete affair. The Propylaeum was handsomely decorated throughout with palms, ferns, evergreens and cut flowers. The supper was served in the east parlor which was beautifully decorated in green and pink. The west parlor where the guests were received was decorated in yellow chrysanthemums, ferns and palms. The stairway was decorated with potted palms and garlanded with evergreens. The ballroom was decorated with garlands of greenery and pink flowers. The stage was a mass of palms and behind an immense screen of palms was stationed the orchestra. The following ladies received: Mrs. C. C. Foster, Mrs. E. C. Atkins, Mrs. E. B. Martindale, Mrs. H. R. Allen, Mrs. L. G. Millard, Mrs. Henry Severin, Mrs. W. J. Holliday, Mrs. G. H. Chapman, Mrs. Jason Carey, Mrs. O. H. Hasselman, Mrs. John H. Holliday, Mrs. A. M. Ogle, Mrs. E. H. Dean, Mrs. Albert Baker, Mrs. H. V. Ruddell, Mrs. J. C. New, Mrs. F. C. Darlington, Mrs. Louis Hollweg, Mrs. Henry Coburn, Mrs. B. B. Peck, Mrs. Mary Stewart, Mrs. Frederick Fahnley, Mrs. J. O. Perrin, of Lafayette, Mrs. J. W. Lovett of Anderson, and Mrs. E. D. Worley of Ellettsville.

MRS. FRANK TALBURT, OF WITCHITA, KANSAS.

MISS ETHEL BROWNING AS ROSALINE.

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### Two Beautiful Teas.

Mrs. W. H. Griffith gave a beautiful reception on Tuesday afternoon in honor of her niece, Miss Griffith of Evanston, and Miss Hawkins of Portland. Mrs. Griffith wore a hansome black velvet gown trimmed with cerise silk; Miss Griffith's gown was Dresden striped silk, and Miss Hawkins wore a blue silk gown.

The decorations in the parlors were chrysanthemums and pink carnations and roses, yellow chrysanthemums in the tea room, and American Beauty roses in the dining room. Mrs. J. W. Kern, Mrs. T. E. Griffith, Mrs. G. L. Rittenhouse, Mrs. C. L. Sayles, and Mrs. E. M. Thompson entertained in the parlor, Mrs. Claud Griffith, assisted by Miss Van Camp, Miss McDermott of Cincinnati, Miss Bingham and her visitor, Miss Daniels of Dayton, Miss Mabel Lutes, Miss Florence Coffin, Miss Corella Taylor and Miss Edith Griffith, served tea; in the dining room, the assisting ladies were Mrs. Pierre Gray, Mrs. Kate Perry Morris, Mrs. H. T. Bennett, Mrs Dewitt Griffith, Mrs. Harry Drew, Mrs. Cortland Van Camp, and Mrs. A. E. Dietrichs.

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A very beautiful pink tea was given on Tuesday of this week, by Mrs. William Line Elder for her guest Mrs. Harry H. Bean, of Springfield, Ohio. Mrs. Elder was assisted in entertaining by Mrs H. H. Hanna, Mrs. Mary S. Moore, Mrs. M. L. Haines, Mrs. J. A. Milburn, Mrs. J. A. Bradshaw, Mrs. F. H. Blackledge and Mrs Harry Murphy. Mrs. A. L. Mason, Mrs. J. K. Sharpe, Jr., and Mrs J. L. Griffiths presided at the tea table, assisted by Miss Alice Fenton, of Chicago, Miss Martha Bradshaw, Miss Eleanor Porter and Miss Deborah Moore. In the dining room Mrs. V. K. Hendricks, Mrs. O. H. Hasselman, Mrs. C. C. Foster, Miss Mary Foster, Miss Anna Hasselman, Miss Julia Harrison Moore and Miss Katherine Porter were the assistants. Pink was the prevailing color in the decorations, Bridesmaid and Meteor roses being used in all the rooms. A harpist and violinist played softly in the hall.

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Miss Harriet Cleland entertained the Wednesday Morning Club this week.

### People and Events.

The picture on our cover is little Marie Catherwood. Her father, who was well-known in Indianapolis, was Albert Strong Catherwood, who died about a year ago, in San Antonio, Texas, from the effect of a railroad accident. The photograph is by Marceau & Power.

Mrs. Ferdinand Mayer has issued invitations for a reception Wednesday afternoon December 1, at her home in North Delaware street. Mr. and Mrs. Mayer will give a dance at the Propylaeum December 3.

Mrs. Emmett J. Heeb has issued invitations for a reception November 29 from 2 to 4 in honor of Mrs. Thaddeus Eddy Houston, whose marriage occurred Nov. 18, and her sister, Miss Peery, of Greensburg.

Prof. Karsten, of the State University addressed the German Literary Club yesterday at the home of Mrs. Emil Wulschner. It was guest day and several gentlemen were present.

Miss Katherine and Miss Mabel Winter left for New York Wednesday, and will sail today with their mother for Europe. They will enter school in Paris for the year.

Miss Stella Walcott gave a theater party to Modjeska Monday night. The guest of honor was Miss Bassell of West Virginia. A supper at the Columbia Club followed.

Invitations will soon be issued for the wedding of Miss Sara Layton Walker and Mr. Black of Ohio, to take place December 15, at the Meridian street M. E. church.

Among the out-of-town guests at the Propylaeum ball Wednesday night were Mr. and Mrs. Fenton and Mrs. I. N. Field of Chicago, who are visiting Mrs. Sayles.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell who came to this city from Washington D. C., a few months ago, have gone to Springfield, Illinois for permanent residence.

Mr. Hans O. Stechan who is attending the State University at Bloomington, spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Stechan.

Dr. and Mrs. Rice, of Detroit, Michigan, are visiting their son, Dr. William G. Rice. They have just returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Mayer and children spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Mayer's mother, Mrs. Lathrop of Greensburg.

Messrs. Volney and Elliott Perkins are home from college to spend Thanksgiving vacation. They will return Monday.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
It has made miles and miles of hair grow on millions and millions of heads.
Not a single gray hair.
No dandruff.

### People and Events.

The Dramatic Club performance on Tuesday night was pronounced one of the most brilliant performances ever given by the club. The parts, all well-rendered, were taken by Miss Dye, Mr. Horace Hord, Mr. Arba T. Perry and Miss Margaret Carey. The stage setting and the costumes were excellent and the acting could not have been improved upon. After the play, supper was served in the west parlor, followed by a dance in the assembly hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Ross received informally for Mr. and Mrs. Otis Skinner, on Tuesday afternoon at the Delano. The room was decorated with pink roses, chrysanthemums and carnations. Ices were served by Mrs. Charles Martindale, Mrs. Chapin Foster and Miss Foster.

Mrs. Mortimer Levering of Lafayette, is visiting her sister, Mrs. John L. Griffiths. Their brother, Professor Henderson, of Chicago University, will come to the city today and will address the Associated Charities meeting tomorrow night, at Tomlinson Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Atkins gave a theater party Monday night to Modjeska. The guests included Miss Fenton of Chicago, Miss Florence Day, Miss Katherine Winter, Messrs. Larz Whitcomb, George Hume, Thomas Winter, Herbert Gates, and Arthur Smith.

### Club Calendar.

Nov. 23. Park Memorial Free Association. Commercial Club Building 10 a. m.

Nov. 29. Indianapolis Literary Club. "Farthest North," Nathaniel A. Hyde.

Nov. 29. Minerva Club. "The Customs, Religions and Funeral Rites of the Prehistoric Races," Mrs. John L. Miller; "Montezuma and his People," Mrs. Charles E. Busby; conversation, "Ancient Cities and Other Ruins of Mexico," Mrs. Frank Carvin, leader.

Nov. 29. Century Club. Readings by Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, at Plymouth church.

Dec. 1. Matinee Musicale. Artists' Recital, Villa Whitney White.

Dec. 1. Parlor Club. 2:30 p. m. With Miss Elizabeth Nicholson; "The Spectator and Tatler," Mrs. D. K. Partlow; "Addison's Essays" by the club.

Dec. 2. The Aftermath. Mrs. J. A. Miller, hostess. "A glance at the Concord School of Writers." "Thoreau, Mrs. M. Allison; Channing, Mrs. S. Behymer; "Alcott," Mrs. V. Woodward; "Fuller," Mrs. McMahan.

Dec. 2. Portfolio Club. (Meeting postponed from November 20.) "Sketch by Wagner," Miss Grace Alexander; Committee on entertainment, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, Prof. Miller. Music in charge of Miss Alexander.

Dec. 3. Woman's Club. "What has the Nineteenth Century brought us?" Mrs. J. L. Mothershead; "Individualism in Art," paper and conversation, Miss Elizabeth Nicholson.

Dec. 4. Philomathian Club. With Mrs. Trout; "Renaissance Reformation;" leader, Mrs. Flichinger; paper, "Fantine, Cosette," Mrs. W. D. Miller.

Dec. 4. Magazine Club. Mrs. Abner Lewis; "Daniel Deronda," Mrs. O. L. Huey; "Gwendolen," Miss Carrie Fisher; "George Eliot's Jew," Mrs. Florence Tibbs; "Daniel Deronda — Character Sketch," Mrs. William Sumner.

NOTE.—All clubs not mentioned in above calendar are requested to send programs to THE INDIANA WOMAN office. Any notification of change of program should reach this office not later than Wednesday evening.

### A Well-Known Indianapolis Modiste.

Miss Trimble, of the New York Store, is acknowledged by all authorities on fashionable dressmaking to be the best dressmaker in the state. Miss Trimble and a host of happy women for whom she has fashioned artistic creations in the way of evening, reception, and street gowns, are delighted to call her so.

Miss Trimble is by nature an artist, and she has the advantage of wide travel and constant observation of the gowning of the fashionable world. She makes frequent trips to Paris, to see the latest and Frenchiest things in the way of gowns, before they come across the water; she goes to London to buy furs, to Brussels for laces, and to Antwerp and Switzerland for other wares. Besides these foreign trips, she makes frequent visits to New York and Chicago, sometimes going to these cities as often as once or twice a month.

On these trips abroad and in our own country, Miss Trimble makes use of her well-trained powers of observation. It is not an exaggeration to say that she can see more in an hour's walk on Broadway, than the average woman could see in a month spent on that fashionable thoroughfare. And the ideas gathered in fashion's headquarters, she brings home, combines with others, and with many minor changes embodies in the beautiful gowns which are characteristic of her, and which distinguish her customers anywhere as elegantly dressed women.

Although Miss Trimble consults the oracles of fashion on these trips, and through the latest fashion publications, she is by no means a servile copyist. She is very original in her ideas, and her modifications of a mode are always for the better. From an ugly style she can often gain suggestions, which combined with some original idea will result in a handsome creation. She studies her subject too, and chooses a mode which is adapted to the form and figure of the wearer.

Miss Trimble works with ease. In her pretty apartment, she receives the customer and advises her concerning her gown. The design made, the services of the skillful cutter are called in, and then the different parts of the work are given over to the host of workers who are comfortably ensconced in the large, airy and well lighted working room. This room with its score of busy workers, and its brilliant bits of color scattered about on table and dress form, here a dainty evening gown, there a bit of vivid color in velvet or satin, is in itself a study for an artist. Miss Trimble's reputation is not confined to Indianapolis. Her gowns go out to the other cities of the state, where her patrons are happy in the confidence that they are arrayed as strictly a la mode as if they dwelt in one of the centers of fashion.

---

They are fond of practical jokes down at the Industrial Training School and teachers and pupils unite in trying to "fool" one another occasionally. Last week the word went forth one day that one of the teachers had found some red bats in his barn, and had brought them down to exhibit them to his friends. As red bats are almost unheard of, every one was anxious to see the rare creatures. Each teacher came up from the basement room in which they were exhibited with a grave face. There was one teacher however, who knew she was going to be fooled; she just knew it, but at last she went down because the others insisted upon her going. But when she reached the room and saw the keg near a window, most carefully covered with a sieve she forgot her suspicion in her enthusiasm over science. She was more disgusted therefore, when she peered into the gloomy depths of the keg only to discover, lying at the bottom, two harmless red brickbats.

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In the world is price. Wit, humor, eloquence and oratory—all sit down when price rises to speak. Price is the great convincer, the invincible salesman. Price is the secret of our success. The lever of low prices has lifted this business into its present popularity.

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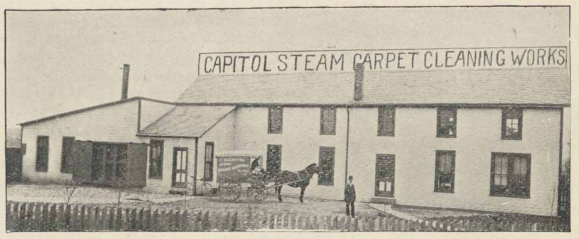


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# WITH WILFUL WOMAN.

By RHODA FLEMING.

MENU.

Sunday, November 28, 1897.

BREAKFAST.

Barley Crystals, Sugar and Cream.
Hamburg Steaks.
Scalloped Potatoes. Coffee.

—

LUNCHEON.

Potato Salad. Ginger Bread.
Apple Sauce.

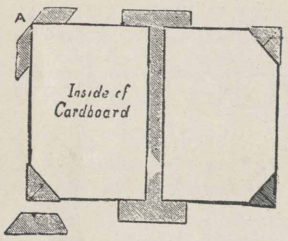
—

DINNER.

Vegetable Soup.
Veal Cutlets, Breaded. Tomato Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes.
Creamed Cabbage. Lettuce.
French Dressing.
Wafers. Sponge Pudding. Cheese.
Coffee.

## A GOSSIP ON PORTFOLIOS.

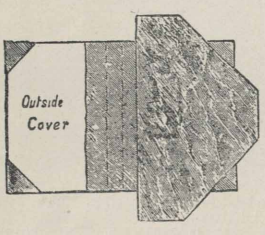
It is the object of this paper to explain the various stages in the building of a portfolio, then to suggest some ways of ornamenting them. But the lesson will




be badly taught if the advice to aim at strength and neatness first is not clearly insisted upon.

Given paste and paper, cardboard and leather, or some texture as its substitute, and anyone may start fully equipped. When a napkin press is not available some substitute will be needed; and although it is a little detour off our main purpose, it may be well to suggest one which is handy for many things besides pressing portfolios. It merely consists of a few common bricks packed up in cretonne, just as you would neatly wrap a brown paper parcel, but the cretonne is stitched after being so folded; then a wide tape for the string, leaving a broad loop for handle. A few of these placed upon a board are very useful for any purpose where a press is required. Even one brick so covered with a pair of boards, covered to match, is handy in a bed room to put on gloves, ribbons or laces to take out the creases.

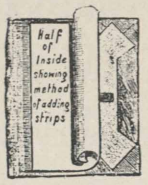
But to return to the subject, and enumerate the materials needed. Cardboard in some form, of course, preferably the common mill-board sold in large sheets. This is less easy to cut than ordinary pasteboard, but much better to work upon, as its inherent stiffness is greatly increased by the added paper, and the tendency to




warp, a property of all pasteboard, is hardly noticeable in this felt-like material. For the mucilage, bookbinders' paste is best, but the official paste or stickphast, sold in bottles, answers equally well. As, however, the former is the most economical for use in any quantity, it will be best to give the recipe for its preparation.

Stir two tablespoonfuls of flour into half a pint of cold water until it forms a thick, smooth cream; then add gradually, stirring all the time, boiling water into which a teaspoonful of alum has been previously dissolved; pour the whole back into the saucepan and boil until it thickens to a paste. This will keep sweet and wholesome for several weeks, especially if a drop or two of oil of cloves has been added to the boiling water.

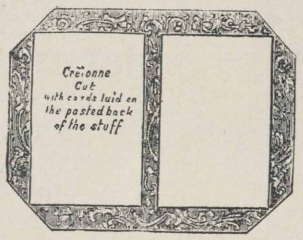
For the back of the portfolio, leather is




undoubtedly the best, but to explain its use would be to trespass too closely upon the art of bookbinding, and exact a higher amount of skill and more elaborate touch than this paper aims at demanding. On the whole, nothing I have tried wears better than cretonne, when it is used over the material for the joint itself. For the joint white ticket buckram is far and away the best for amateurs' use. For small cases for dainty purposes, the white surface is very pretty, and can be decorated by etching or other painted device. It is peculiarly easy to manage, it pastes quickly, does not shrink or stretch to any noticeable extent, dries firmly with a good substance, helping to keep the shape of the back, and is not costly.

Deferring for awhile the actual manipulation, I wish to speak particularly of the decorative aspect of the finished book, and of a few stuffs not generally employed as covering to portfolios and blotting-books.

Only those who have tried them know how gorgeous an effect the gold tinseled brocades yield when pasted on book-covers. A third of a yard suffices for a good-sized blotting-book, and about a half-yard will suffice for a music-folio. If they are rather expensive they repay their cost, and raise the portfolio to the level of a beautiful object, while in no way detracting from its use.




An adequate substitute for these brocades may be found in cretonne and printed cotton fabrics. If a good pattern is chosen, and the strings wherewith it is tied be of a color that harmonizes, it is only less good than the brocade.

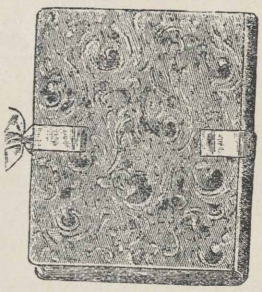
There is more method than madness in the advice to use these materials. To keep various groups of music sorted, easily at hand for reference when required, the distinctive color and design of each covered portfolio assists the search far more than a label on the cover, which is only visible when the whole case is uppermost in a pile. Here is a pile near me. Moskowski in red and white, Bach in sombre green, Schubert in blue and white, modern songs in a pink flowered pattern, gavottes, minuets and kindred pieces in a red and black cover.

The Japanese gold leather wall paper, can be purchased in small quantities, is excellent for this use, being sumptuous in its appearance, of good wearing quality and not very dear. It is especially good for blotting-book covers, as it does not catch the dust or show chance ink spots so quickly as a woven texture.

Now for practical tuition. Having chosen the size of the case to be made, cut the required pieces from a sheet of millboard in this fashion:

Take a T square and mark upon the board to be cut pencil lines at the proper place, at right angles to the edge of the board, hence the use of T square. Take a straight flat ruler, laid close to the pencil line and pressed there very firmly with the left hand. With a very sharp penknife draw lightly down the line, and then in successive cuts, given smoothly with a firm, sustained pressure, cut until the piece is detached. As surplus cuts are sure to result (not on fingers if care is taken to keep each hand very firm), it is as well to choose some one else's best dining table for the operation; or to place first a good thick piece of board upon one's own.

If the material is to cover the whole surfaces of the covers, it will be best in most cases to apply it over the buckram or cloth back, for ease in working and increased strength: so that the half-bound style, as it is called, will be enough to explain here. If corner pieces are needed, as they are in the true half binding, and are not if it is merely a foundation for after clothing, fix them as indicated in figure 1, the first thing while the boards are separate. Then cut out the piece of buckram or cloth for the back about an inch and a half wider than the needed thickness of the case each way, and an inch larger. Have ready a similar strip slightly shorter than the case, and



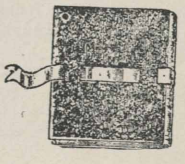
not so wide as the other, to line the back. Paste the back piece and lay it on the table, then place the boards (as shown in fig. 1) down upon the back, turning over the top and bottom part, and then lining the back. See that the back piece is smooth before lining it, rubbing it, not directly with a duster, but laying a smooth, stout piece of paper over the pasted material and then rubbing it heavily with a cloth. In adding the lining to the back, see that it fills the depression between the covers, and work in close to the edge of the boards with a bone paper knife, so that it makes a shallow white groove.

Prepare beforehand marble paper, or any material chosen for the sides, cut as in fig. 2. These should be pasted in place, and the strings added as in fig. 3, before the lining paper is pasted on.

To insert the strings, cut a slit through the cover about an inch from its edge; pass the ribbon through, leaving an inch to paste down inside. Then the lining paper, cut a shade smaller than the cover each way, will secure the ties firmly.

These processes should follow each other as soon as practicable to avoid warping; but if the cover is to be cretonne or other texture, let the back and its lining piece dry before applying the outside covering. The shape for this is indicated by fig. 4, which shows the way to use the material for the whole, without the buckram back piece.

If each of these parts is done well, the



whole is well done, and finished in hardly longer time than it takes to write the directions.

For a blotting book a piece of ribbon or elastic should be sewn in the fold of the case, under which to pass the paper.

A pretty addition to the book is shown in fig. 5, where a wider ribbon passes in and out through two slits in the cover, and ties the whole; this is very effective with brocades, cretonnes or the Japanese gold leather papers.

A pleasant variation from the orthodox shape of the blotting book, made from half sheets folded across, is gained by cutting the whole sheet once across, this yields an oblong page, which is more round than the usual size, and in every way equally serviceable.

A few hints may be added. See that your covers have the corners with their proper part outside before pasting on the back. Remember that the holding powers of the case are determined by the space left at the back between the boards, and measure accordingly. Be careful in using sides of paper to paste it on parallel to the back of the case, and expose equal parts of each corner. Paste the cloth for the back and corners a minute before use, to allow the adhesive matter to sink into the material, giving a second coat if needed just before application.

Place the case flat under weights as soon as it is finished; if you wish the back to be unwrinkled, lay a narrow slip of cardboard inside the back, otherwise the thicker covers will prevent it obtaining any of the applied pressure.

To add flaps is difficult to describe, unless you think of each flap as merely another case with another back-piece—then the mystery is clear, for having made two covers into one, it is as easy to add any number in the same way.

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WHEATLET
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Send for free booklet containing valuable recipes and opinions of noted physicians and chemists.


## WHY LADIES LIKE COFFEE.

—

**Though Many Admit It Hurts Them.**

Many ladies have so great a liking for coffee for breakfast that the meal seems flat and unsavory without it; but the muddy complexion which is almost a sure accompaniment is a great trial, and the question is seriously discussed many and many times over in one's mind, whether it is possible to give over the coffee and gradually get back the lost complexion, or keep on with the coffee and get on with the bad skin and make the best of it.

The disordered stomach and liver sometimes bring on more serious troubles. To quit the use of coffee is the only true relief; it contains the same poisonous alkaloids as tobacco, strychnine and morphine, although less in volume. One can use the delicious hot Food Coffee, Postum Cereal, at meals, and never miss the coffee. It brews the deep seal-brown of Mocha, and takes on the rich golden-brown of old Java when cream is added.

When boiled full fifteen minutes after boiling commences, it tastes like the better grades of Java. It is made by the Postum Cereal Co., Lim., of Battle Creek, Michigan, purely and wholly of the nourishing grains intended by the Creator for man's subsistence. The pungent taste so well liked in strong coffee is retained in Postum.

Nature quickly recovers when coffee is left off and the natural health coffee is used in its place. Healthful sleep is again enjoyed, and nerves, stomach, liver, bowels and heart cease their complaining when the disturbing cause is withdrawn.

—

Beware of the fraudulent imitations of the original Postum Cereal Food Coffee. Insist on Postum. Substitutors drug their concoctions to give them a coffee flavor. Genuine packages of Postum have red seals and the words, "It makes red blood," thereon.

## Review of Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF CUTS.

We present to our readers herewith four beautiful full dress gowns.

Number one is a dinner gown. It is composed of pompadour brocade, the skirt quite plain. The waist is of dotted pink gauze, edged with the brocade; a plastron is set down the center and a sash of gauze tied about the waist.

Number two is a reception costume. The skirt is of amethyst glace taffeta, a deep rabtier front being outlined with a ruching of ribbon. Beneath are set ruffles of grenadine; over the waist is a fichu of taffeta edged with ruffles and crossed, ending in two long sashes at the back.

Number three is a ball toilet. Pale blue crepe lisse is used for this beautiful gown. The yoke front is set into a silk foundation which is crossed with Valenciennes insertion the deep flounce being shirred in to the edge. The waist is trimmed with insertion and cut en V; the short close sleeves are finished with knots of roses.

The charming ball costume illustrated in figure four is made of cream net dotted with crystal beads and made full and plain. The waist of cream satin is cut low, embroidered and filled in with folds of the net. The sleeve puffs are of the same, and bows of velvet are tied above the glove tops.

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GIRLS AND GOWNS AT THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW.

For some reason or other there has long been a widespread notion that the Horse Show bore an intimate relation to things sartorial. Dressmakers have looked upon it as a kind of feeder for ideas that would last them the season through; country cousins came to town at that time for the express purpose of seeing the apparel proclaim the woman, while the metropolis, both that part of it which did the looking and that part which was looked at, basked in the pleasing proposition that Horse Show meant clothes. The opening of the Show's thirteenth season, did nothing to undermine this notion. It strengthened it, in fact. Never was the array of gowns more beautiful and brilliant. Thanks to the fog in your throat, and for that matter in everything else, even in the arena of the Madison Square Garden, an English accent was almost inevitable. There was nothing English about the clothes on exhibition in that same Garden, however. They were daintily, richly, smartly elegantly American, than which no higher praise can be given, and they demonstrated that in spite of superstitions as to unlucky numbers, the thirteenth show will, like its predecessors, stand as an oracle in matters of dress. Dressmakers and milliners may pin their faith to it as of yore. Country cousins, yes and sisters and aunts and the whole tribe, will be well repaid by taking a special trip in order to peep at the gorgeous display, and last but not least, the metropolis, both the looked-at and the lookers-at, may feel that they have not lived and gone to the Horse Show in vain.

One of the best dressed women in the place on the first evening was a slender, brown-haired girl wearing a gown of dead black velvet. There wasn't a sign of lace or a hint of color to relieve the soft severity of the toilet, but upon the stock at one side flashed a big diamond brooch. This alone, made the girl remarkable. Most of the women wore brooches by the dozen. Her hat, big and plumy, was all black, too. Her gloves were white. A pretty, flaxen-haired girl wore a gown of pale cashmere, embroidered in gray and much tucked. There was an elongated heart-shaped vest of pale yellow silk, finely tucked, and this yellow reappeared at the wrists. The accompanying hat was gray with masses of white plumes. A tailor-made girl was clad in a sleek black cloth gown, the bodice of which was in the front ornamented with a succession of revers of white moire. These were edged with several rows of silver braid and chinchilla. Chinchilla, by the way, is the pelt par excellence of the Horse Show this year. It is applied indiscriminately to everything. A bodice of violet chiffon, for instance, mounted upon white satin and gay with gilt appliques was weighted with narrow strips of chinchilla—down the front, across the epaulets, round the simulated jacket, and at the wrists and throat—wherever there was an available edge there was the chinchilla also. A gown charming by reason of its inconspicuousness, but which well repaid scrutiny, was of a dull tan color, in material a kind of silky canvas, and mounted upon blue silk. Much of the bodice and the sleeves entire made use of an open-work embroidery of precisely the same tan tint as the canvas, but showing the blue foundation with more frankness. A dainty little frock of silver gray silk made no attempt at decoration beyond the silver cording that laced the pendant box plaits of its bodice and the panels of its skirt.

In the afternoon the full length ulster of red ingote, generally in biscuit color box cloth and guiltless of any adornment save the row upon row of print-like stitching and the big pearl buttons down the front, was a striking feature of the dress display. It looked eminently smart and sportswomanlike and was especially becoming to the many tall girls in evidence.

Both in the afeernoon and evening were there several manifestations that the Paris fashion of women dressing in pairs has reached this city. Some half dozen braces of this sort were to be seen, and although to the untutored mind they were strongly suggestive of Dr. Hale's "My Double," those better posted gazed upon them with an ordor that showed it was the proper thing. It was significant that these dress-in-pairs women seemed to think one escort sufficient for the two of them. Freak toilets were not lacking. The show ran the gauntlet of every sort of dress. There were plenty of women who looked as though they had dressed for a sea voyage, and lots more who were done up in waterproofs in a true rainy day style. For the most part, of course, such as these were confined to the crowd that circled the arena The boxes and best quality of reserved seats, however, did what they could to enliven the scene, so that, from every point of view, nobody could call the show a failure. There were almost as many grotesque toilets on view as there were stunning ones. Never, surely, have there been so many different kinds of clothes at a single session of the Horse Show. Variety—that was the striking thing, and it was the spice of the occasion, just as it is of life. For example, there was the woman in the military looking cuirass of jet and the unmilitary looking skirts of accordian-kilted black net. By way of adding to the hilarity of the costume, her velvet sleeves were of cherry velvet, con-

cert pitch in color and much wrinkled from wrist to shoulder. Several sunbursts adorn her stock, also of cherry colored velvet, with a big hat having a jet crown and a flapping brim of cherry colored velvet frills gave the finishing touch. It was in the headgear that eccentricity seemed to find fullest play. You might have supposed that it was a company of club women. A pair of bonnets to the right of the orbit as one entered the Garden temporarily deprived every beholder of speech. The respective owners of these bonnets occupied separate boxes and had apparently nothing to do with each other, but the affinity in milinery was unmistakable. One bonnet had for its principal ingredient a twist of turquoise velvet about as thick as one's arm. This was festooned about the wearer's brow. It had no crown. A conglomeration of pink roses drooped over one ear, while upon the other rose a handsome feather duster in pure white. The other bonnet had an outspreading, uprising decoration that spread its sails like the points of Miss Liberty's headdress in the harbor, and which, whatever its actual material, looked as though it were made of fish scales and silver wire. A wreath of pink roses by way of brim and a cap of gold beads by way of crown completed this millinery marvel. Muffs were inevitable. Both in the afternoon and evening every woman with the slightest pretension to smartness carried one, and in spite of the Excelsior-like mercury. The muffs were mammoth in size. The biggest one to be seen in the afternoon was brandished by a girl wearing a wash shirtwaist, who found it necessary to remove her jacket. The woman who attracted most attention in the course of the afternoon's performance was one attired in a short black topcoat and a big black hat, while around her heels trailed flowing skirts of pale gray lined with rose color. The woman didn't enter a box. She just strolled around the circle several times, and most of the time she held the silk-lined train in

one hand. Neither she nor her escort seemed to think there was anything out of the way in her looking as though she had just stepped out of her boudoir in a tea gown.

The costume worn by Anna Held on the first evening was the daintiest of the dainty. It was of black and white silk pattern in half-inch wide stripes. This was used for the accordion kilted portion of the skirt and the sleeves. The deep yoke of the skirt and the corsage were of black guipure over white silk. A velvet belt, stock and perky little bows were of scarlet velvet. The bodice opened in the back. "Opened" is used advisedly, as for at least three hooks the garment was unfastened. The hat was big and black and plumy, and the hat pins were jeweled.

The Horse Show flower this year is the violet. But few chrysanthemums were seen upon either men or women. It was violets everywhere.


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**38 W. Washington Street.**


### INDIANA CLUBS AND THEIR WORK

Continued from page 9.

Holmes and Phillips Brooks." Mrs. Calvin S. Brice who is regarded as the Lady Bountiful of the Seminary was present, and spoke upon the "Washington Memorial" in which she is taking a deep interest.

Day unto day giveth proof that the club women are the women who are accomplishing things. Take those. for instance, who are mentioned in these columns today—each one is a loyal and enthusiastic club member, yet each is interested in other things outside of clubs, and is making her influence felt. Mrs. Charles M. Walker, president of the Indianapolis German Literary Club, is a shining example. She is—but there! we shall deny ourselves the pleasure of telling about her now. As she is a member of the present program committee of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs, we shall be permitted to present her portrait and the story of her life which is rounded out complete and beautiful, in connection with our account of the Union, which will appear in these columns some time in December. Then there is Mrs. Mary Foote Arnold, president of the Terre Haute Saturday Circle: a busy and exemplary home-keeper, and yet finds time and inclination to wield a successful pen. One of her recent contributions, a short and hastily-written story, entitled "A Geometrical Design," received second prize in a competition offered by a well-known magazine. Miss Lydia Lewis, secretary of the same organization is an artist of more than ordinary ability. Her painting on china possesses exquisite finish. And all of the ladies of the "German Literary" whose portraits we have the pleasure of presenting, are recognized forces in the various lines which they follow.

NOTE—Address all communications upon club matters to Mrs. Harriet W. Kitts, Muncie, Indiana.

### AN AUTUMNAL WOOING.

Continued from page 5.

have shown such impulsiveness. Yet it must be confessed 'twas extremely flattering; and then, good heavens, what eyes! The apoplectic symptoms returned.

"Miss Margery, how gracious of you to say so. I'm sure I never hoped——"

"Yes, and I was making all sorts of plans for us two. Poll, come down! Major, she's trying to pull your hair! Look out, sir, she'll scratch you! Here, give her to me! There, Miss Poll, you sit on my chair. You can't pull my hair, because I don't reach up high enough—ha! ha! ha!—eh, Major?" her teeth gleaming out in the glow from the cedar fire. "Yes I was thinking, you see, how proud I should be of you. You are so tall, and—now don't mind, for I'm going to flatter you all the rest of your days—and so handsome! And how proud I hoped you would be of me!" (A half-rising attitude on the part of the major, who is forgetting decorum, and how girls were forty years ago.)

"Oh, major you are finding the blaze too hot. How stupid of me to let you roast in that manner. Here let me put up the screen. Isn't it a pretty one? I embroidered it myself. See, it represents an Italian princess under the ilex tree. I think she looks a trifle like your son, Ned, only, of course, he's not done in Kensington. Well, I was planning that once in a while, on very grand occasions, you might take me out with you——"

"Once in a while, madam!" The major was a vast substantial protest.

"Oh, I know, of course, what you think you have to say. But don't do it, besides, we couldn't leave Ned behind very often." A lurking laugh in the corners of two brown eyes. "Or, he might go with Aunt Maria, eh? Oh—o—o—o!"

The major couldn't see anything funny in that commonplace arrangement.

"My dear Miss Margery"—(Confound those chairs! A man couldn't move them an inch without getting red in the face, they were so heavy.)—"you are surely determined to defraud me of my share of the conversation, though I cannot tell you how relieved I am to find you prepared to receive my overture. I confess there were moments when I feared you might be less fond of me on account of the disparity of our ages——"

"Why, goodness, it wouldn't seem half so lovely any other way! That's just the nicest part of it!" How that presumptuous fire light clambered up from her little feet to the dimples in her hands, and the rosy folds about her neck, and, climbing still, stopped at her rosier lips! Her last sentence, and the firelight stopping right there, where it did, made the major gasp.

"This is one of the most delightful surprises of my life," he went on, when he could speak. "I want to tell you how fondly I shall cherish you; how earnestly I shall strive to gratify each wish that you can make; how truly proud I shall be of my beautiful young——"

"Oh, stop! You praise me more than I can ever deserve." Two limpid tears show through the gathering gloom. "I never dared hope you would receive me so tenderly. I am a-coming right over there, sir—and right behind your chair—so—on my tip-toes, and—put one—little kiss—like that!—on your dear old forehead."

The major grew more agile than he had been for twenty years. Meanwhile Poll had got to screaming, "Lord! lord! lord! lord!" and would not leave off.

"Oh, yes, I'm so thankful you like me! And we'll all be so happy together, won't we? And we both are grateful, I assure you. Here's the ring he gave me. See! Two beautiful pearls and that twinkling diamond. Doesn't it look charming in the firelight? Ned said—don't think me silly for telling you—that if you were satisfied with the little wife he had chosen he believed he would go half mad with joy. But really I didn't think he would tell you so soon, for he felt a little timid about it." A long pause, during which the major relaxes his fatherly embrace somewhat. Then a venture from the girl. "I'm afraid I've talked too freely with you! Or, perhaps you feel sad when you remember Ned is going to belong to me?" The head bows so low that the light climbs to that now. "But we'll live somewhere near you, and see you every day. Why, must you be going? Can't you stay for tea? Well, button up your coat well, Now, please give your new child one more kiss, to tell her that you mean all you have said. Good-bye! Good-bye!"

"Lord! lord! lord! lord!"

How that bird screams. The wind has risen very fast, and the pines strike at each other angrily. There is a promise of a dismal rain, and the dusk hides all of the autumn's beauty, and leaves only its leaflessness apparent.

Sixty-five, sixty-five! At that age it is hard climbing a hill in the teeth of the wind.—ELIA. W. PEATTIE.—From the Home Magazine.

---

Indianapolis is looking forward with great anticipations of pleasure to the production of "Tess" which will be given here in December. Just what kind of a play has been made out of this powerful book remains to be seen; until seeing it we can not pass judgement. But certainly there is material for a powerful play. The eastern papers are unanimous in their praise of it and Mrs. Fiske, as Tess.

---

A kind neighbor wanted to surprise a little Woodruff Place boy, so one day he took him to the telephone, called up the father, and had the little boy put his ear to the receiver.

The child immediately recognized his father's voice and looking at the telephone box with surprised eyes, he exclaimed, "Why, papa, how did you get into that box?"

"Did you ever catch your husband flirting?"
"Yes; that's the way I caught him."

She: "I know a man who hasn't spoken to his wife for three years."
He: "What an incessant talker she must be!"

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FROM THE BOOKSELLER.

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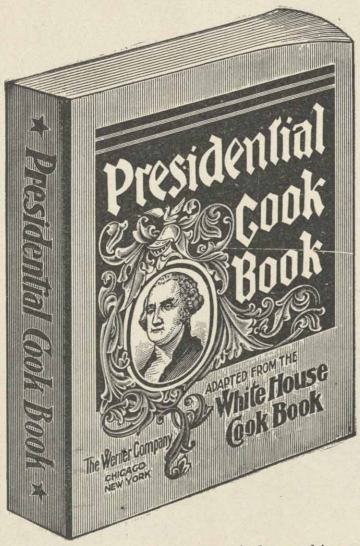


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TIT FOR TAT.

"You can't come out with me, Tommy, till you've brushed your hair."

"All right, Ma; if that's the ticket, I shan't go out with you till you've brushed yours."

# COMICALITIES

A farmer forwarded a letter to a town, inscribed, "To any respectable attorney." The postmaster returned it, indorsed, "None here."

—

"Are there no times," said a man, entering the office of a busy editor, "when you can write better than at other times?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I thought so. That men who write must consult their mental condition, I have no doubt. Now, tell me when you can write best?"

"When I am alone," the editor replied; but the bore, on whom the hint made no impression, continued to talk until the exasperated man suggested that a section of the wall hung on hinges.

—

She: "But I have never given you any encouragement."

He: "You have frequently alluded to your rich relatives."

—

A GOOD EXCUSE.

Lady (to servant-girl): "Why, Anna, it is really a shame for you to be out for an hour buying half a pound of coffee!"

Anna: "Excuse me, madam, it wasn't half, but a whole pound."

—

"Mrs. Blimber has put up four hundred cans of fruit."

"Scotch, isn't she?"

"Why?"

"So canny!"

—

George (nervously): "I'd like the best in the world, Kitty, to marry you but I don't know how to propose."

Kitty (promptly and practically): "That's all right, George. You've finished with me; now go to papa."

—

Lancelot Longlocks: "Poets are born, not made."

Maud Sharpe: "I know. I wasn't blaming you."

—

A woman whose favorite hymn is "I would not live always," has spent $1,100 for patent medicines during the last ten years.

—

PROVED.

Husband: "I don't see why it was necessary to call the doctor when the baby had only a trifling cough."

Wife: "Well, dear, I asked the doctor, and he said I did right."

—

All our Arctic explorers have enjoyed one important advantage: in their deadliest perils they always keep cool.

—

PEDAGOGIC WISDOM.

Professor (discoursing on the use of water): "And lastly, gentlemen, if we had no water, we could not learn to swim, and how many of us would then be drowned!"

—

Howso: "I bought my boy a bicycle last week."

Comso: "How is he getting along?"

Howso: "On crutches."

—

A boy's conscience is that part of him which prompts him to eat all the sweets to keep them from making his little brother ill.

—

Mrs. Walker: "I don't see why the doctors recommend bicycle riding. If it makes people healthier, it is a loss to the doctors."

Mr. Walker: "I know; but they calculate that one sound, healthy rider will disable at least five pedestrians per week."

—

A very precise young lady speaks of brother's "boot-john."

A QUESTION OF TIME.

Smith: "Here's a penny, and go away, please."

Organ Grinder: "Ees there anyone eell?"

Smith: "No, but there will be if you play much longer."

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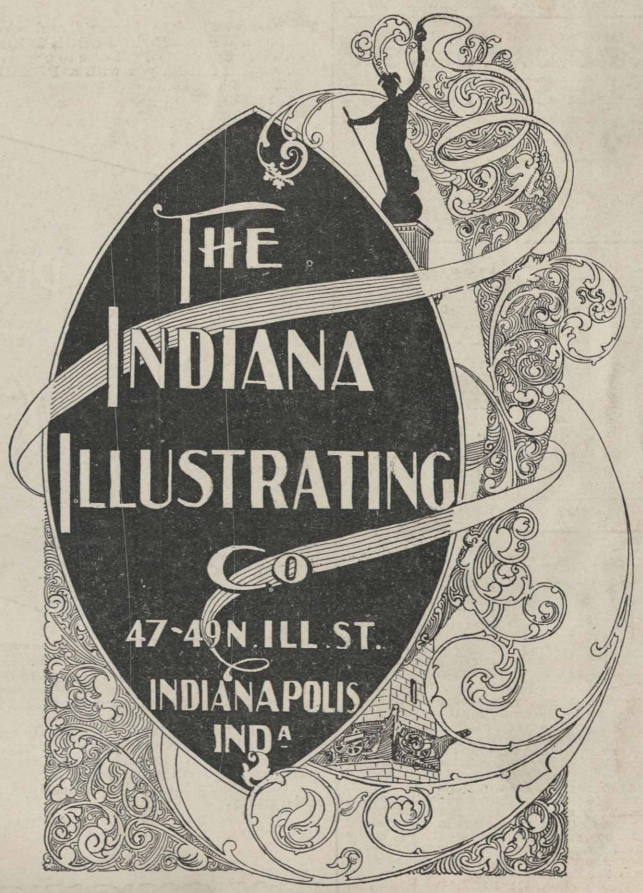
Mrs. Oftwed: "Why, lor' bless yer, I'm expectin' to be tried for bigamy in a week or two."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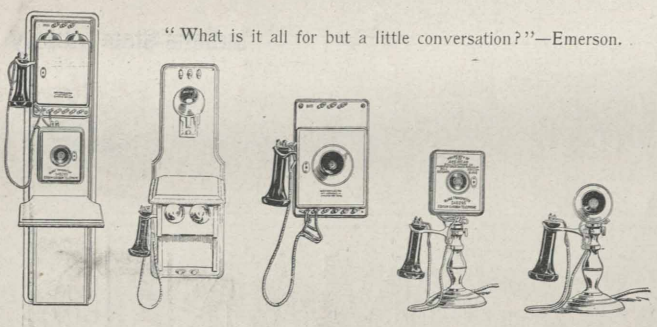

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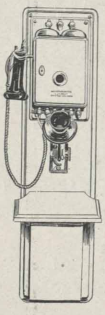

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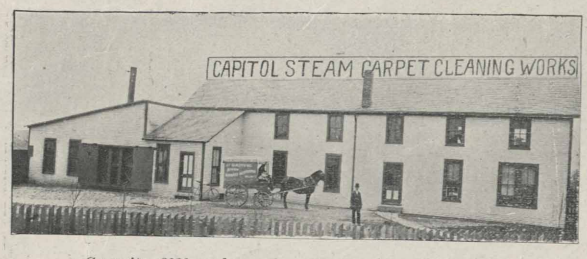


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## The Indiana Illustrating Co.

47-49 North Illinois Street

# THE INDIANA WOMAN

Vol. V. Indianapolis, Saturday Afternoon, December 4, 1897 No. 3.


## WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG

The popularity of "A Lady of Quality" and its successful dramatization have caused the companion book, "His Grace of Osmonde" recently issued, to be much talked about. One thing upon which everyone seems to harp is the fact that this new book is not a sequel, but what might be called a companion book to "A Lady of Quality" and Mrs. Burnett is given great credit for having invented a new style of story. While Mrs. Burnett has used the idea very cleverly, she does not deserve to be called its originator. Just who the inventor of the "companion" books was I do not know, but a western writer, a native of Illinois, wrote the first one which ever came under my notice. Joseph Kirkland, of whose "Zury" frequent mention has been made in these columns, wrote a companion book to "Zury." It was called "The McVeys" and the story told in its pages concerned the people in "Zury" and ran along with that book, so that it could not be called a sequel, but more properly a companion book. Honor to whom honor is due! Praise Mrs. Burnett if you will, for the cleverness of her story, but do not brand her method as original until you know that it is so.

—

"When doctors disagree!" Just what follows in the quotation is not material, but it is pretty generally understood that the time which follows might be called in vulgar parlance "a monkey and a parrot time." When ministers disagree something lively is sure to follow, too. Now that the ministers of our city have gotten started on the exposition of their opinions on popular amusements, the public may expect to be highly entertained. Not that the public will care very much what its individual minister thinks about it; whether he approves of the theater or disapproves of it, and whether or not he condemns card playing and dancing. The trouble with the public in these days is that it allows its minister to have his views on such subjects, and that it has its own views, too. The minister is no longer the strict guardian of the public morals that he was in the days of Calvin and John Knox, or of later divines, who inveighed in the pulpit against gold breastpins and artificial flowers. If the ministers were to stop and take these things into consideration, they might save some expenditure of energy, or expend that energy in some other direction where it is more needed.

—

In a town which has the reputation of being as public spirited as Indianapolis, it is strange that so necessary an institution as the Art School should be discontinued for lack of funds. While Indianapolis is not the wealthiest city in the state it numbers among its citizens many men of means who could spare enough to put the Art School on a firm footing. Some of them may indeed contemplate so doing after their death. But why wait? Why not make some magnificent gift while living that they may receive the congratulations of the public and see that their desire is properly carried out? Indianapolis has the reputation of being sadly indifferent to its artists. Recent occurreances would seem to show that it is living up to its reputation.

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A glance over the Club Calendar published in these columns each week, shows that Tuesday and Friday are the favorite days for club meetings, Saturday following close behind. Only three Indianapolis Clubs, so far as is known, meet on Monday, one of these the Gentleman's Club. Many of the clubs meet on Saturday because they are largely composed of teachers who are not at liberty on other afternoons of the week. But every day of the week except Sunday is represented in the Club Calendar and the Club fiend may scan the calendar and find club entertainments of some sort for every day.

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There has been some discussion lately concerning the new club federation in Indiana, and a very pleasant and profitable one. as its many meetings have proven. But unfortunately—so some people seem to think—this State Federation of Clubs has admitted mixed clubs and men's clubs, and hence the Federation can not be admitted into the National Federation of Woman's Clubs.

Photo by Joseph Gray Kitchell.
MRS. MARSHALL TILTON LEVEY.

Now as it seems to be absolutely necessary that the Woman's Clubs of Indiana shall be admitted to the National Federation, and since the present Federation can not be admitted, it is easy to see that a new Federation composed solely of Woman's Clubs shall be formed. On this account a delegate from the various clubs have been called to meet in this city, and although the time of meeting has been postponed once, it is to be called again soon. Unfortunately, it is said little interest has been taken in it so far. The present federation just as it is, is so satisfying to most of the club people that they do not care to have its place usurped by another.

One of our exchanges has published a symposium of women's views of men's weakness, and what they most hate in man, in which many distinguished women in the country have expressed themselves. It is interesting reading for a man. It makes him wonder if he appears alike to all women, or what kind of men most of these women have known. Conceit and selfishness seem to be the two traits which all unite in scoring, and one would think that these two elements formed the main part of the composition of man. Those who have room to add anything else made note of a few other minor failings, such as cruelty, slanderous talk about women (this from Nellie Bly) inconstancy and hypocrisy. There is only one woman in the whole twenty-seven who declares that she has not time to hate anybody; she adds that over-developed selfishness is the fault of the whole human race—not of man alone. To this lady, I take off my hat. As to the others, —I would remind them that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

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Where is the Sanitary Society these days? We used to see frequent letters in the papers on the habit of spitting in street and the impression in some way got abroad that the Sanitary Society was going to take some step to put a stop to this abominable nuisance? Have the ladies wearied in well doing? Or have they thought that the short skirt so much worn on the street makes clean pavements unnecessary? There are several places on our down-town streets which are revolting to look upon because of the number of men and boys who congregate thereabouts and spit upon the pavement. One of these is West Market between Meridian and Illinois. There are many others notably the East Washington and Delaware street corner. If the Sanitary Society has any influence, it is to be hoped that it will begin to exert it.

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A syndicate writer has been telling us at great length just what we must do when we are invited to dine with Queen Victoria. We must straightway cancel every other engagement, we must respond according to a certain form, and we must act "just so" when we reach the place of festivity. As very few of those American citizens who read this bit of newspaper talk will ever be invited to dine with the Queen, it would seem a superfluous piece of information.

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We are most grateful for heated street cars this winter, but one good turn deserves another, so we will continue to demand that the street car company put illuminated signs on all the cars.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

# The Indiana Woman

An Illustrated Weekly Family Journal

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Will be furnished on application. The value of this journal as an advertising medium is unquestioned. It is a popular home paper. It is without doubt the most effective, the most economical medium in this city for reaching the intelligent people in the cities and towns in Indiana.

KATE MILNER RABB, Editor.


## Pen Portraits of Well-known People.

MR JOSEPH O'MARA.

One of the finest dramatic tenors on the operatic stage is Mr. Joseph O'Mara. Mr. O'Mara has just been engaged by DeKoven and Smith for the leading role of their new romantic comic opera, "The Highwayman."

In 1889, Mr. O'Mara went to Milan where for two years he studied voice culture with the best masters. Returning to London he called upon D Oyley Carte one afternoon and had his voice tried, and was immediately engaged to assume the title role of "Ivanhoe." This was his first stage experience, and a most important one for a beginner. "Ivanhoe" lasted the season through, O'Mara making it a fine success. In '92 he organized his own concert company and appeared with success in Great Britain and Ireland. For the following season he was engaged by Sir Augustus Harris to appear in his Italian Grand Opera Company at Drury Lane. During his stay in Milan the young tenor had mastered the Italian language. In Sir Harris' company he appeared in the title role of "Faust" with Emma Eames, and in "Cavalliera Rusticana" with Calve. In '96 he organized another concert company and when "Shamus O'Brien" was produced he was engaged for the part of Mike Murphy. In "The Highwayman" he plays the part of Dick Fitzgerald, who, ruined by a sharper, takes to the road and becomes known as Captain Scarlet.

## Of Interest to Whist Players.

The American Whist Club of Indianapolis was organized in January 1894 for the study and play of the scientific game of Whist, and the social and intellectual development of its members. Its meeting place is in "The Denison," where it has pleasant rooms. The regular meetings are on Tuesday and Saturday evenings of each week. The rooms, however, are open to members throughout the week, and games played at other than the regular meetings are placed on a separate score. A Ladies' night is held once a month, on Wednesday evening.

The membership of the club is limited to one hundred. The laws and rules of etiquette of the American Whist League govern in both straight and duplicate whist.

The Club is a member of the American Whist League, and its members are entitled to the courtesies and privileges of the one hundred and fifty clubs of the League, located in the principal cities of the United States.

The majority of the members of this club are enthusiastic over the game, and in consequence the attendance at the meetings is good. Among the most regular attendants are Dr. J. F. Johnson, Dr. J. A. Comingor. Dr, E. D. Waterman, Judge T. E. Sullivan and Mr. C. E. Coffin.

The Officers of the Club are James A. Hamilton, president; John F. Johnson, vice-president; Charles E. Holloway, treasurer; and Charles E. Coffin, secretary.

## My Lady's Jewel Case.

THE PEARL.

Although fashion's changes are many, and the jewel which sparkles on my lady's fingers and around her "neck's rose-misted marble" through one season, may be hid in the bottom of the jewel case almost forgotten by another season, there is one gem which retains its popularity, only rivalled by the diamond, and that is the pearl. It is set in engagement rings; it is woven into necklaces; it is used to embroider prince's garments; and in whatever way it is used, alone, or in combination with other gems, it has a beauty of its own which is undimmed by comparison with its more showy rivals.

We all know how Julius Caesar, when he was in love with the mother of Marcus Brutus, gave her a pearl worth nearly a quarter of a million of our money; and how Mark Antony drank one dissolved in vinegar, which cost nearly four millions, while Clodius, the glutton swallowed one worth forty thousand. The example of Cleopatra found an imitator even in sober England. Sir Thomas Gresham, not otherwise famous for acts of folly, still so mistook the meaning of loyalty that he ground a pearl which cost him fifteen thousand pounds, into a cup of wine, in order to drink thus the health of the queen. The largest pearl on record is probably one brought by the most romantic of all travelers and dealers in precious gems, Tavernier of Catifa, in Arabia, where a pearl fishery existed already in the days of Pliny. It is said—for this pearl is unknown in our day—to have been pear-shaped, perfect in all respects, and nearly three inches long. He obtained from the Shah of Persia the enormous sum of one hundred and eleven thousand pounds for the gem.

Hope's pearl, which is looked upon as the finest now known, is two inches long and four inches round. It weighs eighteen hundred grains, and like all such varieties is of such enormous and uncertain values that no one would buy it at the market price. The most beautiful collection of pearls belongs to the Dowager Empress of Russia. Her husband was exceedingly fond of her, and, as he shared with other fancies also that for fine pearls with her, he sought them all over the world. They had to fulfil two conditions rarely to be met with; they must be perfect spheres, and they must be virgin pearls, for he would buy none that had been worn by others. After twenty-five years search he at last succeeded in presenting his empress with a necklace such as the world had never seen before. He was not the only modern who had a weakness for these gems. Queen Victoria is very fond of them and she has presented each of her daughters with a necklace of these gems.

As this admiration for fine pearls has been a common weakness of men in all ages and in all countries, we need not wonder at their playing a prominent part in religious writings; still it is remarkable that they are mentioned but once in all the Old Testament; namely in Job XXIII, 18, in conjunction with coral. Solomon's merchant navy traded to Ormuzd and Ind, possibly even to Ceylon; yet though his ships are recorded to have brought back consignments of ivory, apes, and peacocks, and doubtless precious stones also, we hear nothing of pearls in the enumeration of their master's riches. However, in the New Testament we find the "pearl of great price" employed as an image familiar to oriental minds, to typify something of exceeding beauty and value; and in after years, throughout the flowery language of Eastern poets and improvisators, "fair and spotless as a pearl" became proverbial, more especially in reference to the unsullied purity of virtue. We can hardly suppose that the pearl oyster of Ceylon or the Persian Gulf were unknown to Solomon or to his Phoenician ally Hiram, king of Tyre, whose ships traded far and wide, and possibly rounded the Cape of Storms centuries before Vasco de Gama renamed it the "Cape of Good Hope" on his way to India.

Pearls appear to have been known in Rome after the Jugurthine War, but it was not until after the taking of Alexandria that they became universally fashionable in the imperial city. Previously to this, however, the fame of the pearls of Britain had reached the ears of Julius Caesar in Gaul, and Suetonius declares that this was the real inducement for Caesar's invasion of Britain where he hoped to possess himself of some of these pearly treasures.

Brittanic pearls soon became the rage in Rome and enormous prices were paid for choice specimens by the fair leaders of the ton of Rome. Antony, or as some allege, Agrippa, brought a pearl from Egypt so large that, cut in half, it formed a pair of earrings for the statue of Venus in the Pantheon; but his was of course an Oriental or an African gem. The ladies of Pompeii and Baiae, wore pearls in their hair and on various parts of their dress, even on the straps of their sandals, as well as on their arms, neck and ears. The wife of Caligula, according to Pliny, at one time wore strands of emeralds and pearls on her head, hair, neck, arms, fingers and every possible part of her dress to the value of 15,000,000 dollars of our money. The Brittanic pearls, so highly esteemed in those days, were of a pinky hue; the pearls from the Persian Gulf were golden yellow, and those from Ceylon mostly white.

In the middle ages, Scotch pearls were celebrated on the Continent of Europe for their size and beauty, and their peculiar pink hue was highly esteemed by foreign magnates. The famous hussar jacket of Prince Esterhazy, entirely covered with pearl embroidery, was largely indebted for its sheeny splendor to Scottish pearls. But pearls are fragile things to hold, and at court festivities the prince's track in a waltz was marked by a shower of pearls scattered profusely around him, while the wear and tear incidental to donning and doffing the precious garment, was a small fortune to his valet, who gathered up the cast-off wealth of his master from the dressing room floor.

SIDNEY SWIFT.

## Notes on the Revolutionary Societies

The Daughters of the American Revolution will give an evening reception at the residence of Mrs. W. H. Coleman, December 13. The committee having the entertainment in charge is Mrs. Bement Lyman, Mrs. John N. Carey, Mrs. J. H. Claypool, Mrs. J. A. Milburn and Miss Malott. The program consists of old songs and dances.

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The lucky descendants of the Mayflower passengers are to be envied for the insignia that come with the certificate of membership in to the society of Mayflower Descendants. They are of chaste design, consisting of a medallion bearing an embossed representation of the Mayflower, surrounded by a wreath of mayflowers and depending from a pale pink ribbon.

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"Ye ancient Codfish" was the title of a paper read by a Boston woman at a recent meeting of her chapter of the D. A. R.

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One of the prizes given at the patriotic Whist parties in Boston mentioned in our last number, was a rare old button, one hundred and fifty years old, set in a hat pin. The other prizes were equally quaint and appropriate.

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The Society of Mayflower Descendants in Massachusetts has offered prizes to artists for a design for a book plate to be used by the society.

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The Colonial and Revolutionary Societies may congratulate themselves on the way in which they have stimulated the study of history. Almost everyone who has an ancestry dating back to pre-Revolutionary times can bring to light a true story of romance, or of heroism, which would put "make-up" stories of the novelists to shame. Many charming and excellent books have been published recently, whose production is due solely to these societies. Some charming juveniles are dedicated to the Society of the Children of the American Revolution.

## The Woman and the Book.

Indianapolis people will be glad to read this favorable comment from "The Boston Home Journal" on the work of a former Indianapolis girl.

"The general public always feels an interest in the first appearance of any

MISS ANNA FARQUHAR.

artist, whether singer, painter, author or actor. In the case of the woman whose face is pictured on this page, and whose first novel, 'A Singer's Heart,' has just been published by Roberts Brothers, the interest is strong in this city, where Miss Farquhar has lived for many years and where she is well known.

Anna Farquhar is a musician as well as an author. She teaches music, she also writes a good deal for the press, and has published some short stories that have met with favorable attention from thoughtful readers. Her father, Col. John H. Farquhar, served honorably through the war, and was afterward sent to Congress from one of the eastern districts of the state. He was known as a man of culture and ability, and these qualities his daughter inherits to a marked degree.

In Miss Farquhar's novel she has used her knowledge of the musical world to advantage, as might be guessed from the title. It is the story of the path to success trodden by an ambitious, gifted girl. It tells of the friendships and love affairs of this girl, as well as of her artistic successes. There is a constant undercurrent of bright philosophical comment on men and things, sometimes openly contributed by the author, while sometimes the words are put into the mouths of characters. Most people will read the book for the story, but they will longest remember these witty, sententious passages.

For instance: 'It is said that the first year of matrimony is altogether the most crucial to the participants. The

Continued on page 14.

# TOLD IN OLD LETTERS.

MAREARET HOLLIDAY TO PATTY STAPLETON.

Philadelphia, December 28, 1780.

"Dear Patty:

For not telling you more about how I am spending my time you chide me, but truly it is little there were to tell. As you will readily believe, few there are who are thinking of balls or routs or gaiety. How could there be when our brave Patriot army is suffering and struggling against such odds? Of course there has been great rejoicing over the arrival of the French fleet and troops, though they come too late for any co-operation till next year. At the same time the public Credit is at such a low ebb, and the commissary supplies so exhausted, that our brave Soldiers are in the greatest want, especially of clothing, and now that the cold weather has set in, the tales that reach us of their distress are truly pitiful.

Such being the case, the ladies of the city have formed an association for their relief, all ranks of society joining in the worthy effort. And knowing the scarcity of money, you will be surprised to learn that more than seven thousand five hundred dollars in specie have already been raised. Among the most munificent donors are the gallant young Marquis de Lafayette, who contributed in the name of his wife; the Countess de Luzern, wife of the French minister, and our own Lady Washington. Many who had no large sums to contribute have given their trinkets; and I may tell you in confidence that I no longer possess the pearl ring and the ruby locket you so often have seen me wear, and that Aunt Esther and myself do without some accustomed articles on the table. But happy am I in denying myself a little for the heroic men who are making every sacrifice for our Cause, and my one regret is that my ability is not equal to my wishes.

Lady Washington, on her way to join our noble Commander-in-Chief at his winter-quarters, staid several days in Philadelphia, where she entered most heartily into our labors, and won all hearts by her gracious bearing and unaffected kindness of heart.

The prevailing sickness has somewhat delayed the work, but now there has been finished, and I have helped pack for forwarding to camp, 2500 garments, and, as our president, Mistress Bache, the daughter of Franklin, wrote to General Washington, 'We wish them to be worn with as much pleasure as they were made.' And certain I am that I could ask no more for those that bore my handiwork.

The fancy was adopted that each should make a garment and attach thereto her name, and some are so rash as to hope that they may hear further from them. I affixed to mine a few words with my name, as it seemed best to conform to the common custom, but all I hope is that it may add to the comfort of some poor soldier this bitter winter.

I fear that you will deem this a rather prosy epistle, but I have written of what my heart was full. And so, wishing you and our Country a Happy New Year, and the speedy coming of that peace for which we are all praying,

Your affectionate friend,
MARGARET HOLLIDAY.

—

MARGARET HOLLIDAY TO PATTY STAPLETON.

Philadelphia, February 10, 1781.

"Dear Patty:

As you were pleased to manifest so lively an interest regarding the garments sent to the soldiers, I hasten to tell you that I have, to my great surprise and greater pleasure, received tidings from the one that bore my most unworthy name. Yesterday a letter came by post which I here transcribe—being unwilling to part with the original—for your perusal.

"'Mistress Margaret Holliday.

Honored and esteemed Madam:—It gives me great pleasure to express—even though it be in a most feeble and imperfect manner—my gratitude for, and appreciation of, your kind and truly timely gift, and to assure you that the knowledge that sympathy for our efforts, and devotion to our Cause prompted your fingers to their task, will still more add to its warmth and comfort.

And with the hope that if ever you be called to meet the chill and storms of life—I pray you be not—may an equally ready heart and hand in like manner mitigate their severity. I remain

Y'r most humble and Obedient Servant,
KINGSLEY ASPEL, Captain,
3d Virginia Cavalry.'"

'Now, Patty, is not that a most charming letter; at once brief, modest and expressive. Aunt Esther was much pleased therewith and was half-minded that it deserved an acknowledgment, but I liked not the thought, fearing that Captain Aspel would think me over bold. However, having neither father nor brother, nor any dearer among our Country's defenders to pray for, save Uncle Abner and cousin Charles, I may tell you, to whom I tell everything as to a second self, that to theirs I have added the name of Captain Aspel and shall daily entreat the dear Lord to have him in his keeping, and be to him a shield and defender in the hour of battle and of danger.

My duty to your Mother and with renewed assurance of my love.

Affectionately,
MARGARET."

—

Philadelphia, June 10th, 1781.

"Dear Patty:

Such an unlooked for event has come into the quiet current of my life, that I cannot sleep till I have indited this epistle to make you acquainted with its nature.

It was this morning. Aunt Esther was busy with Phyllis in the kitchen, and having attended to my regular task of putting the rooms in order, I had gone out into the garden for fresh flowers with which to replenish the jars. My favorite blush-roses are in their prime, and I had filled my arms with them and was coming to the house, lilting away at the top of my voice, as you know I am so apt to do. The sun being in my eyes I was holding them bent down, and so, not till my foot was even on the steps did I see a stranger standing at the door; a young officer in the Continental uniform. And at the first glance I could but notice how the blue and buff set off his fine form and manly face.

Seeing me, he turned and lifted his hat with the courteous dignity of a soldier and a gentleman, asking, 'Is Mistress Margaret Holliday within, can you tell me?'

My shamefaced air, I misdoubt not, answered for me, before I could speak he added, 'Methinks this may be Mistress Margaret Holliday herself. If so, though a stranger to her, I am not to her kindness or her handiwork.'

With this I did not need more than you will to be told that this was none other than Captain Aspel.

And then, O, Patty! I blushed and stammered, and was so awkward and confused and at a loss for words, that I fear had Mistress Hannah Dyer been there she would have held me a disgrace to her teaching, and altogether refused to have owned me as a pupil. But by the time Captain Aspel had explained that being intrusted with a commission to Philadelphia, he had taken the liberty of calling to pay his respects, I did manage to find my tongue and gave him a greeting in some sort and invited him within, where Aunt Esther did so cordially entertain and entreat him that he remained with us till afternoon.

In truth, Aunt Esther and I found him a most agreeable guest. Indeed Aunt Esther thinks that it is long since she has seen a young man his superior. However, she is such an ardent patriot that a blue and buff uniform could hardly fail to be a passport to her favor. And truly, though it is in no way likely that I shall ever see Captain Aspel again, it will always remain a pleasure to have known, even though briefly, one so true and high-minded and worthy of esteem. Yours with love,

MARGARET."

—

CAPTAIN KINGSLEY ASPEL TO SALLY ASPEL.

"Philadelphia, June 10, 1781.

"Ever Dear Sister:

You will, I doubt not, mind my writing you last winter of the generous and most timely gift of garments from the ladies of this city. And also of the one that it was my good fortune to receive, made as it was with a care and nicety that would have delighted the heart of our good mother, and accompanied by a most modest and patriotic little note bearing the maker's name.

I duly attempted, albeit in most clumsy fashion, to acknowledge the gift and express my thanks, but nothing further did I elicit from Mistress Margaret Holliday, who were she young or old, maid or matron I could not guess. So being intrusted with an errand concerning some equipments which brought me to Philadelphia last week and still detains me here, and having this morning both the time and, I will confess, the curiosity, I determined to seek out my unknown benefactoress.

By dint of inquiry I at last found her home. Quite in the suburbs, among orchards and sweet-smelling gardens with a glimpse of the river showing beyond, a modest brick house set in a deep yard full of roses and blossoming shrubs, all as neatly kept as possible. As I went up the straight, brick-paved walk I heard a fresh girlish voice singing not far away, and as I was about to lift the knocker on the white door, around a tall syringa bush the singer herself came in sight. A young girl in a white dimity gown, her arms full of branches of blossoming roses, and her face under the wide-brimmed sun-shade as fair and sweet as the flowers, and hardly less rosy as she paused in pretty confusion at the sudden sight of a stranger.

I had scarcely dared hope as much, but when I made my inquiry, her face, whose perfect innocence makes it easy to read, gave me assurance that this vision of beauty and she I was seeking were the same. Then when I had made myself known, she bade me welcome with the grace of a thorough lady, and yet withal a shyness as charming as it was modest. So scant these past years have my opportunities been for enjoying the delight of refined society, that you can imagine my pleasure in this experience. In truth, the hours I spent there—for I had not the heart to refuse a most kindly invitation to dine—flew as though they had been winged. The house within I found well appointed and most perfectly ordered, the fit shrine for such a flower, and the aunt and hostess, Mistress Welford, a matron formed on the model of all the Virtues.

And Mistress Margaret, my Northern Rose I call her to myself, I wish I could tell you how every moment but increased my admiration for her qualities of heart and mind, as well as for her loveliness.

'My Northern Rose' you will echo. Ah, Sally, but this is no tropical bloom to open a day, but rather a flower as delicate in unfolding as one of her own blush roses. Besides, I mind me that I am a soldier, and that it may be the fortune of war that roses shall blossom over my breast instead of my gathering one to wear upon it.

In the mean time let us labor and pray for that Peace our country needs so sorely. I see by the post that Cornwallis has taken command of the British forces in Virginia. There is much and loud talk of our moving on New York, but I fancy—and have reason for so doing—that to be for Howe's benefit, and that when we do move it will be in a far different direction.

Albeit no more of this at present.

Your loving brother and Obedient Servant KINGSLEY ASPEL.

—

MARGARET HOLLIDAY TO PATTY STAPLETON.

"Philadelphia, June 16th, 1782.

"Dear Patty:

With a mind in such a tumult do I take up my pen that I can scarce find the words with which to express myself. And wherefore do you ask? That is what I will attempt to set in such order here as I may.

And to do that I must go back to yesterday morning, when Aunt Esther, thinking of the hundred-leaf roses in their prime, wished some gathered for drying to strew, as is her wont, with lavender among her linen, and I had gone out into the garden to engage in that duty. But I fear my hands were not over diligent, for what with the rose bushes bending under their blossom burden, the air so full of fragrance, the soft warm June sunshine, and the murmur of the humming bees, my mind would stray from the quiet beauty of the scene to the peace which now seems so happily assured to our beloved country.

For after his long absence Uncle Abner is home once more, and hearing him tell the tales of these past years, we live them as it were anew and so rejoice afresh. Nor was it strange, the more so with the roses minding me of his visit here, that from him my thoughts should go on to Captain Aspel, with whom as you know I have with Aunt Esther's approval—exchanged sundry epistles last year, and who is still with Washington on the Hudson. And it has chanced Uncle Abner to be brought into contact with the Third Virginia Cavalry, and he has been telling us somewhat of the gallant conduct of Captain Aspel, especially at Yorktown, where he won both a wound and the commendation of the General, from which it would seem that his courage is only equalled by his modesty. And just as I was musing on the strange hap that had brought about our acquaintance, with, I will confess it, a little regret that it must of necessity soon be ended, our places in life lying so widely asunder, I heard a step coming down the gravel walk, but minded it not, thinking it was Uncle Abner come out for a look at the garden, till, noting an unwonted quickness in the tread I looked to see standing before me the very one who was at that moment in my mind, Captain Aspel himself.

That it should be so, set my face aflame, redder than any rose in the garden, I doubt not. And because of my

Continued on page 14.

# POINTS BY PYKE.

"Sing on, sweet bird! her chorus rang,
And scarce the words had gone
From forth her lips, than still she sang,
Sing on sweet bird, sing on!"
The bird sang not, as it was bid,
For clearly at a glance
You'll see that this fair lady did
Not give the bird a chance!

—

Pyke has lately been the recipient of some very pretty bits of music from Indianapolis people. "The Song of Tirzah," the words of which are taken from "Ben Hur" and the music composed by Mr. C. E. Merrifield of this city, is one of the most beautiful little songs it has been my good fortune to hear for a long time. The melody fits the words, and the changes are particularly fine.

—

Mr. Merrifield is possessed of considerable artistic ability, for he is not only a composer of music, but a writer of excellent verses.

—

"Orange Polka" by Beardsley Woods, published by Wulschner & Son of this city, is a bright little piece for beginners in music. It is one of a series called the Soda Fountain Set.

—

Not long ago Pyke had occasion to remark on some Indianapolis woman who went calling on her day at home, and brazenly left cards inscribed with her day. This lady has since explained to Pyke that it was absolutely necessary to go calling on her day because women in this city pay so little attention to days at home, that her day was the only day in the week when she was ever free from callers. All the other days her friends flocked in upon her but they ignored her day completely so that she was driven at last to pay her calls upon that day.

—

One of the most beautiful art rooms in the city will shortly be completed. Miss Voss's beautiful collection of art treasures has long been familiar to her friends who also know that not long ago she purchased Parks' statue, of the Bacchante, which was on exhibition in our city last year. Miss Voss has had her room enlarged to admit this statue and has decorated it anew and most beautifully. Her other art treasures which she considers worthy of comparison with this masterpiece of sculpture will be again placed in the room, which will certainly be one of the most beautiful features of Indianapolis.

—

Now that the Boy's Club has been provided with such a comfortable home, those ladies who have labored in its behalf so long may feel encouraged to continue in the good work. If more people would raise memorials to their beloved dead in this way instead of burying their money in memorial windows, there might be more hope for the coming generation of the submerged tenth.

—

A few street car lines have illuminated signs, but they are of a very poor kind, the letters being so irregular in outline and so close together that it is difficult to decipher them. Since the Indianapolis public can read, why not have signs which are decipherable after nightfall on all the cars?

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Why does not some one invent a phosphorescent sign which could be read after nightfall? This would be excellent for house numbers, too, as well as for street car signs.

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I wonder what the Indianapolis people think of strangers in the town anyway, and how they expect them to find their homes? A few of the old houses show the old number against the transom which is usually illuminated from the hall. But in the newer houses the numbers are put in out of way places, where, in the dark especially, it is impossible to find them.

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One highly respectable neighborhood in this city is horrified to find itself the scene of a burglary. A vacant house, in which some goods were stored was entered and the stolen goods were found in highly respectable families, who were found by the police in the act of reading the books they had

EDNA KRAUSS,
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul H. Krauss.

carried away with them. This latter fact of course proved that they were intellectual and probably club people. The names given were almost unknown in the neighborhood, and now its aggrieved families are on the trail of the reporter who wrote up the robbery.

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Velvet gowns seem to be popular this winter, if man's opinion is worth recording—they are very pretty and becoming. Pyke has seen two lately which particularly struck his fancy. Both were black velvet and both worn by blondes. One was trimmed with white lace—point lace—corrects the woman at my side—and the other with a color which the same mentor says was "cerise." Both were very beautiful and Pyke has been on the look-out for more velvet gowns.

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An Indianapolis woman who has lately been in Ohio attended a party at which Mrs. Calvin Brice wore forty thousand dollars worth of diamonds, all at one time.

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Although there are not so many debutantes this season, some social functions are going to be given for those who are really new buds. One pretty chatelaine who is going to give a function for a debutante has given all her friends warning that if they are not young it is not worth while for them to expect to be invited. At a bud's tea there shall be nothing but young girls she says. But the men? queried one young woman who had been told that she could not go because she was "too old." "You said you were going to invite my brother, and he is older than I." "Certainly," replied the hostess to be, "but that is the advantage that men have over women my dear," and with that explanation the young women must needs be satisfied.

Mr. Anthony Hope has come and gone, leaving behind a pleasant memory. Indianapolis people were very favorably impressed with the young Englishman, and he must surely have taken away with him a very pleasant impression of our city and its fair women.

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I say women advisedly, for where were the men at the reception? The Century Club must be very self sacrificing, or very gallant to give such a reception for the benefit of their lady friends. There were a few of the club members at the reception, but a very few. Perhaps Mr. Hawkins thinks the club a woman's club.

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Some one has suggested as a reason for their "fewness" that they wanted to appear too busy to attend such a social function in the daytime.

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After a good look at Mr. Hawkins, one felt that the pictures of him had done him a rank injustice. The photographer had rubbed out the expressive lines in his countenance, had put back the hair on top of his head, "right where the hair ought to grow," and had given a heavy expression to his face. In short, the pictures looked very much like a highly respectable priest.

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The only good picture of Mr. Hawkins printed in this country, was one

LIZETTE KRAUSS,
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul H. Krauss.

which appeared in "the Criterion," and was copied in THE INDIANA WOMAN. It looked exactly like him.

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At the reading given for Mr. Hawkins, Indianapolis forgot its usual coldness and showed its appreciation of his humor by hearty laughter and frequent applause. Perhaps it is only at the theater, where they feel that they have paid their money, that they are critical.

PYKE.

## Stray Tales of the Town.

The other day during the bank trial, Attorney General Ketcham was questioning a witness and addressing the jury in a very heated manner. To the judge the room seemed very close, and he arose to consult the thermometer. Mr. Ketcham, noting his action, inquired of the juryman near whom he was standing, if the room seemed too warm to him. Mr. W. H. H. Miller remarked to Mr. Ketcham that perhaps his heated talk had caused the rise in temperature which was rendering the jurymen in his vicinity so uncomfortable. Mr. Ketcham replied instantly; "Perhaps; if so, I would suggest that the juryman move over next to you to become cooler." For some reason,—perhaps because he was a literal-minded man, or had heard of Mr. Miller's frigidity, the juryman near Mr. Ketcham changed seats with the juryman next to Mr. Miller, and the trial went on.

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A young professional man of this city used to go out of town frequently to see the girl of his choice. His wife now tells a funny story on him on the occasion of his first visit to her home. He was invited to dinner with her family very informally and her mother, who poured the coffee, asked him if he drank coffee. He was younger then than he is now, and more timid, and he faltered out,—"No, I never drink tea or coffee at night unless I am going to sit up late." Then he accepted the cup of coffee which the hospitable hostess pressed upon him. He sat up late, too, as she knew he would, and this story has ever since been a family joke.

—

Mrs. De Grubbe is very fond of talking about her ancestors, and showing to visitors—or, rather, to those who do not know that her grandfather kept a fish shop—suits of armor and various other relics of the past generations.

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Legrand, these relics have been handed down for generations," she explained to a lady visitor recently. "Now this coat of armor was worn by one of them at the battle of—Dear me! I quite forget for the moment, but it was some hundreds of years ago"

"It seems very light for those times," remarked the visitor quietly.

"Er, yes. But he was always a delicate man, and this was made on purpose," returned Mrs. De Grubbe, feeling that she had got into a tight place.

"And on the inner side," persisted the lady, "It says 'Made in Germany.'"

"Just so," replied Mrs. De Grubbe in some confusion, "but then you know, that was where my ancestors started from!"

She was glad when that visitor went.

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One day a little Indianapolis matron was going to have a ladies' luncheon, and she invited her husband not to come home at noon. He promised to get his lunch down town and set off cheerfully to his office. Just at noon she looked out of the parlor window and saw him coming up the steps. Her son is away at school and she immediately imagined that her husband was bringing home some bad news from him. Excusing herself to her guests she rushed to the door. "Why what's the matter?" she asked breathlessly.

"The matter?" he replied calmly, while taking off his coat.

"Yes, why are you home? Why did you come home?" she continued.

"Why, don't I always come home?" he inquired, surprised.

And not till then did he and she realize that this most absent-minded of absent-minded men had forgotten that he was invited to stay away from home that day. But he did not care after all, for he got to eat lunch with the ladies.

—

An old foreigner in this city was, not long ago, very deeply aggrieved, and went to his lawyer with his tale of woe. "I live near a church, he said, "and every Sunday afternoon, my family and some of our friends gather in our garden and have a little game of some sort. And what do these church people do but threaten to go to law with us, for disturbing them in their worship with our noise, as they call it. Noise," added he, disdainfully, "we don't make half the awful noises they make with their organ and their singing and their preaching."

## NEXT WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

AT ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, December 6, 7, and 8, Marie Dressler and John C. Rice with an excellent company, will appear at English's in the play "Courted Into Court."

As "Good wine needs no bush" good plays need no lengthy advance notices. The simple announcement of their coming is usually sufficient to start the footsteps of an amusing-loving public boxofficewards. Especially is this true of "Courted Into Court," a comedy from the pen of John J. McNally, "Courted Into Court" is another one of Rich & Harris' production. An exceptionally strong cast of comedy players have been furnished for the correct interpretation of this comedy and it is safe to predict that the success vouchsafed it elsewhere will be duplicated at its Indianapolis engagement. The play is said to contain a coherent story and a discernible plot possible to discover without the aid of an X ray. The large company who will interpret "Courted Into Court" at English's is headed by Marie Dressler and John C. Rice.

On Thursday, December 9, Kellar, the magician will give a performance. Kellar is well known in Indianapolis, where he is always sure of a hearty welcome.

On Saturday, December 11, Joseph Jefferson will appear in Rip Van Winkle.

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AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, with Saturday matinee, December 9, 10, and 11, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske will appear in "Tess of the D'Urbevilles," Lorimer Stoddard's play from Thomas Hardy's novel. The dramatization is one of the best ever made of a great work of fiction, as it gives an admirable comedy element, while it preserves all of the more serious and pathetic incidents of the book. Aside from the great dramatic power and variety of Mrs. Fiske's play, she gives it in the form of one of the finest stage productions seen in years. No possible element is wanting in the presentation. Mrs. Fiske's wonderful impersonation of "Tess" has stamped her as the greatest actress known to the English speaking stage, and she is surrounded by the best company seen in support of a star in years. It includes Mary Shaw, Frederic de Belleville, Forrest Robinson, John Mack, Mary E. Barker, Wilfred North, George Trader, Sydney Cowell, Annie Vislaire, Dorothy Chester, Edith Wright and Frank McCormack. Each of these sterling actors was engaged with special reference to his or her individual fitness for one of the several story characters in the drama, and as a result, made more certain by the directing work of Mrs. Fiske, who is almost as famous for her genius for stage management as she is as an actress, one of the most symmetrical and powerful performances even seen on the stage is promised in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

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AT THE PARK THEATER.

Those who like good bright comedy, lively dialogue and catchy songs should not miss the opening scene of John W. Isham's "Octoroons" which will be played at the Park next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and those who enjoy the charming choruses of grand and comic opera, should not fail to witness the closing thirty minutes of this good musical novelty,as several gems of the old and new masters will be rendered as only the strong and melodious voices of the colored race can give. Among others will be "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Tar and Tartar," "Il Trovatore," "Red Hussar" and "El Capitan." The opening is the "Darktown Outing," a scene of fun and frivolity, dancing and humorous songs; then follows an olio of some of the prettiest sketches ever staged and lastly the thirty minutes around the operas. Altogether there is enough of variety and amusement to meet the taste of the most cosmopolitan audience and please it as well. This is not the company's first season and it still wins approval on familiar grounds. On Thursday Al Reeves' specialty company of thirty people comes to the Park for three days.

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All critics agree that the adaptation of Hardy's great story sets forth the characters and happenings of that author in a most vivid and dramatic form. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" may, in truth, be said to be a melodrama of the highest type, in that it illustrates many and varying phases of character in scenes of moving and engrossing interest wherein fine comedy alternates with tense emotional incidents. The two great scenes of the play—the confession of Tess to Angel Clare and her murder of Alec D'Urberville—are of course in the spirit of tragedy itself, but the play is happily varied to all the emotions.

It is seldom that so adequate a representation of a great work of fiction is seen on the stage. "Tess" the booksellers say is still as popular as ever in book form, and this would argue success of the drama made from it,even through curiosity to see Mrs. Fiske in its chief character, were less pronounced.

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Mrs. Mary Shaw, of the "Tess" company, who is said to be a very clever and interesting woman, while in Boston read a paper before the Play-goers' Club on "Actors and Managers." Mrs. Shaw urged greater organization and co-operation among theatrical people, and desired to see the prices of seats in theaters put down to $1 for the best, in order that the majority of citizens, instead of a minority, might be able to attend.

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It is a fact says a writer in the "Harlem Life" and a noticeable one, that many of the plays which have succeeded best the past two seasons have been those which have had the abundant romantic elements in them. If this is a sign that romanticism is regaining lost ground as a factor in dramatic writing, it is to be hailed with joy. Why should a man who is weary of the monotonous round of bread winning or cloyed with the insipidity of social observances wish to see his daily life reproduced on the stage? What rest is there in it? What he needs is the sweet breath of a forest and a story of love of the good old kind that has soothed and excited every generation of men. Let the romantic drama come back and take the middle of the stage and keep its well deserved place there.

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The project to dramatize Hall Caine's latest novel, "The Christian," seems to be in abeyance in England, and here, where the dramatization of "The Manxman" failed, this latest story has mediocre success. A man rather neatly summed up the situation the other day when on finishing the last chapter of "The Christian," he exclaimed; "Hall Caines look alike to me!"

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The management of the Strand Theater in London proposes making the experiment of giving a third ticket gratis to every person who purchases two. Such an experiment on the part of theatrical managers would be gratefully received in Indianapolis.

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It is said that "Courted into Court" is not a particularly strong play. McNally has used scenes that have been a part of other productions and there are very few funny situations. The enthusiastic audiences are explained by the numerous specialties introduced. The plot concerns Dolly Dimple (Marie Dressler), an actress who is loved by Worthington Wirth (John C. Rice). His parents are opposed to the marriage, but they are wedded when the second act begins. The third act takes place in a court, and here the wife, who has applied for a divorce, concludes that she will remain the wife of Wirth.

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Arthur Shirley's play, "The Bellringer," is to be produced at Brussels, Paris and New York at the same time it is in England. The play has two somber figures in it, one reminiscent of Poe and one of Lola. The bellringer commits a murder, of which his mother is the sole witness. When called on to testify she feigns paralysis and complete inability to speak or write. The trick succeeds—the murderer escapes. The retribution overtakes the bellringer. He is killed by a blow from his bell. Then the mother speaks to save an innocent man.

MARIE DRESSLER,
in "Courted into Court."

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In a recent speech Sir Henry Irving said that he once suggested to Lord Tennyson that he should write a play on the subject of Dante, and that the laureate replied that the subject was a good one, but that it would require a Dante to treat it.

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A new operetta by Planquette, "Mam'zell Quat'sous," is soon to be produced in France.

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Mrs. Fiske was born in New Orleans, and probably inherited her talent from her mother's family whose name she took for her stage name. She began her career by enacting juvenile parts, and early displayed remarkable talent. Her mother was a woman of wide culture and Mrs. Fiske's education was not neglected in spite of her dramatic work. At sixteen she became a star. She retired from the stage in 1890 on her marriage, for a period of rest and because she found no plays that fitted her temperament and individuality. In 1896-7 she toured the country in a play entitled "The Right to Happiness." She had been accepted throughout the country as the most original and artistic of American actresses, when in the spring of 1897, in "Tess," she electrified New York, whose critics declared her to be unequalled among actresses of the English tongue.

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Since speech making before the curtain was inaugurated at English's on the occasion of its opening, and has been kept up ever since,we may expect, throughout the winter to behold the heroes, whom we had seen a moment before the curtain fell wallowing in their gore, come forth, re-incarnated, to say pretty things to the Indianapolis people.

MRS. FISKE AS "TESS."

# INDIANA CLUBS AND THEIR WORK.

EDITED BY MRS. HARRIET W. KITTS.

## THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already passed,
A fifth shall close the drama with today;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

These prophetic lines written by Bishop Berkeley, in the early part of the 18th century, are embodied in a poem entitled, "On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America."

The "prospect" of 150 years ago has become the reality of today. In arts and learning as well as in progress of every kind America already stands shoulder to shoulder with the foremost nations of the world. Is the last line of the poem equally prophetic? Shall America become the Mecca of the intellectual world, the home of the Muses, the foster mother of poets, scholars, artists, sculptors and musicians? The women of this land and generation must answer. If they be noble, intellectual and honorably ambitious, the next century will witness such an era of progress in arts and learning in America, as has never been known in the history of the world.

The Woman's club is a power for good that is not even yet known and appreciated. This is especially true, in the smaller towns and villages, where the advantages of lecture, concert and exhibition, such as the metropolis enjoys, are too often lacking. Women in large cities may reap the benefit of other brains without much effort, on their own part; whereas their sisters of less fortunate situation, must remain ignorant, or study out for themselves the desired knowledge. And this is the province of the Woman's club—to offer incentive, assistance and encouragement to the seeker after knowledge.

## PEN PORTRAITS.

Miss Margaret Burnside, secretary of the "Criterion" of Liberty, is especially gifted in oratory. During the past summer, she won the "Demorest" gold medal, over eight other competitors. The contest took place at a grand annual Temperance Rally, where G. W. Bain, of Kentucky, was one of the speakers.

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Mrs. Ora Maxwell Bertch, president of the "Criterion" of Liberty, is the daughter of the auditor of Union County. A friend writes of her, "She is not only a beautiful woman, but also a very intelligent one, and is possessed largely of that one very rare and much needed gift—common sense."

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Mrs. Oliver Webster Peirce, Jr., president of the Thursday Club of Lafayette, is the youngest presiding officer we have thus far had the pleasure of presenting. She was born in Lafayette, Sept. 26, 1873; was educated in her native city, and married at twenty. She modestly disclaims the possession of any special gifts.

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Miss Fannie Amory Smith, secretary of the Thursday Club of Lafayette, is unable to boast of a much longer acquaintance with this world, for she was born June 4, 1871. A friend writes of her, "She is a Daughter of the American Revolution, a society leader, and an artist of considerable ability."

## THE THURSDAY CLUB, OF LAFAYETTE.

The Thursday Club, of Lafayette, is unique in its large percentage of unmarried members. Out of a register of seventeen, twelve are privileged to write "Miss" before their names. Indeed, the "Thursday" is the exception which proves the rule we have recently and frequently quoted in these columns—that the club movement is conspicuously confined to the married portion of femininity. But though it is one of the youngest clubs, as regards the age of its members, we have yet presented, it is not by any means the youngest in point of organization, although it may be called the "baby" of Lafayette's club family.

The Thursday Club was founded in 1893. A year previous to its taking to itself a local habitation and a name, seven or eight of its younger, young members met at the different homes and read aloud short stories and discussed in an informal manner some of the questions of the day. These meetings were found so pleasant and profitable, that a formal organization and an enlarged membership was the natural sequence.

Of the club's plan of work since '93, a member writes: "We have studied, in a limited manner, the customs, literature, and principal features of interest of Egypt, Germany, America and France. We entertain our friends at an 'open meeting' one afternoon during the club year, and have for our program, simply our own work—subjects we think will interest our guests. We have two or three "Miscellaneous Days." On these occasions we either listen to someone—not a member of the club—whom we have invited to speak to us, and ask a few of our friends to listen and profit with us; or we have some sort of entertainment, not in our regular line of work, and either invite our friends or not, as we deem the entertainment may merit."

MISS FANNIE AMORY SMITH,
Secretary of the Thursday Club of Lafayetie.

MISS MARGARET BURNSIDE,
Secretary of the "Criterion" of Liberty.

The club believes in rotation in office. During its five years of existence, it has had five presidents. They are: Miss Rosa B. Wallace, Miss A. Eugenie Vater, Miss Stella Hill Fort, Miss Grace Heath Hull, and the present incumbent, Mrs. O. W. Peirce. It is limited to twenty members, and it is affiliated with the state body, the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. Its motto is indicative of its earnestness of purpose: "What we know, to know that we know it, what we do not know, to know that we do not know it, that is wisdom." The officers are but two—the president, Mrs. Oliver Webster Pierce, Jr., and the secretary who is also the treasurer, Miss Fannie Amory Smith.

PROGRAM OF THE THURSDAY CLUB OF LAFAYETTE.

SEPT 30.—Comparative Study of George Eliot and George Sand. The Children of George Eliot.
OCT. 14.—Portraits from "Idylls of the King." Alfred Austin. Minor Victorian Poets.
OCT. 28.—Jane Austen and Susan Ferrier. Review: "Marriage."
NOV. 11.—The Theories of Wordsworth. Anthony Trollope.
NOV. 18.—Eminent English Critics. The Use and Abuse of Criticism. Book Review.
DEC. 2.—Miscellaneous Day.
DEC. 16.—The Realist and the Romanticist. Book Reviews.
JAN. 6. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Christina Rossetti.
JAN. 20.—Heroes of England. "The Cloister and the Hearth."
FEB. 3.—Ian Maclaren. J. M. Barrie. Landmarks of Scotland.
FEB. 27.—Miscellaneous Day.
MAR. 3.—The Growth of the Magazine. Excessive Newspaper and Novel Reading. Some Illustrators of the Day.
MAR. 17.—Character Sketch from Dickens. "Childe Harold."
MAR. 31.—Novels of Incident and Adventure. Afro-American Novelist.
APR. 4.—Miscellaneous Day.
APR. 28.—Contemporary English Celebrities. A Glimpse of London. Book Review.
MAY 12.—Ireland and her Literature. Maria Edgeworth. Book Review.
MAY 26.—The Norwegian Writers. The Dutch Novelist.

## THE LADIES' MATINEE MUSICALE OF LAFAYETTE.

Indiana possesses no inconsiderable number of flourishing musical organizations. Most of their societies affiliated with the state federated body, and we shall have the honor of presenting them in the club department from time to time during the season. One of them, the Ladies' Matinee Musicale of Lafayette, it gives us pleasure to introduce today.

Of its early history, a member writes: "In the autumn of 1889, a few ladies interested in the growth of matters musical, talked of a society which should have for its object the comprehensive and earnest study of music; and on the 22nd of February 1890, a number met and organized "The Ladies' Matinee Musicale." The first election of officers resulted assuredly in a wise selection, for the staff of the initial year was retained until the season of '92-'93. Mrs. Lulu E. Davie was the first president; Miss Mary E. Bruce, vice-president; and Miss Sallie Sample, secretary and treasurer.

The club register includes 43 active, 12 student, and 129 associated members; the two latter groups have none of the regular work to perform, and are subject to none of the rules. "As the object is to promote musical study and investigation, the work of each year is carefully planned by a program committee, and consists of both musical and literary work, the papers always being on subjects pertaining to music."

Several times each year the club enjoys concerts and recitals by foreign artists. To some of these the general public is admitted; to others, only the full membership. Last year the great pianist Leopold Godowsky enthralled the club with his wonderful playing; and Gertrude May Stein sang her way into its good graces by her sweet strains. This season, Mr. Charles Holman Black has already been heard, and the club has yet in store the pleasure of listening to Mr. Spencer, pianist, Mr. Hall, tenor, and the Spiering String Quartette, all of Chicago.

"The society is well established," our informant concludes, "and we are sure that the object of the Ladies' Matinee Musicale meets with the approval of all who are interested in the educating and refining influences brought to bear upon those who listen to, as well as those who study the divine art, which since the morning stars sang together has held sway over all intelligent creation."

The officers are, president, Mrs. James M. Fowler; vice-president, Miss Mary E. Bruce; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. A. A. Wells; librarian and historian, Miss Jeanette L. Smith.

The program committee is, Miss Elizabeth M. Milspaugh, Miss Rena M. Rice, Miss Ruth S. Putnam, Miss Emily R. Meigs.

The reception committee is, Mrs. W. W. Vinnedge, Mrs. William Kirkpatrick, Miss Born.

PROGRAM OF THE LADIES' MATINEE MUSICALE OF LAFAYETTE.

OCT. 1.—Vocal Recital—Miss Louise M. Shrader.
OCT. 16.—Schubert. Schumann.
OCT. 30.—Oratorio. Paper.
NOV. 13.—Miscellaneous Program.
NOV. 27.—Midsummer Night's Dream.
DEC. 11.—Christmas Music.
JAN. 8.—Illustrated Paper, French (Chronological.)
JAN. 22—Children's Music.
FEB. 5.—Ballet Music. Paper.
FEB. 19.—Serenade.
MAR. 5.—American Composers. Paper.
MAR. 19.—Spring Song. Lullaby.
APR. 2 —Miscellaneous Program.
APR. 16.—Nocturne—Scherzo. Paper.
APR. 30.—Request Program.
MAY 14.—President's Day.

## THE "CRITERION" OF LIBERTY.

One of the pitfalls of the young clubs—indeed, one might say, of all clubs, young or old—is an over-crowded program of study, the unwise attempt to discuss at one meeting, subjects which might with profit occupy four or five. This common error the "Criterion" of Liberty has discovered and avoided. "At first," writes a member, "the work was not done so systematically or thoroughly as now, and it was with a struggle that the club was carried over the first year, but since then we have been gaining strength. Of course, we, like other clubs, crowded too much work into each meeting, and could not therefore handle it properly. It is our aim now to have our programs not so full, and to do our work well." Mark the result! "One thing of which we are very proud is the attendance. We have only a small fine for absence—ten cents, yet we never have fewer present than fifteen, and usually the full number. No one has ever failed in any work assigned to her. We can have a called meeting at any time, and feel sure at least two-thirds of the members will be present. The secret without doubt, is general interest." We ourselves have found that "general interest" is the secret—the very sine qua non of club success: all the fines in Christendom are powerless if that be lacking.

The club studies classical literature. Each day a leader is appointed who subdivides the subject in such a manner that each member adds something to the general fund. We regret we have not space to reproduce the letter in full, which tells so enthusiastically of the delightful days spent by the club among favorite books. "Emerson Day" is mentioned as being particularly satisfactory, and "House of Seven Gables" equally so. On "Romola Day," the character of Savonarola was dwelt upon at length, and the club had afterwards the pleasure of listening to a lecture upon Savonarola delivered by a very scholarly speaker. "President's Day," this year was an "Autumn Leaf" affair. Each member was in duty bound to contribute something original in the way of a literary effort, which was read by the president. Considerable unsuspected talent made its debut, in consequence. The decorations upon this occasion were autumn leaves, and the club's colors, lavender and orange. Beside each plate at the table was a hand-painted autumn leaf, which bore a verse upon its

MRS. OLIVER WEBSTER PEIRCE, JR.,
President of the Thursday Club of Lafayette.

under side; and as each guest read the lines which fell to her, Riley's famous poem, "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock," was rendered complete.

The "Criterion" was organized in 1893, and was affiliated with the I. U. L. C. in 1896. It is limited to twenty-five members. The officers are: president, Mrs. Ora Bertch; vice-president, Miss Ethel Ross; secretary, Miss Margaret Burnside; treasurer, Miss Ethel M'Dougal; critic, Miss Clara Burnside.

The program committee is: Miss Margaret Burnside, Mrs. Lou Kerr, Mrs. Mary Drapier, Mrs. Minnie Fosdick, Miss Clara Ross and Mrs. Alpha Pigman.

PROGRAM OF THE CRITERION OF LIBERTY.

SEPT. 4.—Club Day.

SEPT. 18.—Burns—Character Sketch. Review of Tam 'O Shanter, Conversation on Scotland.

OCT. 2.—Scott—Character Sketch, Music, Responses, Conversation on Scotland.

OCT. 16.—Ivanhoe—Chapters 1-22. Responses. Robin Hood, Questions.

OCT. 30.—Ivanhoe, Chapters 22-44—Responses. Rebecca, Music, Questions.

NOV. 13.—Open Day.

NOV. 27.—Dickens—Tale of Two Cities—Character Sketches, Oral Review of Book First, Discussion.

DEC. 11.—Dickens—Tale of Two Cities—Quotations, Sidney Carton, Music, Questions.

DEC. 27.—Dickens—Tale of Two Cities—Christmas Quotations, Reading—Christmas Carol, Music, Questions.

JAN. 8.—Byron—Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Music, Conversation.

JAN. 22.—Lew Wallace—Ben Hur—Review of Book First, Music, Life and Character of Lew Wallace.

FEB. 5.—Lew Wallace—Ben Hur, Books II, III and IV—Messala, Music, Questions.

FEB. 19.—Lew Wallace—Ben Hur, Books, VI, VII and VIII—Balthasar, Music, "The Chariot Race," Questions.

MAR. 5.—Milton—Character Sketch, Reading from Paradise Lost, Comparison of L' Allegro and Il Penseroso.

MAR. 19.—Debate—Resolved—That the fame of Longfellow live longer than that of Hawthorne.

APR. 2.—Shakespeare—Richard III. Acts I and II—Character of Richard III, Questions.

APR. 16.—Shakespeare—Richard III, Acts III, IV and V—"War of the Roses," Music, Questions.

APR. 30.—Shakespeare—Antony, and Cleopatra, Acts I, II and III—Antony, Questions.

MAY 14.—Shakespeare—Antony and Cleopatra, Acts IV and V—Cleopatra, Music, Questions.

MAY 28.—Last Day.

## WITH THE CLUB EDITOR.

Mrs. James M. Fowler, president of the Matinee Musicale of Lafayette, is now serving a sixth term of office.

Among the associate members of Lafayette's Matinee Musicale, we are pleased to discover the names of nine men.

In order to bring its work before others, and create an interest, the "Criterion" of Liberty invited its friends to hear an address upon "What Books to Read," delivered by Lelia S. McKee, president of the Oxford Female College.

Our congratulations to the "Criterion" of Liberty! It celebrated the weddings of two members, while the letter was making which gave us the information we have presented. The club presented to each of the brides a dozen silver teaspoons.

Lafayette was honored with three places upon the program of the last convention of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. Prof. T. F. Moran of the Ethical Club, read a paper upon "A Comparative System of Municipal Government," Miss Emily Biddle Meigs of the Matinee Musicale, gave a piano number, and Miss Elizabeth Milspaugh, several vocal selections. Miss Milspaugh is also a member of the Ladies' Matinee Musicale. Her rich voice filled the immense auditorium at Winona so satisfactorily that she met with quite an ovation.

"An Evening of song and story" is suggestive of the very delightful "open meeting" which the Eggleston Club of Vevay, recently celebrated at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Shaw. There were two excellent papers, one on Folk Song, by Mrs. S. O. N. Pleasants, and the other on Sacred Song, by Mrs. Waldo. There was also a deal of good music in single and ensemble numbers by vocalists, pianists, and by the Mandolin Club. Quotations from Eggleston were given in response to roll call, and were followed by the national hymn "America," which was sung heartily by all present. The evening closed with a dainty lunch given by the "Egglestons."

Lafayette, if we are correctly informed, possesses thirteen clubs. They are, with their presidents: The Ethical Club (mixed)—Prof. T. J. Alford; The University (mixed)—Prof T. F. Moran; The Parlor Club (mixed)—Prof. J. C. Arthur; The Ladies' Matinee Musicale—Mrs. James M. Fowler; The Monday Club—Mrs. W. F. M. Goss; The Thursday Club—Mrs. O. W. Peirce, Jr.; The Current Topics Club— ——; The Tourist Club—Mrs. W. O. Crouse; The Three O'clock Club—Mrs. J. M. Boggs; The Hill Top Club—Mrs. Charles Pyke; The Trinity Literary Circle—Mrs. W. Bent Wilson; The Afternoon Club—Mrs. K. L. Andrew; The Pickwick Club—Miss Mary Vinnedge. If this list is incorrect in any particular, or if we have omitted any club, we would be very glad to be enlightened.

## IN THE CLUB WORLD.

The Pennsylvania State Federation, which recently convened in Harrisburg, elected Mrs. Horace Brock, of Lebanon, president, and Miss Jessie R. Little, of Pottsville, secretary. The secretary's report showed 7617 women in membership, and an increase of 23 clubs over the number enrolled the previous year.

The newly elected officers of the New York State Federation are: president, Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, New York; vice-president, Miss Eliza Macdonald, Flushing; recording secretary, Mrs. J. S. Tuckerman, Jamestown; corresponding secretary, Anna Maxwell Jones, Greater Saratoga; treasurer, Mrs. Milton H. Northrup, Syracuse; auditor Mrs. W. C. Goninlock, Warsaw. Mrs. Helmuth was formerly president of the far-famed "Sorosis" of New York City.

Kentucky is taking up the subject of bird protection. The presidents of 23 clubs which comprise the state federation have recently decided to use their influence in establishing a bird day in the public schools. They will endeavor to have literature upon the subject disseminated, as they believe women are ignorant of the alarming destruction of birds, caused by the fashionable feminine headgear.

The vigorous, exuberant West is opening the eyes of the effete East. This is what Mr. Walter Damrosch, the distinguished musician of New York says of the women's clubs of the West: "The especially interesting features of the artistic life in Western towns, are the women's clubs, and in these, the culture and intellectual life seemed to be centered. They have a tremendous influence, and it is through their efforts, that fine concerts are given, and that the artists are persuaded to come there. We know very little in New York of what happens to other cities of the country; but it would surprise New Yorkers to see the activity with which club women advance the interest of culture in Western towns." Yes, it certainly would!

## Indianapolis Club Calendar.

Dec. 6. Indianapolis Literary Club. Ladies' night. "A Little Fiction," Charles Hector Fuller.

Dec. 7. Sanitary Association. Plymout Church reading room, 10 a. m. Reports of standing committees.

Dec. 7. Century Club.

Dec. 7. Fortnightly Club. "Curios of Literature," Annie Glenn Dye; "Modern Symbolism," Sara Kahn; "Maeterlinck," Mary Helen Yerkes.

Dec. 7. German Literary Club. "Wilhelm Jensen," Miss Mary E. Colgan. conversation, Mrs. H. H. G. Naumann; music, Mrs. Bernard Vonnegut.

Dec. 7. Local Council of Women. Reports from the Fortnightly Club, by Mrs. Kate Milner Rabb; Magazine Club, Mrs. J. S. Berryhill; "Over the Teacups," Mrs. Flora C. Jones. Minerva Club, Mrs. Harriet S. Brown; Clio Club, Mrs. Elizabeth Harvey Cox. Paper, "Influence of Clubs upon Civil Life," Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke.

Dec. 9. The Portfolio Club. "Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Artist, Critic and Author;" paper by Dr. Brayton; committee on entertainment, Miss Selleck, Mr. and Mrs. Heywood; music in charge of Mrs. Carl Lieber.

Clio Club. Hostess, Mrs. D. W. Marmon; "Short Studies," Mrs. F. F. McCrea; "With my Books," Mrs. Robert H. Adams.

Dec. 10. Over the Teacups. With Mrs. Flora Jones. "The Protest of the Hero," Mrs. L. Anna Mavity; "The Limits of Realism," Mrs. Aurelia R. Hale; conversation by the Club.

Dec. 10. Friday Afternoon Club. With Mrs. Romaine Armstrong; "Women in our Civil War," Mrs. L. E. Hess; question, "Which are naturally more patriotic men or women?" leader, Mrs. Paver; recitation, "Battle Hymn of the Republic," Mrs. L. V. Spahr; roll call; patriotic sentiments.

Dec. 11. Katherine Merrill Club. "Kipling." "His Stories," Mrs. Horace Eddy; "His Verses," Mrs. Daniel Leslie; conversation, Mrs. Harriet A. Van Buren.

Dec. 11. Rosemary Club. Open Day. "The Spectator and its Contemporaries," Miss Lucy Mayo; conversation, "The Magazine of Today," Miss Mabel Folsom.

Dec. 11. Sketching Club. "Laws of Composition," Nellie Wells; "Leather," exhibitor, Vivian Greene.

Dec. 11. College Corner Club. "The Moors in Spain," Mr. Williams.

NOTE—All Indianapolis Clubs not mentioned in the above calendar are requested to send programs to THE INDIANA WOMAN office. Any notification of change of program should reach this office not later than Wednesday evening.

MRS. ORA MAXWELL BERTCH,
President of the "Criterion" Liberty.

**The Indiana Ceramic Association.**

The Indiana Ceramic Association was held in the Propylaeum this week. There were thirty exhibitors. Some very beautiful china was exhibited.

Miss Jessie Daggett's beautiful bowls were much admired. These received honorable mention in the Trenton Ceramic Club of New York. The coloring and designs are both original and are worthy the unstinted praise they received. Miss Whitredge of Richmond had a strikingly handsome beer set, the design on the tankard being "Falstaff," and on the mugs, a monk. Miss Emily Griffin, of Dunreith had a dainty exhibit of plates in the Copenhagen design and color. This unique set of plates attracted much favorable comment. Miss Griffin also displayed some very fine pieces in imitation of the Japanese work done at the Rookwood pottery, under the instruction of the Japanese teacher there with the "unspeakable name." A very pretty plate in this exhibit was of a nile-green tint with a gold dragon in the center. Miss Griffin considers an amber-tinted jardiniere in a conventional design one of her best pieces. It is a very handsome piece of work. Mrs. Hadley makes a specialty of conventional designs, and has some very artistic work on her table. Mrs. Welch has a magnificent punch bowl in a suggestive design of grapes in all their varied tints. Miss Cora Palmer exhibits the results of some of her experiments in colors and also in using the coarser pottery. She has some chocolate tinted dishes in porcelain that have a very fine glaze and are very pretty. Mrs. Wilcox has a cup and saucer done under the instruction of her teacher, which is an exact copy of a cup and saucer the teacher presented to Queen Victoria. She has a very exquisite design in grapes on a large plate. Mrs. Orendorf's figure work is a very interesting exhibit. Mrs. Day shows some work done in the new X ray colors. These colors are more easily manipulated and admit of greater range in tints and shades. This was done under Professor Leykauf of Detroit. An oyster set in this style is a thing of beauty.

Mrs. Louis Stubbs and Miss Whitredge of Richmond have fine exhibits. Some of Miss Whitredge's work was done while studying in Europe. Her beer set is very fine. Mrs. Stubbs has a fine display of miniatures. Miss Stubbs, of Ft. Wayne also has some good miniatures. Mrs. Fugate has a beautiful exhibit. A large fish set is very fine in design and color. Her Dresden work is dainty and artistic. Her work in imitation Doulton is very beautiful. She has a pretty lot of buttons on her table. Two very dainty little china plates with the pierced edges and decorated in delicate tints were very pretty. A tiny cup and saucer was a delicate bit of color and fine lace-like traceries in gold. Altogether, the exhibit is a rare treat to beauty-loving eyes.

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**Mrs. Coffin's Exhibit.**

Mrs. D. W. Coffin gave a reception Thursday from nine to five o'clock, at which she exhibited her summer's work in water colors. Mrs. Coffin is a well known artist and gave a very beautiful display.

Broad Ripple and the vicinity of Indianapolis is rich in pretty little scenes suited to this form of art.

The "Old Fletcher Homestead" near Brightwood is a pretty picture and very well done. "A Neighborhood Homestead" is an interesting piece, "The Gates of Crown Hill" is a singularly delicate bit of work. There is a restfulness quite removed from sombreness in the very air about the "Gates." "The Fields about Broad Ripple" are charmingly shown in a little picture. There are other interesting local scenes and some very good views painted while in Mackinac this summer, among them "The Arch Rock." Mrs. Coffin tells an amusing incident which occurred during her work on this. A crowd of sightseers surrounded her—among them an old man and his buxom daughter. The old man peered over her shoulder and said to his daughter,

"Pshaw, sis, couldn't you beat that?"

"Humph, that's just daubed on!" and with contempt loudly expressed on their faces they walked away.

Mrs. Coffin has an example of the Impressionistic art. It is a very pretty specimen.

Mrs. John Holliday Murphy had an elegant display of fine needle work at the same place. Mrs. Murphy's work is well known and appreciated as is evident by the fact that she possesses a medal won at the World's Fair. Her jewel embroidery is very beautiful. One piece of rich red clay-colored satin is elaborately embroidered in turquoise jewels and gold. It is in a jewel design. Another very interesting piece is decorated with a design which is an exact copy of a Spanish design in the Alhambra. This is on Turkish gold cloth with an appliqued design of Egyptian red and Persian blue outlined with gold and studded with sparks in harmonizing tints.

A table rest has a design copied from a Turkish slumber robe. Another is a piece done in field colors—the dainty spring greens and the natural shades of the peony mingling artistically. Another is a Persian piece with colors and designs minutely copied from some old palace hangings. A handsome table mat of large size is exhibited in harmonious blendings of brown, green and rose. A handsome linen piece had an over lapping border of pink rose petals with a lacelike woven edge in spring greens. In such a bewildering display of beauty one can hardly stop. There were many other very exquisite pieces exhibited.

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**Mr. Sprankle's Recital.**

The pupils of Walter S. Sprankle, assisted by Miss Winnie Scotton, Mr. Arnold F. Spencer and Miss Netta Tucker, pupils of Edward Nell, will give a piano recital at Carlin & Lennox's, Thursday evening, Dec. 9, 1897, at eight o'clock. The program is as follows:

Piano, (a) Capriccietto - - Scharwenka.
(b) Titania - - - - - - Wely.
Miss Edith Miriam Hull.
Piano, (a) Return of the Reapers
- - - - - - - - - - - - Gregh.
(a) Valse Caprice - - Newland.
Miss Mabel Pasquier.
Piano, (a) Gavotte Du Palais Royal
- - - - - - - - - - - - Lee.
(b) In The Lovely Month of May
- - - - - - - - - - - - Merkel.
Miss Edith King.
Voice, Where 'Ere You Walk - Handel.
Miss Winnie Scotton.
Piano, Simplette - - - - - - Thome.
Miss Gertrude Allbright.
Piano, Murmuring Spring - - Bohm.
Miss Ella Philips.
Piano, (a) Venitian Boat Song
- - - - - - - - - Mendelssohm.
(b) Gavotte Modern - - Tours.
Miss Flora Lyons.
Voice, (a) Freer Than a King - - Loge.
(b) This Would I Do - Chapman
Mr. Arnold F. Spencer.
Piano, (a) Bubbling Spring - Rive-King.
(b) Les Sylphs - - Bachmann.
(Second Piano Accompaniment.)
Miss Cecil Marion Bell.
Piano, (a) Nocturne, No. 9 - - Field.
(b) Tocatelle - - - - Dupont.
Miss Drusilla Sanders.
Voice, (a) Dream - Campbell-Tipton.
(b) Faith in Spring - Schubert.
Miss Netta Tucker.
Piano, (a) Tarantelle, op. 85, No. 2.
- - - - - - - - - - - - Heller.
(b) La Baladine - - - Lysberg.
(Second Piano Accompaniment.)
Mr. George Eckert.

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**People and Events.**

Last Monday afternoon Mrs. Emmet J. Heeb gave one of the prettiest teas of the season at her home in North Pennsylvania street, in honor of her sister Miss Peery, of Greensburg and Mrs. Thaddeus E. Houston, one of the season's brides. The house was elaborately decorated with flowers and greens. The parlor where the ladies received was in yellow. The mantel was massed with maidenhair ferns and palms, above the mantel was festooned ropes of smilax. Yellow chrysanthemums were used profusely on the mantel and tables and the windows were draped with smilax.

In the dining room pink roses and carnations graced every available place, and maidenhair ferns and palms were used. Wide pink satin ribbon intertwined with ropes of smilax decorated the table. In the center of the table was a vase of pink roses, on a pink embroidered center piece. The cakes and ices were also in pink. The ladies who assisted in receiving were Mrs. David Gibson, Mrs. John B. Wood and Miss Sadie McIntosh. In the dining room were Miss Gertrude Henry, Miss Estelle McCune, Miss Anna Sproule and Miss Nelle McIntosh. The out of town guests were Mrs. William Cumback, of Greensburg. The Misses Lawler, of New Albany, the Misses Kurkamp, of Louisville, Miss Dryer of Terre Haute, Mrs. Dwyer and Mrs. Andrew, of Richmond. A harpist and violinist furnished the music. Mrs. Heeb, the hostess, wore a beautiful gown of pink gauze over ivory satin. Mrs. Houston wore her wedding gown of Duchesse satin trimmed in tulle and real lace. Miss Peery wore silver gauze over blue silk, trimmed with cerise velvet and mink. Miss Sadie McIntosh wore white organdy over white satin. Miss McCune was charmingly gowned in peach blow silk, trimmed with ruffles of white mouselaine de soie. Miss Henry wore white organdy over pink silk. Miss Gibson wore pearl broadcloth with violet trimming. Miss Wood wore Nile-green silk, Miss Anna Sproule was becomingly dressed in cherry colored silk and Miss Nelle McIntosh wore yellow velour.

The invited guests were nearly all the friends of the guests of honor.

Mrs. Ferdinand Mayer gave a reception Wednesday afternoon in honor of her guests, her mother, Mrs. Lathrop, Mrs. Gavin and the Misses Zoller of Greensburg. The decorations were very elaborate. A profusion of pink roses decorated the parlors, palms and ferns were tastefully used. The coffee room was exceedingly dainty and pretty. The decorations were all in Dresden. The dainty china, the chrysanthemums in the Dresden colors and the very handsome table mats in the same colors gave a fine effect.

The dining room which is finished in the quaint old Flemish style was brightened with American Beauty roses. The table appointments were in crystal and silver. Mrs. Mayer was assisted by Mrs. William Scott, Mrs Harold Taylor, Mrs. Samuel Carey, Mrs. W. H. Coleman, Mrs. George Sullivan, Mrs. Schnull, Mrs. J. A. Milburn, Mrs. C. Reynolds, Mrs. H. T. Bennett, Mrs. E. C. Miller. In the coffee room were: Miss Wasson, Miss Miller, Miss Foster, Miss Clara Haueisen, Miss Knippenberg, Miss Malott, Miss Reese, Miss Stamp, Mt. Vernon.

Last night Mr. and Mrs. Mayer gave a ball at the Propylaeum in honor of the Misses Zoller. Mrs. and Mrs. Mayer was assised in receiving by Major and Mrs. Richards Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Sayles, Mr and Mrs. Knippenberg, Mrs. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Hansen and Mr. and Mrs. Wasson. The Propylaeum was very beautifully decorated in palms, hardy smilax and roses.

Mrs. Mayer was handsomely gowned in pink brocade silk, embroidered in pearls and brilliants. Miss Mollie Zoller wore a dainty pink silk with ruffles of pink chiffon and carried pink roses. Miss Zoller wore a beautiful blue brocade silk, and carried American Beauty roses.

A fine program was given at the Artist's recital at the Matinee Musicale last Wednesday afternoon, by Miss Villa Whitney White, assisted by Miss Mary B. Dillingham. Miss White gave an interesting lecture on the character of the German folk songs from the fifteenth century to the present time, arranged by Dr. Heinrich Reimann, of Berlin. She started with the simple little melodies of the earlier period and traced the air down through the more elaborate productions of modern musicians. Schulz, Hayden, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Brahms were represented in the later folk songs. Miss Dillingham's accompaniments were very fine. Miss White translated the songs into English, sung them afterwards in German, which she gives a fine pronunciation. Miss White is of an interesting appearance and was very becomingly dressed in lavender silk, trimmed with velvet of a deeper shade and rich lace. The skirt had a V shaped panel of pearl embroidery at the right side, extending from the hem to the waist. At the upper part of the panel the gores were laced across with pearl cord, and the cord also laced the bodice, giving a princess effect. The skirt had a slight train. There was a yoke of silk covered with lace, a ruffle of lace was around the yoke and fell prettily over the shoulders. The matinee was well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Atkins have issued invitations for a musicale next Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Preston, Mr. Preston has a very fine voice. He has studied in London under Shakespeare and in New York under Bellaire. But few Indianapolis people have as yet had the the privilege of hearing Mr. Preston sing, although many have heard him in his organ recitals in which he is very fine. Mr. Preston is comparatively a new comer in Indianapolis, being a former resident of New York. After the musical program the young people will dance.

The social event of next week at the First Baptist church, will be a novel entertainment Wednesday evening in the reception parlors. There will be an "art gallery" with its amusing attractions, and a Japanese tea room presided over by ladies costumed in Japanese gowns. "Samantha Allen" will show her wonderful collection or living pictures, and a musical program will follow. Refreshments will add to the sociability and all who desire to attend are invited. An admission fee of ten cents will include everything.

Mr. and Mrs. Heeb gave an informal musicale on Thursday evening for the assisting ladies. Miss Peery is a fine pianist and rendered two numbers, the first "Impressario," a waltz, and a stirring march christened "Prosperity." Miss Peery was formerly a student in the Girls Classical School of this city. She is a very charming young lady.

On Friday evening December 3, Mr Edward Daniels entertained the Indianapolis Bar Association at his home in North Pennsylvania street.

Mrs. Charles Lieb of Rockport, who has been visiting her daughter, Miss Eva Lieb at the Girls' Classical School, has returned home.

Mrs. Lathrop of Greensburg, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Ferdinand Mayer returned to her home Thursday.

The engagement is announced of Miss E. Katherine Grinsteiner to Mr. Percy R. Morlan. The wedding to take place Jan. 1, 1898.

Dr. L. H. Dunning has issued invitations for a reception on Wednesday evening, December 8, for Dr. Price.

The Misses Kurkamp, of Louisville, who have been the guests of Mrs. M. M. Milner have returned home.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Gray hair warns us of old age. *Renew* your hair and laugh at the warning. Challenge baldness —it won't come.

## L. S. Ayres & Co.'s New Store.

One of the first things which strikes the visitor to L. S. Ayres' beautiful store on Washington street is the abundance of light which floods its spacious interior. Both the East Washington and Pearl street frontage are of glass to the ceiling; there are four large skylights, and depending from the ceiling at frequent intervals are incandescent arc lights, which furnish the nearest approach to daylight yet invented. The effect is heightened by white woodwork touched up with gold, an interior finish which gives the room a bright, cheerful appearance on the darkest day.

The next feature of interest to the visitor is the counters. They are so altogether different from the old-time counter, that the most careless passer-by could not fail to notice them. They are higher than the old style counter, and are made of the finest quality of plate glass, with little or nothing of wooden frame work visible. Within these counters are glass shelves of graduated size on which are displayed the attractive wares, which the better to display their seductive qualities to possible purchasers, are brilliantly illuminated by electric globes cunningly concealed within the counter. Within these cases, ribbons, toilet articles and laces produce a most brilliant effect.

The feminine heart will certainly be touched by the solicitude for her displayed at the notion counter. Upon a series of graduated shelves reaching from the bottom of the counter to the top and brightly lighted, are little open cases of all sorts of notions, with the price of each plainly marked. There she can see for herself, without inquiring, just what is the price of the article she wants, and a hasty review of this case just before leaving the store will remind her of many needed articles, and save a weary second trip down town the same day. Nothing cleverer than this arrangement of notions could be conceived of.

The glove counter is an attractive one, the beautiful evening gloves being displayed in a case lined with violet velvet. So is the case devoted to handkerchiefs, some exquisite specimens of which in lace and hand embroidery are always surrounded by an admiring crowd of femininity.

On the first floor also is the umbrella case, in which the variety in handles is well displayed by the little electric lights concealed among them.

The second floor may be reached by one of two passenger elevators which are on either side of the building. On this floor are two features very attractive to woman kind. One is a little room, a bower, finished entirely in polished cherry, in which are displayed the silk designs for evening gowns. There are three lights in this room, the gas, the incandescent electric light, and the incandescent arc light. With the aid of these the fair purchaser may see exactly how her new gown will appear under each of these different lights.

Cherry, too, finishes the millinery department, in whose comfortable parlor the customer may sit and rest in comfort while her hat is being constructed or re-trimmed. In this pretty room nothing is concealed from the public. In an elegant cherry case lined with black velvet and closed with plate glass doors, are the Paris hats. The sombre background of the velvet brings out distinctly every detail of color and shape. In other cases are street hats and bonnets. Placed here and there throughout the room are handsome cherry tables of antique shape on which rest four sided cases, with mirrors in each side, so that any number of women may try on their hats at the same time without interfering with each other.

On the same floor are the children's cloak department, the furs, women's cloaks, everything enclosed in handsome oak cases with many plate glass doors and mirrors.

On this same floor are the cashier's department, the mail order department, in which two people are kept busy all the time, as well as one in each department all over the store, and the offices of Mr. Ayres and Mr. Wheelock. There are twelve telephones in the building, one in each department.

The third floor is a dream in Oriental rugs of every kind, spread over the polished wood carpets, many samples of which are displayed, and depending from the ceiling and walls, against whose light tints they show to great advantage. At one end of the room are the draperies and curtains, and here one may find the window complete, shade, sash curtain, lace curtain, and silken drapery. Improvised mantels show the latest in mantel drapery, and rare German tapestries on the wall are framed in soft silks, while hosts of cushions litter the floor and couches. There are also screens of myriad fashions.

Giving a touch of color to the white of the woodwork are the brass tubes, the only pneumatic cash carriers in the city. The carriages which hold the money are transferred by vacuum motion from one end of the tube to the other. Two exhaust fans or blowers are used in the building; one is necessary to operate the cash system, and the other is used in ventilating the heating apparatus. By means of the latter a steady stream of fresh air is drawn from the outside, warmed and discharged in the building.

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Miss Elsie Griffith of Evanston, Illinois, whose picture appears on this page, is a popular young society woman, who has made many friends during her visit in this city. Several social functions have been given in her honor during her stay in the city.

MISS ELSIE GRIFFITH,
of Evanston, Illinois.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers this week the picture of Mrs. Marshall Tilton Levey, one of the season's brides. Mrs. Levey is a beautiful, accomplished and popular young woman. The photogaph is by Kitchell.

THE NEW YORK STORE
Established 1853.
Agents for BUTTERICK PATTERNS.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING AND COMING FAST

Take the advice of your best friend—COMMON SENSE—and get your shopping done before the great rush comes.

OUR HOLIDAY STOCKS ARE DOUBLE WHAT THEY EVER WERE BEFORE

Our facilities are double because we have more room and more salespeople to wait upon you.

TOYS, GAMES AND DOLLS are in the new basement and it is a veritable wonderland.

CHINA, CUT GLASS, LAMPS, ETC., are in the old basement and there is no other collection in the state that even approaches it.

HOLIDAY BOOKS are on the main and second floors and Holiday Handkerchiefs everywhere.—Come and bring the children.

PETTIS DRY GOODS CO.

He: "Do you know that Miss Jones has gone in for nursing?"
She: "Why? Is she going to marry a cyclist?"

It's Human Nature

To worship at the shrine of beauty, and the diamond is the most beautiful of God's creations. It will honestly do you good to look at our magnificent display of precious stones. There's a history attached to every gem.

J. C. SIPE, Importer of Diamonds,
ROOM 4, 18½ N. MERIDIAN ST. INDIANAPOLIS

# WITH WILFUL WOMAN.

By RHODA FLEMING.

MENU.

Sunday, December 5, 1897.

BREAKFAST.

Oat Flakes and Cream.
Beefsteak.
Fried Potatoes. Apple Sauce. Rolls.
Coffee.

—

LUNCHEON.

Fried Chicken.
Celery Salad. Stewed Squash.
Lemon Jelly. Cake.

—

DINNER.

Bisque of Oysters.
Olives.
Boiled Halibut Steaks.
Tartar Sauce. Sauterne.
Cucumbers.
Curried Chicken, with Rice.
Claret.
Mashed Potatoes. Green Corn.
Celery Salad. Custard Pie.
Fruit.
Cheese. Coffee.

## A NURSERY.

A large, cage-like screen of brass wire completely covered the fire-place and protected the children and the carpet from flying sparks.

The closet had a pin rail, with wooden pins, about four feet from the floor, and above that were shelves.

A large all-wool ingrain "art square" reversible, having in it deep brown, yellow, old blue, with dashes of dull red color, covered the center of the floor, leaving a border of boards two feet wide all around.

This rug could be shaken and aired frequently, and it was secured to the floor at intervals by double-pointed tacks. The fringe was cut off the two fringed sides and a hem made instead.

If one can afford it, a genuine cashmere rug, at $25.00, will be even better, as it is heavier and more durable. For sanitary reasons, a new rug is preferable to an antique.

In front of the fireplace was spread a white goatskin rug. You see them in the stores everywhere, about four feet long, and costing $2.50 to $3.50. When they are new they sometimes have a strong odor, bnt after a few days in the open air it will disappear. Careful examination will tell if the hair comes out; if so, seek further, for they are not all so afflicted. The beauty and comfort of that white rug is great. The flaxen heads and rosy faces take on an added beauty against that soft white ground, and the little ones enjoy its warmth and softness.

That nursery was not a retreat for the lame, the halt and the veterans of the household furniture.

There should be no cast-offs or wrecks in the children's room.

There were not many pieces, but they were intended for steady use, were strong and well-shaped.

Oak, because of its cheapness and durability, and the fact that a little oil would entirely cover the scratches, was the wood chosen for the room. For you know nursery furniture must be patient and long-suffering.

There was a chiffonier, perfectly simple but graceful in design; no machine carving; it had numerous drawers, large and small, deep and shallow, and half way up, a dear little lock closet where the medicines were kept—arnica, vaseline, borax, camphor, witch hazel and such simples.

A deep, comfortable, broad-armed rocking chair was called "Mother's chair," for, although a busy woman, she found time to visit them often, and, when she was gone, two little ones sat in it together and took long rides to strange places not down on the map.

The rockers had been rounded off until they could do little if any harm.

Scattered about the room were three small chairs of different sizes, all strong and firm on their feet.

There was also a comfortable low chair for nurse. A large pine kitchen table of the better kind, with legs finished to imitate oak, had its top covered with white enamel or oil-cloth, tacked neatly under the edges; that was for general use. Standing under it, when not in use, was a smaller short-legged table, similarly covered, that served for the children.

A cot-bed with woven wire springs and a husk mattress did duty as a couch.

Blue denim was the material used in that nursery for draperies; nursery draperies must be cheap, washable, unfading, cheerful in color, and strong.

Blue denim costs from twelve to eighteen cents a yard, is 26 inches wide, without a superior as regards strength, washing and fading; and the blue grows brighter and more beautiful with every day of wear and every washing.

Be careful in buying that you select a bright blue, like that of old Canton china. Sometimes the dye is too deep and the cloth is purplish in tone.

A box-plaited valance of denim made of the lengthwise material, having a good hem, was tacked to the extreme inner edge of the top of the frame by small tacks, and again on the face of the frame by bright brass-headed tacks at every fold.

The mattress was covered with a slip cover, made just like the linen slips for summer use that tied at the back, and could be readily taken off and laundered.

## A WEDDING SUPPER.

To order it in from a good confectioner is the simplest plan, but it is apt to prove somewhat expensive. If provided at home, let it be done on a liberal but not vulgarly profuse scale. For supper at which substantials are wished use fowls, ham, tongue, croquettes, salads, etc. Jellies, blancmange, cakes and fruit may be added at discretion. You can also serve hot soup. The lighter kinds of soup, such as Julienne, gravy, vermicelli, are most suitable. Nothing on the table should require carving. The fowls, pheasants and other birds should be cut up beforehand and held together by ribbons which only require severing. A breakfast or supper should be served in as elaborate a style as the means of the bride's parents will permit. The bride sits by her husband's side, on his right, at the center of the table, her mother sits at the head, her father at the foot. The guests are seated according to arrangements previously made. The wedding cake is usually placed in front of the bride, and it is the duty of the head bridesmaid to make the first cut therein, after which it is taken off the table, cut up on the sideboard and handed to the guests.

—

BRIDE'S CAKE.—Whites of eighteen eggs, one and one-fourth pounds of sugar, one pound of flour, three-fourths pound of butter. Cream, butter and sugar together. Whip the eggs to a stiff froth, then add gradually flour, butter and sugar. Season with lemon. Bake as pound cake. Insert the ring after the cake is baked.

## OYSTERS.

Oysters form a very important article of food, not only on account of their nutritious qualities, but as well for the many appetizing dishes which may be made from them. Notwithstanding the ease with which oysters may be prepared, few cooks serve them properly.

The following recipes will be found useful to housekeepers:

### OYSTERS ON HALF SHELL.

Wash the shells and open carefully; remove the upper shell: loosen the oyster, but do not take out. Place five or six on a plate, and serve with lemon in the center of the dish.

### OYSTERS ON ICE.

Take a large block of ice. Make an excavation, in which set a glass dish; fill with oysters and lay slices of lemon over.

### STEWED OYSTERS.

Drain four dozen large fresh oysters, and put the liquor in a sauce-pan; set on the stove; let it boil, and skim; add a pint of new milk; rub a tablespoonful each of butter and flour together, and stir in the stew until it begins to thicken; add a blade of mace and a half dozen allspice with the oysters; season with pepper and salt; let simmer, but not boil, until the oysters are cooked.

### SOUTHERN OYSTER STEW.

Put the oyster liquor in a sauce-pan and let simmer; rub the hard boiled yolks of three eggs and one spoonful of flour together; stir in the liquor with half a pound of butter, the juice of one lemon, and the oysters. Let boil up once; season with salt and pepper and serve.

### STEAMED OYSTERS.

Lay oysters in the shell over a steamer. Set over a pot of boiling water until the shells open. Serve at once with bits of butter and a sprinkle of salt.

### CREAMED OYSTERS.

Put two dozen oysters in a sauce-pan, in their own liquor; let come to a boil; drain. Put a pint of cream or rich milk on to boil. Rub a tablespoonful of butter and flour together, and add to the cream, with a blade of mace, and stir until thick. Put in the oysters; season with salt and pepper, and let cook until the oysters are heated through.

### BROILED OYSTERS.

Drain the oysters. Lay on a board and dry them with a towel; season with salt and a sprinkle of cayenne. Have the gridiron hot, and lay the oysters on. Set over coals, and brown first on one side and then on the other. Take up on heated dish and pour over melted butter.

### PANNED OYSTERS.

Put three dozen oysters in a colander, and let drain. Put a frying pan over a quick fire. As soon as well heated lay in the oysters and shake over the fire until they boil; season with salt and pepper. Take up in a hot dish, and pour over melted butter.

### FRIED OYSTERS.

Select large, plump oysters. Drain and dry them on a soft towel; season with pepper and salt. Beat an egg; add a teaspoonful of boiling water and a pinch of salt. Grate stale bread; sift and season with salt and cayenne. Dip the oysters one at a time in the grated bread. Put a deep frying pan over the stove, and fresh lard to fill when melted; let heat boiling hot. Put in a few oysters at a time; let brown; take up carefully, drain on brown paper, and serve very hot, with cucumber pickles.

### FRIED OYSTERS, SOUTHERN STYLE.

Drain and season. Roll in sifted corn meal. Put three ounces of butter in a frying pan; let it get very hot; put in the oysters; let brown on one side and turn. Fry until crisp, and serve very hot.

### SCALLOPED OYSTERS.

Put a layer of oysters in the bottom of a baking dish and cover with a layer of grated crackers, over which bits of butter; sprinkle with pepper and salt; add another layer of oysters and crackers, and continue until the dish is full. Cover the top with the grated crackers and butter. Pour over a half a cupful of oyster liquor and four tablespoonfuls of cream or rich milk. Bake in a quick oven twenty minutes. Serve in the baking dish.

### OYSTER CROQUETTES.

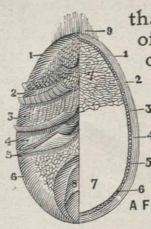
Put two dozen oysters on to boil in their own liquor. Let cook for five minutes. Take from the fire and drain. Chop the oysters. Put half a teacupful of the liquor, and half a teacup of cream in a sauce pan. Rub a tablespoonful of butter and two of flour together; add this and the oysters to the boiling liquor, and stir until it thickens. Beat the yolks of two eggs. Take off the fire; season with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, half a grated nutmeg, with a little salt and cayenne. Mix well; turn out to cool. When cold form in croquettes; roll first in beaten egg, then in grated bread crumbs, and fry in boiling fat.

## KITCHEN HINTS.

To remove egg stains from silver spoons rub with damp salt.

Fried cakes made with brown sugar will keep moist longer than when made with white sugar.


**Do You Know....**



that three-fourths of the food value of wheat is bolted out to make flour white?

**Franklin Mills Flour,**

A Fine Flour of the Entire Wheat.

As ground by the Franklin Mills, is a little off white; therein is where the richness lies—in its tint. This flour is a brain, bone, nerve and muscle builder—a life giver and sustainer.

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See that the Flour delivered bears our label; avoid substitutes. Booklet mailed free.

The genuine made only by the FRANKLIN MILLS CO., LOCKPORT, N. Y.


To keep irons from rusting wrap them in common brown paper and put away in a dry place. If they have become rusty, they may be made smooth and bright by putting some white sand on a smooth board and rubbing the iron over it several times.

Don't forgot to take proper care of the kitchen sink. Much disease is caused by not using proper precautions. Keep it fresh and clean by flushing it every day with boiling water, in which has been dissolved a little bit of copperas.

Oil cloths will last longer if a thickness of carpet is laid under them.

A scrubbing brush, warm soap-suds and plenty of elbow grease will do wonders on an old dingy oil cloth.

To polish a copper kettle rub with lemon and salt. Cut a lemon, dip in salt and rub over the copper surface.

Tinware can easily be brightened by rubbing with a damp cloth dipped in soda.

Many people believe that there is nothing for cleaning old brass like a solution of oxalic acid.


## "The Ralston People."

The famous Ralston Club, with Prof. Webster Edgerly, President of the Martyn College of Expression and Physical Culture, Washington, D. C., have made a famous mark in the history of the present epoch by their teachings along the line of health and longevity. Their membership runs up into the millions, and among their rules may be found a decided stand against the use of any narcotics that tend to deaden and destroy the nervous system of the human body. They were among the early opponents of what is now known to be no more or less than drugs, the good old-fashioned coffee and tea. The human family can exist in spite of the daily administration of drugs and give an outward sign of health for perhaps some years, but when the evidence of the use of the drug, coffee, for instance, is shown by daily or weekly attacks of illness and nervous prostration, common sense and a desire to exist comfortably, dictate its abandonment.

After casting about for some years to discover a palpatable and nutritious beverage to be used at table, and after many and repeated trials of all sorts of so-called "substitutes" for coffee, the well-known leader of the Ralston movement, Prof. Edgerly, writes as follows:

"President's office, Washington, D. C., Sept. 20, 1897. Postum Cereal Co., Gentlemen: The Ralston Health Club has never yet officially endorsed a substitute for tea or coffee, and does not deem it wise to do so, at least for the present. Yet I do not mind telling you privately that I use Postum Cereal regularly and am constantly advising coffee drinkers to take it as a substitute. It has a pleasing taste which increases with use; but its chief value is in the fact that it gives enduring strength to brain, nerves and muscles. Very respectfully yours."

When boiled fully fifteen minutes after boiling commences, it tastes like the milder grades of Java.

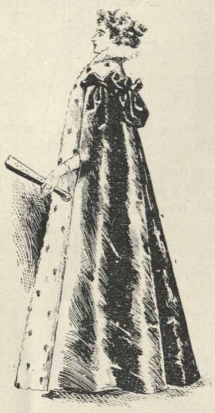
In the desperate effort of counterfeits to take the public money they resort to ingredients that are harmful to the human stomach. The genuine Postum has red seals on the package and the words "it makes red blood."

## Review of Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF CUTS.

Number one is an opera cloak of royal blue lady's cloth, made in circular shape and with a small hood. The yoke and front are of ermine.

Number two is a street gown of whipcord in a soft shade of green with an embroidered band about the skirt, and a belt of green satin. The jacket is of mulberry cloth with revers of green.



A cloth trimmed with narrow braid, skirt slashed on one side, showing a panel of a lighter or contrasting shade. The waist is slashed and filled in with velvet. Full front of liberty silk. Embroidered girdle.

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Plaids are still the favored fabrics, and bid fair to extend their popularity through the winter. Of these, Zibeline plaids are the most striking, and favored. This famous material differs widely from poplin plaids. There is the usual gathering of bright colors harmonously arranged in the exploitation of broken checks, while the surface is covered with camels hair in zibeline effects.

That the Russian blouse has come to stay is evident. Even at this early period it is a favorite wrap and every day seems to bring forth some new and novel idea of design. Indeed, not alone as an outer garment may this be employed; it is equally as much seen in silk waists and suits.

This style is well adapted to a woman who is possessed of a small waist. It is not so becoming to a short woman for the reason that it makes the hips appear much broader and is not conductive to a graceful appearance.

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A GORGEOUS BALL GOWN.

A dull rose-colored satin duchesse ball gown is made gorgeous with applications of a deeper shade of taffeta, edged with white chenille. The front of the corsage shows a double plait falling over a belt of white silk rep.

The neck is cut into tabs, that are held in back and front by a rose-colored chiffon ruche. The sleeves are puffed and covered with chiffon to temper the shimmer of the material. Rosettes of chiffon decorate the right shoulder, and are held by a clasp inset with imitation jewels.

From the side of the corsage falls a plaited chiffon scarf with a rosette formed in the centre.

The skirt is edged with wide gold gimp, embroidered with beads and crystals. In the centre and on both sides similar trimmings are seen.

The front of the plain corsage disappears in a plaited belt, crossing under the arm. In the back the material is arranged in loose plaits to make a sort of arched, fan-like bow. This crosses the underwaist of white chiffon and yellowish real lace.

The very short, smooth sleeves are covered with lace and white chiffon, crowned with chiffon rosettes.

---

THE HOUSE GOWN.

Pretty house dresses are worn in Paris an hour before the luncheon time. They are slipped on when the French woman comes home all tired out with her morning shopping. She then puts on her morning robe, and with her family of sisters, or friends, or cousins, enjoys a sweet do-nothing hour before lunch is served.

A new way of making the new house dress is what is called an Italian blouse. It is belted at the waist with a band of the same material, and over it hang box plaits from the neck to the bottom of the blouse. This makes a very comfortable and becoming negligee for the girl who will not dress up.

It will be noticed that most of these gowns are of wash materials, or at least of stuffs that can be easily cleaned. Soap and water will not hurt them, while liberal doses of French chalk and magnesia are powerless to injure them. The new fashions are very lenient in the matter of make-up. They are not intricate, and are consequently inexpensive. Many of them are silk lined. Others have a good quality of regular lining material.

---

Whatever gowns a woman boasts, she ought by all means to have a few in her wardrobe that are kept sacredly for home wear. The fashion of wearing out old street and reception gowns at home is, let us hope gone by. With the shops full of inexpensive silks and cashmeres, and dainty laces as low as twenty-five cents a yard, any woman ought to be able to have half a dozen pretty little frocks for home dinners. These frocks will not come to hard wear, and hence economy may be exercised in the linings and facing, nay, even in the material. Let them have

plenty of dainty accessories, however, and with a ribbon or flower in your hair you will truly have a right to feel festal.

The woman who is first out in the autumn wearing a neat brown coat or cape, with brown gloves, and a walking hat with a pert bow and quill on the side, as well as a neat brown veil, is bound to be the best dressed in her neighborhood. The entire outfit need not cost above twelve dollars, allowing ten dollars for the coat, but it will appear delightful among the bedraggled summer hats and flimsy India silks which many people seem to consider well enough for early autumn wear.

A pretty novelty is a pure white china picture frame which used as it is or decorated is a very effective setting for the new black and white photographs.

By the way, have you reflected on the cheapness with which a chic Russian blouse may be gotten up? Silk and wool goods are remarkably wide, fur edging is cheap if one doesn't demand certain kinds, and any dressmaker may construct the blouse who would fail dismally in a fitted coat. The Russian blouse style is adapted to other things besides coats, too. In silk it makes a pretty tea jacket, in muslin it may be developed for the dressing-room, and in velvet it is chic for wear with one's nicest skirts.

Are you plaid crazy? If not, you will find yourself alone this season. The shop windows are full of plaids, and when called tartans they assume a solemnity quite beyond that of ordinary dress material. It is very nice to discover what one's tartan may be,—most of us can claim some Scotch blood,—and then by inquiry at one of the big stores what it looks like.

Then get yourself a waist of silk, and prepare poplin frocks for the little girls of that particular plaid. In case the tartan doesn't suit, then get the red and black Rob Roy, or the gay Prince Charlie tartan, and wear them with the reflection that they are pretty if not quite proper.

Many a woman is sorry after she has her dressmaker utilize old silk frocks for linings to new woolen gowns. The old silk was economical, to be sure, but the saving was not lasting. The old silk wore out long before the new outside, and then it was a question whether new silk should be purchased, or rags worn to the end. Shall we throw away our old silk gowns as beyond use, then, or put them into silk "rag" carpets. By no means. Use the half worn-silk for making over the half-worn wools, and they will all wear out at the same time.

Hardly have the winter colors been decided upon before we learn of the choice of colors for spring. This will be large. Blue will be fashionable in a variety of shades, those with a grayish or violet tinge promising to predominate. French dressmakers will favor blue paysan, almost a pure tone of medium depth, known to us as butcher's blue.

Lavender, wild hyacinth and pervenche take the lead among the grayish blues, and the iris shades of purple blue will be very prominent. The violets and mauves run from shades possessing an excess of red or pink.

The gladiolus series of pinks, the Hesperides yellows and such greens as celery and campagna stand high in the list of light colors. Deeper greens are to be worn also, as well as ivy green and esperance, or bright emerald.

Brown will not be neglected. Fawns and beiges promise extremely well, and certain shades of bright nasturtium brown will be used a good deal for trimming evening dresses, as well as for millinery. The grays will be either in silvery shades or tinged with lavender.

Details as to the gowns worn by ladies of royalty are always of interest to us. A Paris correspondent to the London Queen calls attention to several models included in a large order recently given by a Russian princess.

One is an almond-green velvet costume, with bodice cut square, front and back. The back is tight-fitting, the front slightly in pouch style and embroidered with silk in the "faded" tints so much in vogue. The bodice is adorned by three bands of caracul, the middle one terminating at the square of the front, the others mounted on each side to the shoulders.

The sleeves, which are short and puffed, are finished with a narrow band of caracul. The belt is of embroidered velvet to match, and fastened with a costly buckle. The skirt is plain in front, but on either side, widening to the base, is a band of caracul surrounded with embroidery. Two similar bands are in the back, making six straps all around. This costume is handsome, but very expensive.

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Wherever day may give our road,
By hills or hollow over-snowed,
By windy gaps or sheltered nooks,
Or bridged ice of frozen brooks,
Still may we all, as night may come,
Know where to find a peaceful home,
And glowing fire for fingers numb
With cold in winter weather.
—WILLIAM BARNES.

---


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TOLD IN OLD LETTERS.

Continued from page 5.

confusion I could, after the greeting was over, think of nothing to say but the stupid question, had he been sent to Philadelphia again on a commission?

'No, Mistress Margaret,' he made answer, 'I am come on mine own commission this time, and mayhap you can guess its nature.'

Something in his voice and manner even more than his words flashed upon me, for truly, truly, Patty, I had never thought of such a thing before—his meaning. And yet it seemed so presumptuous that he should think of a plain and simple girl like me, that I felt shamefaced for harboring the thought. And what with the suddenness, the strangeness and the doubt, I did laugh as though he had but made a jest, and answered that I was never good at guessing.

'Then, Mistress Margaret,' he said, and his tone was so grave and earnest that I was nearer tears than laughter. 'I shall have to make it known in my blunt soldier way. For the having received the one gift at your hand makes me but the more desire another, and now I would ask the hand whose skill and the heart whose kindness I have already proven, to be mine own and always.

Surely, Patty, never before was maiden so distrait. For what with the surprise I could not say yes, and even in that moment my heart I found would not let me say no. So there I stood like a child that had been faulted, not daring to lift my eyes, and with my hands so a-tremble that the roses I was holding—they were already overripe you know—kept dropping their petals in a pink shower down around my feet. And the garden was so still and full of sweet scents, with a robin singing to its nesting mate in a rose bush, and the bees humming drowsily among the blossoms, I seem to see and feel it all again as I write, and though it could have been only for a moment, methought it was a long, long time.

And presently Captain Aspel spoke again. 'Have you, then, no word for me, sweet Mistress Margaret?'

And withal there was such a sorrowful entreaty in his tone that I could not look up. But what I should have said I will never know, for Captain Aspel will have it that he read an answer in my face without the need of words, in which I cannot well gainsay him, especially as it was one that seemed to greatly give him pleasure.

Thus it is, Patty, that the roses which should be sorted on papers, drying for the strewing of Aunt Esther's linen presses, lie scattered and withered on the walk. And no time have I had since for the gathering of others, for Captain Aspel is constrained by urgent business to return to Virginia in three weeks, and he insists that I shall take the journey with him. And Uncle Abner is rubbing his hands, and saying that to no one else would he so gladly give me. And Aunt Esther is looking up her most notable cake receipts, and remarking how fortunate it is that my linen chest is so well filled, and with the three against me what can I say?

Therefore, you will understand what it portends when I ask you to come week after next and bring your new lute-string gown, and all of the rest I have to say I will keep for your ears then.

Yours always, but perhaps for the last time,

MARGARET HOLLIDAY.

THE WOMAN AND THE BOOK.

Continued from page 4.

same must be asserted of the first leap into art, even when equipped with native talent, intelligence and enthusiasm. These stalwart supporters cannot uphold one against discouragement, impatience and the gradual realization of the retreat of the ideal as one advances." Again: "To every moment of rapture in an artist's life there stand in opposition hours of actual and acute misery, for self-satisfaction is the death-knell of genius." And this: "If the youthful mind knocking at the door of beauty's expression could meet oftener with teachers of more than the mere mechanics of art, how much disappointment and cruel failure would be saved!" When two men seek solace in their pipes the author says: "No doubt in the orthodox heaven there may be higher ties binding men together, but there can be none stronger than the communion of a smoke." In a discussion relative to art the heroine declares her belief that America holds the elements of the most superlative art life ever known. To the question: "Where does she keep them?" she answers, "In the minds of a race composed of representatives of all nations. This conglomerate mass will finally be amalgamated into the greatest people on earth, possessing the inherited feeling for the beautiful handed down from the Latin races, and the forceful strength of mind and physique from the Teutons, Celts, Saxons and Norsemen." In a discussion concerning marriage the heroine declares that "there ought to be an examining bureau for motherhood, and no woman ought to be allowed to marry unless able to pass a prescribed examination in the qualities requisite for true motherhood." In describing her heroine's sensations on discovering that she was in love, the author says: "The first glance at one's own power of loving is charged with not alone the rapture, but also the newness of the emotion. It is like going abroad from our native heath for the first time. At the second trip over the same ground we know what to expect, but notwithstanding our more intelligent appreciation of each scene, we never again experience precisely the first glow."

W. L. CLIFFORD, The Plumber, is now located in the handsome new building at (new) 245 Mass. ave. Mr. Clifford is fully conversant with every detail of the plumbing business and the requirements of the most exacting customers, and is untiring in his efforts to please, by superior work, the liberal and influential patronage enjoyed by him.

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THE WORD FOR IT.

"How do you like the new actress? I think she's charmingly fresh."

"Yes; fresh as paint."

ONE OF THE TWO.

Uncle Josh (back from the city): "They took me to the opera. There was the grip-man—"

Aunt Hetty: "The what?"

Uncle Josh; "I mean the conductor. I knew it was like one of them fellers on the cars.

First Office Boy: "It says 'Our hero now partook of a frugal repast.' What does that mean?"

Second Office Boy: "Quick lunch."

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The occupations here considered are of three kinds. The first are those which require the active participation of an older person; the second, those for which only occasional direction or assistance is necessary; the third, those in which the child can engage by himself.

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"Home Occupations will be welcomed by weary mothers, for it is very clever and full of hints and suggestions they can carry out."

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"Home Occupations for Little Children, by Katherine Beebe, a well-known kindergartner, of Evanston, Ill., will be welcomed by many mothers, who will find it full of valuable suggestions to aid in rearing their little ones. Many cross and disagreeable children would be speedily restored to good nature if their mother or nurse knew enough to guide the immature mind to some pleasant occupation without too great interference with its own freedom."

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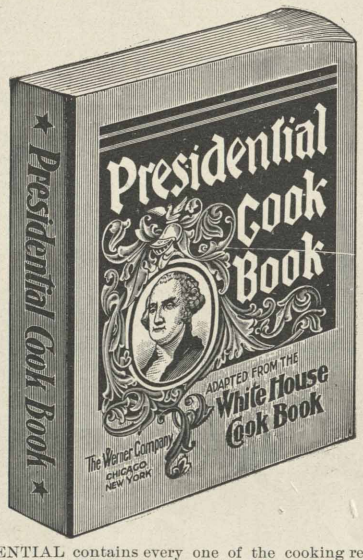


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A complete index, alphabetically arranged, enables any recipe to be found easily and quikcly.

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INFORMATION.

Fair Cyclist: "Where do these roads lead to?"

Native: "One of 'em leads to my home, an' t'other goes straight on."


## Do You Love Music?

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**Big Four Two-Step.**

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NEEDED.

"What will you have on your face, sir?"
"Sticking plaster."

JUST CAUSE.

"Do you know that Flo's engagement is broken off?"

"No? How did it happen?"

"He sent her a song called, 'When we were young.'"

# COMICALITIES

"I don't like a friend to domineer over me," said the young man with the patient disposition.

"Who has been doing that?"

"My room-mate. He borrowed my evening clothes."

"That's a good deal of liberty."

"I didn't mind it. But when he asked for my umbrella, I told him I might want to use it myself. But he got it just the same."

"How?"

"He simply stood on his dignity, and said: 'All right, Have your own way about it. They're your clothes that I'm trying to keep from getting spoilt, not mine.'"

—

In bygone days in the United States an old slave argued that, as his body belonged to the master, if he ate the master's chickens, the chickens were still his, and no theft had been committed. His master remonstrated with him for eating a chicken, when the slave replied:

"Well, sah, you's got less chicken, but you'se got more niggah!"

—

Friend: "Does your town boast of a football team?"

Suburbanite: "No; we used to boast of one, but we have to apologize for it now."

—

HE WON.

"How's your brother, Tommy?"

"Ill in bed, Miss; he's hurt himself."

"How did he do that?"

"We were playing at who could lean furthest out of a carriage window, and he won."

—

A lady living in a fashionable quarter has a bit of statuary bearing the inscription "Kismet." The housemaid was dusting the room the other day when the mistress appeared.

"Shure, ma'am, what's the manin' of the 'ritin' on the bottom of this?" asked the maid, referring to the inscription on the statue.

"Kismet means 'fate,'" replied the mistress.

Bridget was limping painfully when out with her sweetheart not long afterwards, and he asked:

"What's the matter, Bridget?"

"Faith," was the answer, "I have the most tirrible korns on me kismet!"

—

An Irishman was hauling water in barrels from a small river to supply the inhabitants of the village, which was not provided with waterworks. As he haulted at the top of the bank to give a "blow" before proceeding to peddle the water, a gentleman of the inquisitive type rode up, and after passing the time of the day, asked:

"How long have you been hauling water for the village, my good man?"

"Tin years or more, sor," was the reply.

"Ah! And how many loads do you make a day?"

"From tin to fifteen, accordin' to the weather, sor."

"Yes. Now I have one for you, Pat," said the gentleman, laughing. "How much water have you hauled altogether!"

The Irishman jeeked his thumb in the direction of the river, at the same time giving his team the hint to start, and replied:

"All the water that yez don't see there now, sor."

"Young man, she is the only daughter I have."
"Well, my dear sir, I only want one!"

# Ferris' Waist

**For Infants.**

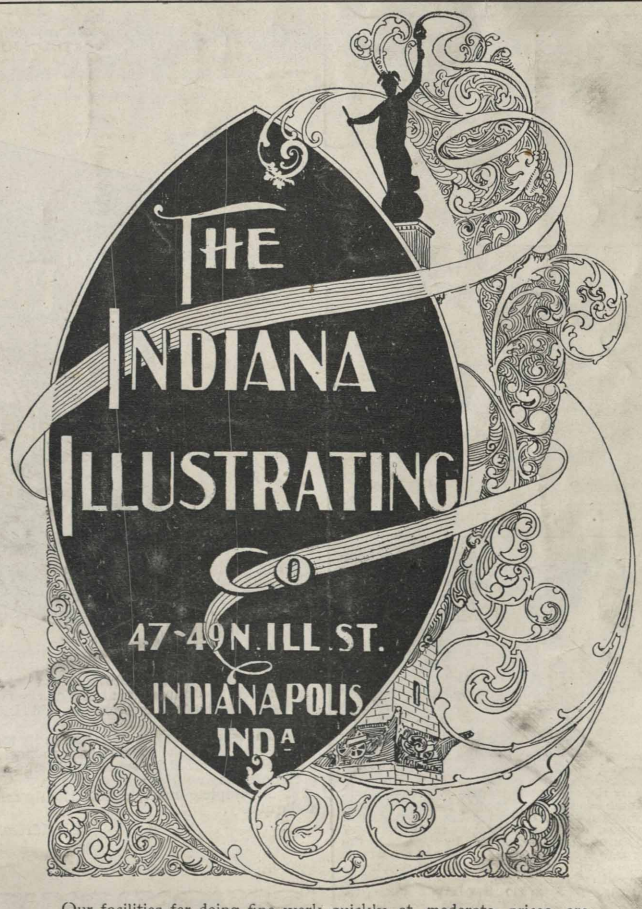
A garment every thoughtful mother appreciates. Material soft as silk, with pearl buttons. Supports the body healthfully and comfortably, holds all garments securely.

**Ferris' Good Sense Corset Waist** is made also for Ladies and Misses with high and low bust, long and short waist, to suit all figures. Children's, 25c. to 50c. Misses', 50c. to $1.00. Ladies', $1.00 to $2.00. Always superior in quality and workmanship.

**For sale by all retailers.**

"The landlord called today, so I gave him the rent and showed him the baby."
"Why didn't you show him the rent and give him the baby."

Jones: "According to my diary I owe you a couple of sovs."
Brown: "No; only one."
Jones: "Well, better let me have another. I like to keep my accounts square."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